

MIRROR

Y. radio, TV listings



May

SPECIAL AWARDS ISSUE

ODFREY
and his gang—
ward Winners!

rough the years
th JACK BENNY

ERCEDES McCAMBRIDGE'S Men Love Came Along

**Special Awards Stories on
N MINER, EVE ARDEN,
T LINKLETTER, JOHN LARKIN,
ORDON MacRAE,
RT PARKS,
CUCHO MARX,
CILLE BALL**

Look! **Camay** takes your skin
"out of the shadows"
 and into the light of New Loveliness!



MRS. S. PAUL BOOCHEVER, delightful Camay bride, says: "A change to regular care with Camay brought me a fresher, brighter complexion . . . amazingly fast!"

Take a lesson from this Camay bride! A fresher, clearer complexion is revealed with your First Cake of Camay!

ANY GIRL who enjoys hearing whispered compliments—any girl who hopes to win romance and a handsome husband some day—won't tolerate a dull, clouded complexion—a skin that diminishes her appeal.

Why permit your beauty to be under cover—"in the shadows?" With Camay you can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay alone—and you'll have a fresher,

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For complexion *or* your daily beauty bath, there's no finer beauty soap in all the world than Camay! Mild Camay is ever-so-kind to your skin . . . and it gives you such a rich, creamy, luxurious lather! Watch and marvel at the way your complexion comes "out of the shadows" and into the light of romantic new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.



Claim new beauty for all your skin!

Head to toes, the daily Camay Beauty Bath brings that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's delicate fragrance. Get the big, economical Beauty-Bath size Camay for more lather, luxury and economy.

Camay *the soap of beautiful women*

SUE BLAMED MARGE for dancing half the evening with Joe while she stood on the side-lines. She blamed Joe, too. But Sue was wrong. Actually, she had only herself to blame . . . but she would be the last to suspect why*.

Nobody wants to spend an evening with another guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath)*.

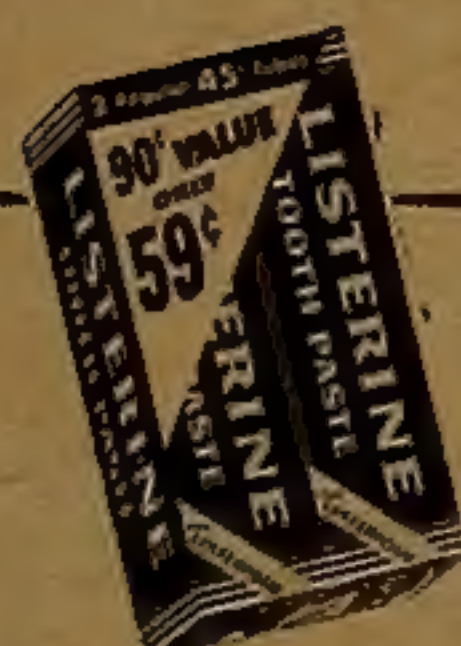
Isn't it foolish to risk offending or to trust to makeshifts of momentary effectiveness when Listerine Antiseptic puts your breath on the pleasant side? *Not for mere minutes but for hours.* Yes,

actual clinical tests showed: that in 7 out of 10 cases, breath remained sweet for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse.

So, before any date when you want to be at your best never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Better still, use it morning and night.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to the germ-produced fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs, quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odor it causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co. Division of The Lambert Company.

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THRIFT-PAK . . . TWO 45¢ TUBES 59¢

"Taste that wonderful fresh minty flavor!"

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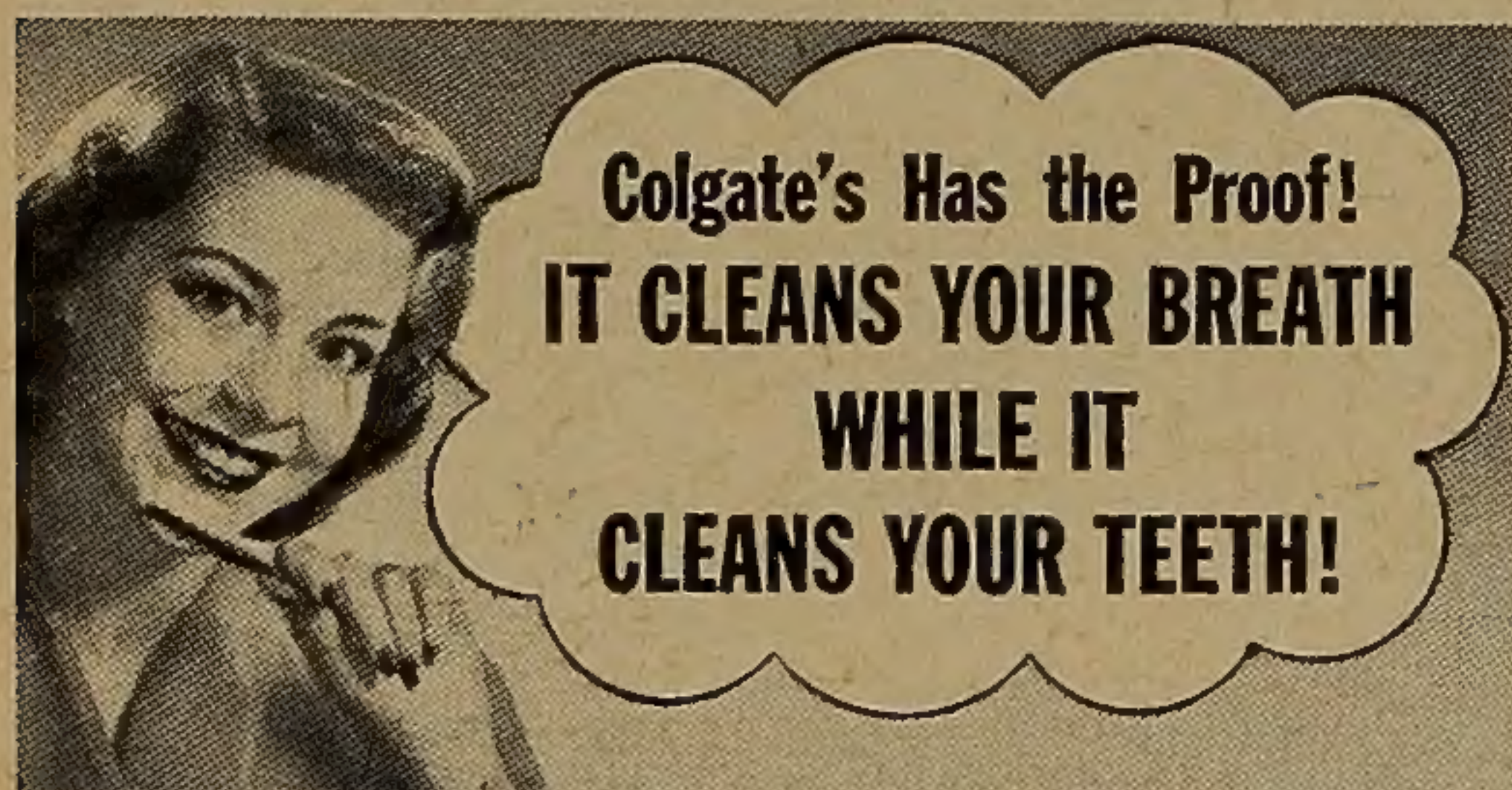
STOP BAD BREATH FOR HOURS WITH... *Listerine Antiseptic*

Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT

STOPS BAD BREATH*

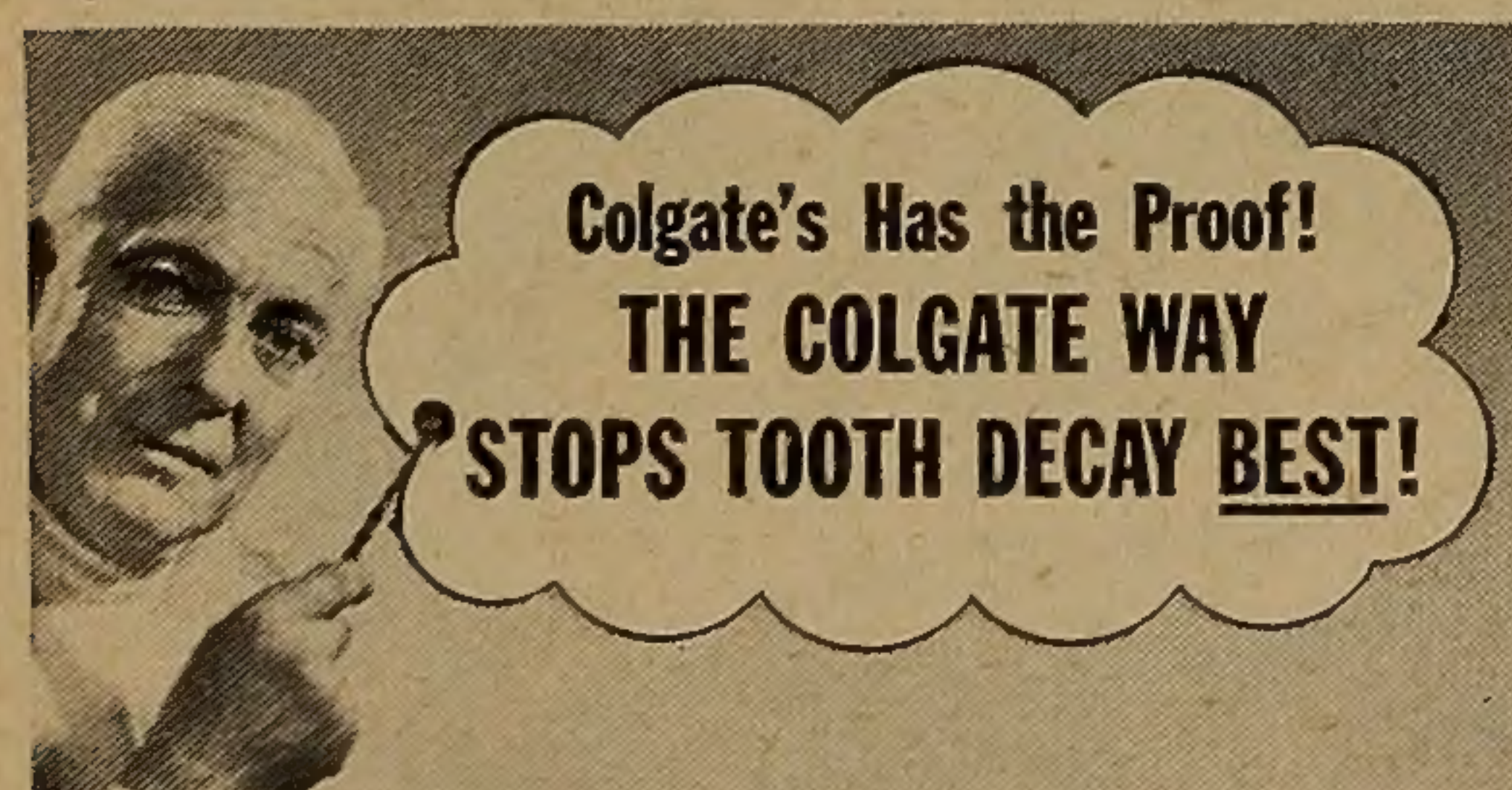
*SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN
7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS
BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!



For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.*



Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best*! The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER
Offers Such Conclusive Proof!**

Get PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S Today!

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makes hair look..feel..behave so much like the loveliest

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Here's why, for your hair, or for children's hair, *Lilt* is far superior!

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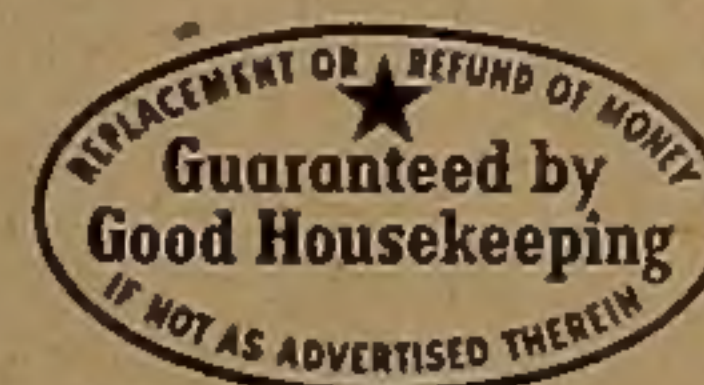
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Refill,
only \$1.25*

(Use any plastic curlers)

Complete Kit, \$2.25*
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New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
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- **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!
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New MUM
CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



*Ask your questions—
we'll try to find the answers*

Anne Is a Thayer

Dear Editor:

I am a constant viewer of *The First Hundred Years* TV program and would appreciate any information you have about the stars who play Chris and Connie Thayer.

R. M., Washington, D. C.

Jimmy Lydon and Anne Sargent appear as the young couple in this TV serial. A native of West Pittston, Pennsylvania, Anne studied dramatics at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. After roles with touring theatre groups, the young actress made her Broadway debut in "The Late George Apley." Movie fans have seen her in "Naked City" and "Three Guys Named Mike." Four years ago she began her radio career and now has the ingenue role in *Road of Life*. Although she looks like the typical outdoor girl, Anne's favorite pastime is reading. Her ambition is to play meanie roles, preferably a murderess. Anne is married to actor Edmond Ryan and they live in New York City.

(See pg. 57 for story on Jimmy Lydon.)

Tom and Harry

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me if Tom Wells in the daytime serial, *Ma Perkins*, is also Harry Davis in *When a Girl Marries*?

G. A. Keyser, West Va.

Although they may sound alike, Tom Wells is played by John Larkin while Lyle Sudrow is heard as Harry Davis.



Anne Sargent

Information Booth

Erudite Announcer

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me anything you know about Tony Marvin, the announcer on Arthur Godfrey's programs? I'm interested especially in his education.

C. S., Hartford, Conn.

Tony's long-winded style was started as a gag but proved so popular that it is now a part of the show. Born in New York City on October 5, 1912, Marvin was graduated from Erasmus Hall High and St. John's University. His ambition was to become a doctor and he studied at Long Island College of Medicine until the depression interfered. While he was working at a gas station, a wealthy customer overheard him sing and offered to finance his vocal lessons. Tony sang bass with the New York Operatic Guild and also acted on daytime radio programs. Later he became an announcer for *Vox Pop*, and *Major Bowes Amateur Hour*. A six-footer, Marvin has brown eyes and hair and resides in Long Island with his wife and eight-year-old daughter, Lynda Ann.

The Happiness Cast

Dear Editor:

Didn't Don McLaughlin play Miles Nelson in the program *Right to Happiness*? Also are Connie Kramer and Carson McCickers the same person? How long has it been on the radio?

G. R., Orange, Cal.

(Continued on page 14)



Tony Marvin

NOW—the most fabulous permanent since home waves were introduced!

New Toni

**WITH PRICELESS
PINK LOTION**



*Never before—a wave so lovely! So lively! So lasting!
Holds the set longer than any other permanent!*

Gowns by Filcol



Which Twin's Toni
was set a week ago —
and which was set today?

Beverly Dahm, on the right, had her Toni set just before this picture was taken—Barbara, on the left, had her Toni set one week before and never re-set it! Proof that Priceless Pink lotion gives a wave that stays lovely without re-setting!

You'll forget all other ideas about permanents the first time you use New Toni with Priceless Pink lotion. For it gives a wave with the vibrant spring and silky-softness of a natural wave. And it holds the set longer than any other permanent.

Never a lotion so wonderful! New Priceless Pink lotion curls more completely—yet is kinder to your hair! And that means a lovelier, livelier

wave for you. Less re-setting. New freedom from nightly chore of pin curls.

Never a neutralizer so fast! You save 20 minutes with the new Permafix method of neutralizing. And because Permafix neutralizes more thoroughly, it "locks in" your Toni wave so it can't come out.

Today have a Toni with New Priceless Pink lotion—and you'll forget your hair was ever straight.

Toni

Makes you forget your hair was ever straight!

New Toni Refill **\$1.50**

New Permanent For Children

Tonette

A new children's home permanent by Toni—specially made for youngsters' fine hair that resists ordinary permanents. Now every little girl's hair "takes" a wave—with Tonette!



\$1.50
Tonette Refill

WHEN HOLLYWOOD MEETS RADIO



Loretta Young accepts a Steuben glass bowl from producer William Keighley on her 25th appearance on Lux Theatre in "Love Letters."

it's LUX



In true theatrical tradition, Dana Andrews checks call board for rehearsal.

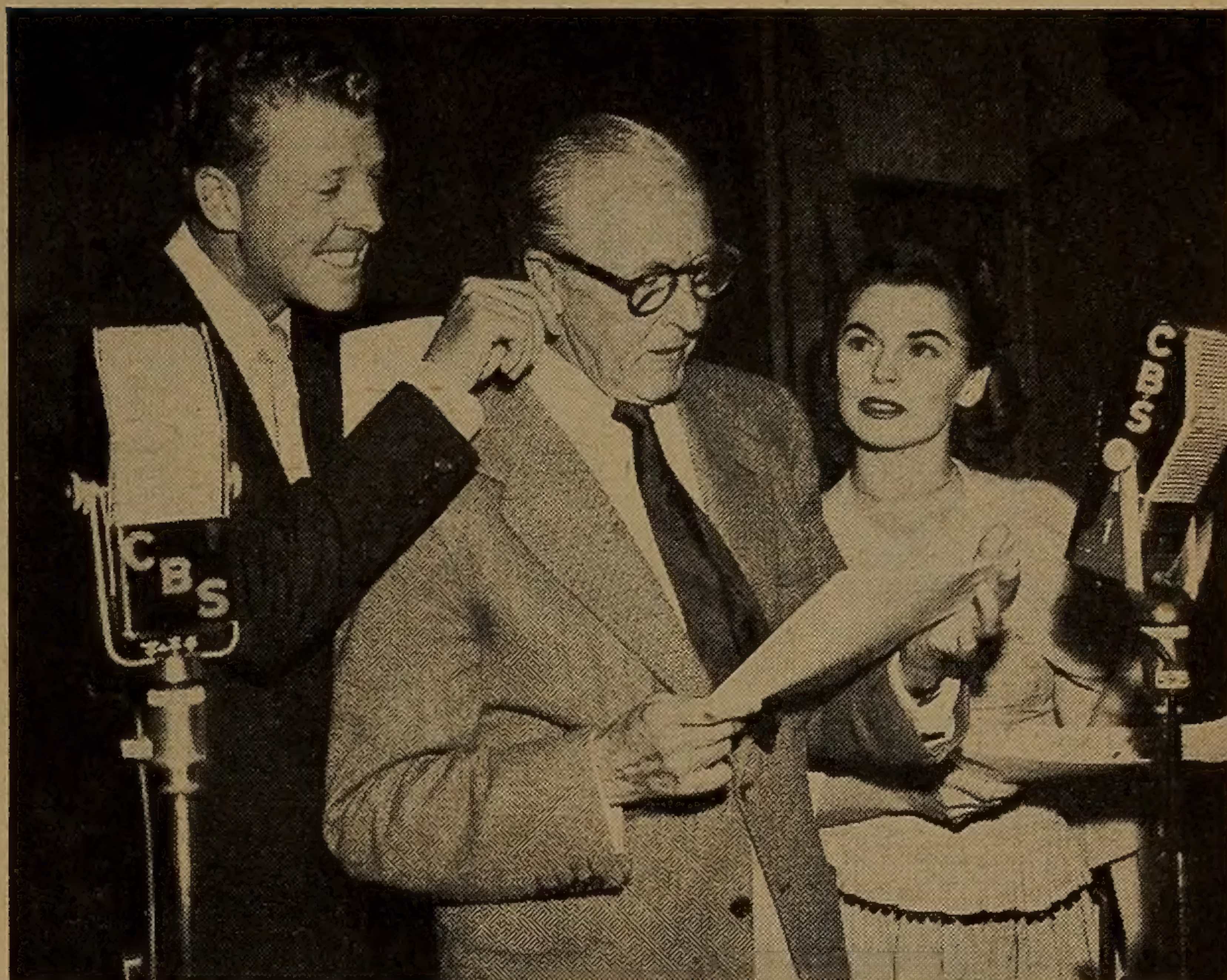


The six male leads of "Battleground" line up for coffee during intermission of the radio presentation of the story. (L. to r.) Van Johnson, Marshall Thompson, James Whitmore, George Murphy, Ricardo Montalban, John Hodiak.

RADIO THEATRE time

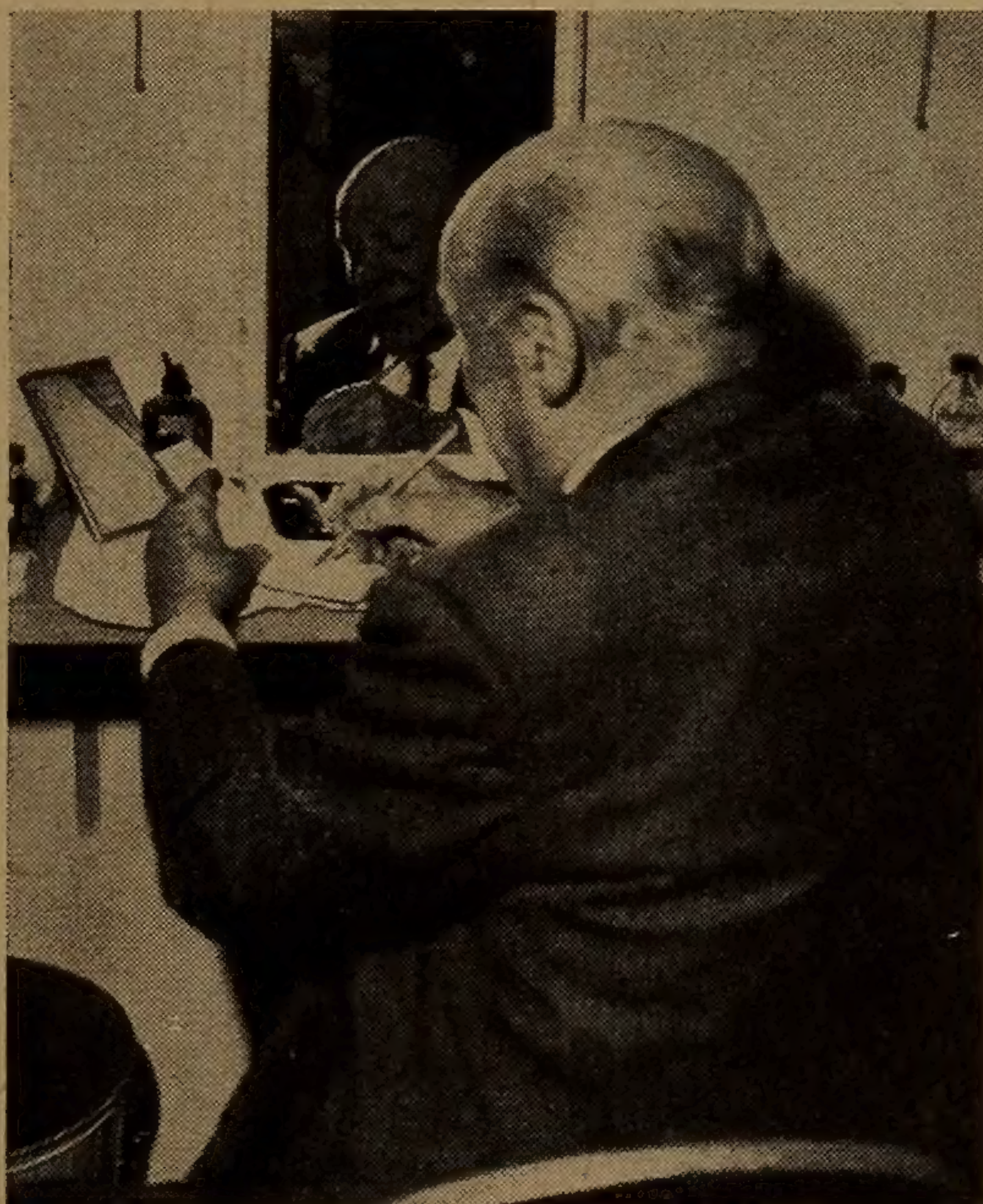


Technical help for William Lundigan who appeared in "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," comes from director Earl Ebi.



Teasingly Dan Dailey tweaks his host's ear. The actor co-starred with lovely Joanne Dru in "Pride of St. Louis."

FOR scores of listeners throughout the country, Monday is Lux Radio Theatre night. Now celebrating its eighteenth year of providing top radio entertainment, the program has featured 450 Hollywood stars in hour-long adaptations of their original screen successes. Since the first broadcast in 1934, of "Seventh Heaven," 766 dramas, comedies and musicals have filled the air lanes. Originating from the heart of filmdom, the show has many firsts to its credit—the radio debuts of Ronald Colman and Shirley Temple, dramatic roles for opera stars Lawrence Tibbett and Lily Pons and the appointment of a movie director, William Keighley, as producer-host.



Edmund Gwenn steals a minute to pen a letter between "Mr. 880" rehearsals.



Gene Kelly becomes "An American In Paris" for Lux Radio Theatre fans.

Lux Radio Theatre, Mon. 9 P.M. EST on CBS for Lux Soap (Lever Bros.).

favorite Radio DRAMATIC program



Dinner time with Bob Hope—and family. Four-year-old Kelly, center, wife Delores, Nora, Linda, and Tony.



NBC-TV's morning marathon, *Today*, takes two to keep it going—Jack Lescoulie (left) and Dave Garroway.



Paul Whiteman and Nancy Lewis, of TV Teen Club, greet teenager Rosemary Utting of Great Britain.

WHAT'S NEW

Give and Take, which has been a popular audience-participation radio show since 1945, has just become a television show too. The video version is seen on Thursdays over CBS, with virtually the same format as the Saturday radio program. John Reed King remains as the master of ceremonies.

There's a brand-new daytime serial on ABC, Monday through Friday, called *Whispering Streets*. It's a dramatic series, based on the life and experiences of Hope Winslow, a sophisticated author and world traveler, whose journeys have taken her over many interesting and exciting avenues. Gertrude Warner has the lead on this new serial, playing the role of Hope. This is a change of character for Gertrude, who is also heard as Pamela, on *Marriage for Two*, over the same network.

When Clark Gable appeared on television at the "Ike" Eisenhower rally at Madison Square Garden a few weeks ago, he really tore the place down. And when the executives at the M-G-M studios in Hollywood heard about it, they practically tore their hair out. In Gable's contract it specifically—but definitely—says "No television." Mr. G. had refused to start his next movie because he didn't like the script, and he had been placed on suspension by the studio for the first time in his long career. So inasmuch as he was vacationing in New York when he was approached to appear at the televised Eisenhower rally, and was mad at his bosses anyway, he just said, "Okay," and went ahead and did it. However, "The King" is still Mr. Big at the box office, so it's a safe bet that Gable and the Metro brass have made up by now.

Telecomic's holiday: Milton Berle planed West to say "hello" to Red Skelton and the Mrs., gorgeous Georgia.



Hit Parade singer Dorothy Collins chats with Burr Tillstrom while Oliver Dragon gets a case of "oops-cups"!



from Coast to Coast

By JILL WARREN

The Cities Service Band of America radio program recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary over NBC. The show has been on the air uninterrupted since the first broadcast back in 1927, and holds the unbeatable record of being the oldest continuously sponsored show in the history of radio. Many famous names in music have been on the program through the years—Dr. Frank Black, Jessica Dragonette, Lucille Manners, Edwin Goldman, James Melton, and of course Paul Lavalle, the present conductor. Melton, incidentally, started his singing career as a member of the Revelers Quartet, who sang on the Cities Service broadcasts way back when.

Comedienne Joan Davis has just signed an exclusive radio-TV contract with NBC. Joan will make her television debut with a variety-situation comedy show which the network is now working on. They plan to do an audition kinescope sometime next month, with the public seeing the finished product shortly thereafter. Eventually Joan will have her own air series too, but for the time being will make guest appearances on radio, as she has been doing on The Big Show.

Did you ever wonder why radio directors get ulcers? Take the case of Carl Eastman, who directs the CBS serial, Perry Mason. Last fall he had his cast all set for "The Case of the Martyred Mother," with Helen Shields playing May Grant, Ian Martin as Bill Grant, Anne Burr doing the minor roles and of course John Larkin, Perry Mason, and Joan Alexander, Della Street. Everything was going along fine when Helen got a wonderful part in Maxwell Anderson's play, "Barefoot in Athens," and had to leave New York for the out-of-

town tryouts of the show. So Eastman had to get a new May Grant and chose Inga Adams, whose voice closely resembled Helen Shields'. Inga was thrilled with the role because she had a chance to play opposite Ian Martin, who is her real-life husband. All went smoothly for a while until Inga was taken ill. The doctor prescribed complete rest and she had to relinquish her part. Once again Eastman needed another May Grant. This time, he picked Anne Burr to pinch-hit because she was used to the cast and the character, inasmuch as she continually played the bit parts on the program. Meanwhile, after a short run on Broadway, "Barefoot in Athens" closed, and Helen Shields once again became May Grant. Now that Helen is back, Eastman is wondering how many sharp listeners were aware of the changes each time they happened. And he's hoping he won't have any more.

Stop the Music started its fifth year of successive broadcasts on ABC on March 23. Since the musical quiz show started they have given away over \$1,500,000 in prizes and merchandise, including everything from an airplane to an island. Songstress Kay Armen recently resigned from the program, after four years. Being under exclusive contract, she couldn't take other shows which were offered her. She will vacation in California and Mexico for a few weeks before signing on any other program. Kay's replacement is June Valli, conductor Harry Salter's protege, who has often substituted on Stop the Music in the past. June started her vocal career less than a year ago after she took first place on an Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout program.

Bert Parks has lots of (Continued on page 28)

Helene Curtis

shampoo plus egg*



CONDITIONS EVEN "DIFFICULT" HAIR TO GLORIOUS NATURAL RADIANCE

The only shampoo made with fresh, whole egg — Nature's own hair conditioner, known to generations of beauty-wise women! Use like ordinary shampoos... but what an exciting difference in the brilliance, manageability, smoother texture it gives your hair! Try it. See how lovely your hair can really be.

4 oz. 59c • 8 oz. \$1

Available at beauty salons, cosmetic and drug counters.

BE SURE OF
YOUR SHAMPOO—
DO AS BEAUTY
EXPERTS DO!
USE SHAMPOOS
MADE BY



Helene Curtis

THE FOREMOST
NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

*2%

the E yes have it



A vivid redhead, with creamy skin and flashing hazel eyes, Fran wears eye make-up for daytime (*below*) and in the evening. Always looks natural.



Glamorous Fran

Warren tells how to
use eye make-up with-
out looking artificial

By

HARRIET SEGMAN



"I'D LIKE to give some advice on eye make-up to young girls who are just beginning to use cosmetics," say pert songstress Fran Warren. "The most important thing is to make it look natural.

"So many inexperienced girls ruin their eyebrows through ignorance," she exclaimed ruefully. "They tweeze 'em all off! I did it myself when I was in high school.

"Later I learned the right way from an expert. He taught me to brush my eyebrows first, then use an eyebrow pencil to shape them, always following the natural arch. And then to tweeze out the stray hairs around the outline.

"Lots of girls wonder how to make their eyes look larger without creating a too-phony effect," Fran continued. "The secret is to draw a line along the upper lid, close to the lashes. Make sure the eyebrow pencil has a very sharp point, with the sides of the crayon shaved flat with a razor. A little cream, touched to the point, makes a softer line. Be sure though, never to extend the line beyond the lashes. The effect is much too theatrical for the average girl—and that includes me!

"Save eye shadow for evening wear," cautions Fran, "or just stick to a colorless pomade."



Middle age holds no fears
for charming Ruth Lyons
who tells how to be

Fascinating after forty

ONE GAL who practices what she preaches is popular Ruth Lyons, attractive star of the Ruth Lyons' 50 Club emanating from Cincinnati over NBC-TV Mondays through Fridays at 12:00 Noon, EST. She's a shining example of her theory that there's no age limit on good looks and charm.

Cincinnati's first lady of TV smiles kindly on the tints and rinses that make a lady's crowning glory as attractive at forty as at sixteen.

On the subject of face powder, she contends that it should be several shades darker than the actual skin tone to be flattering. "This is particularly important when a woman's age hovers around the forty mark," she says.

One of her pet peeves is the woman who needs glasses but attempts to preserve her girlish appearance by not wearing them. "The result is new worry lines and unattractive squinting," claims Ruth. Proud of her fabulous collection of eighteen pairs of glasses, matched to her favorite costumes, she votes for the wide-eyed look achieved with pixie-ish frames.

"But don't forget, girls, to put eye make-up under those glasses for best results," she cautions.

BEND 

and your bra
will not hike up

 **twist!**

yet no pull on
your shoulder straps

 **stretch!**

your bra stays
in place . . .
no slipping!

only

Exquisite Form

BRASSIERES

has this newest bra sensation!



Circloform

with and without

Floating Action

Circlo-O-Form (left)

Style 492 BROADCLOTH

Style 495 Acetate SATIN 2.00

Style 497 NYLON MARQUISSETTE 2.50

... with Floating Action (above)

Style 392 BROADCLOTH

Style 395 Acetate SATIN 2.50

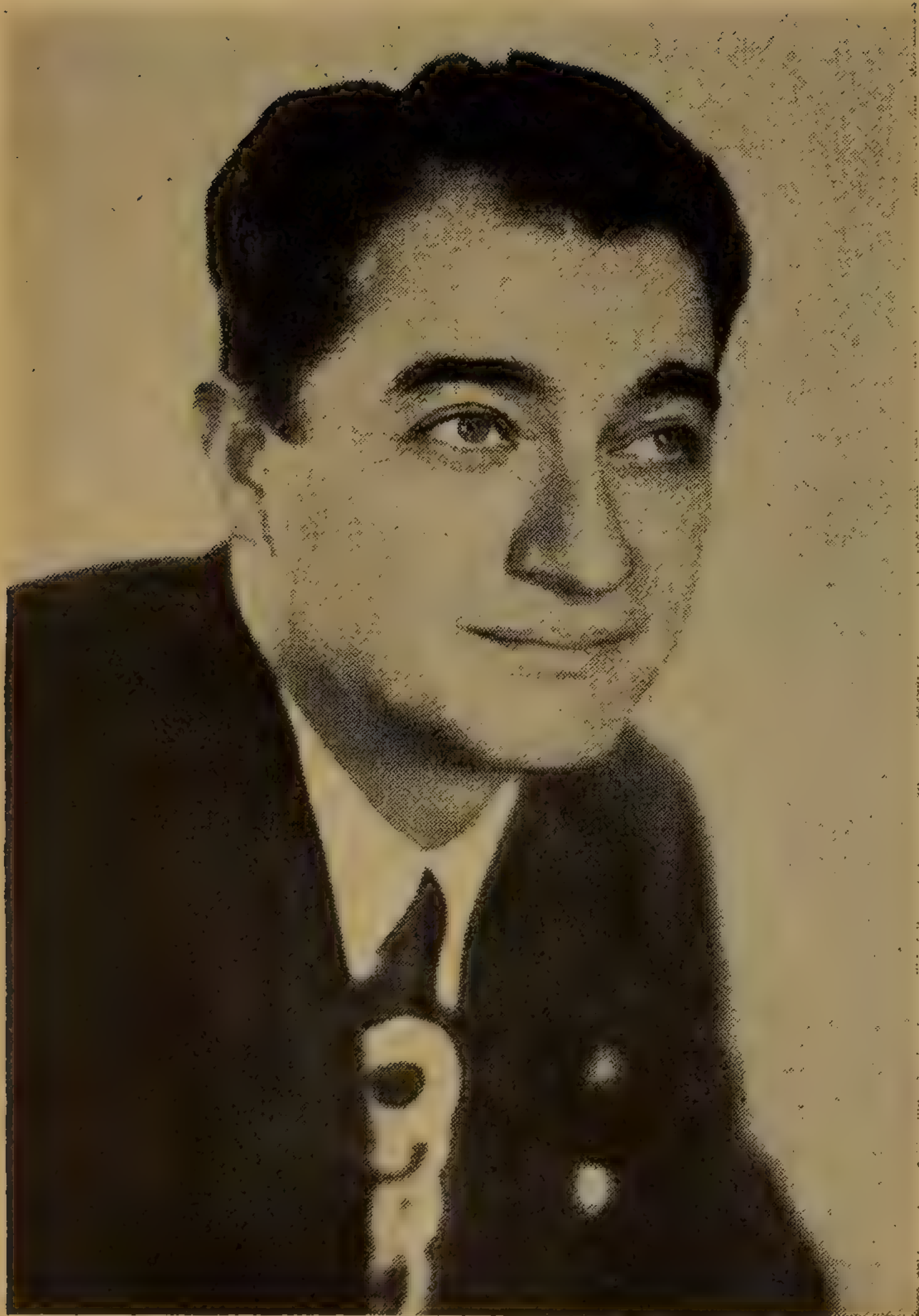
Style 391 NYLON TAFFETA with
NYLON MARQUISSETTE cups 3.00

A cup 32 to 36 • B cup 32 to 40
• C cup 32 to 42. White only

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BACHELOR MEL ALLEN GIVES THE SCORE ON

his IDEAL woman



The handsome sports commentator dreams of marriage and hopes that he'll find his ideal bride this year.

NO GLAMOROUS femmes for Mel Allen, baseball's famed sportscaster. He's looking for an old-fashioned girl who enjoys homemaking, loves to cook and doesn't spend her days in the beauty parlor and her evenings in night clubs. "I suppose it's an idealistic view," the handsome announcer admitted, "a sort of throwback to the basic conception of a woman who looks forward to motherhood and takes pleasure in the simple things in life."

The soft-spoken Southerner (he was born in Alabama) emphasizes that external beauty is not high on his list of requisites, but rather the ability to be a good companion. Mel dislikes excessive make-up and extreme dress; in fact he prefers women who wear sports clothes. He is immediately suspicious of aggressiveness or attempts to impress, "I always think the girl has something to hide," he explained. The sports reviewer's pet peeves are women smoking on the street or engaging in loud and incessant talking.

Mel's mellifluous voice is familiar to sports lovers throughout the country. As official announcer for the Yankees since 1939, Mel has broadcast their games on radio and TV over the baseball team's own network. All agree that the plays are more exciting when Mel calls them—his enthusiasm is contagious. Perhaps the fact that he loves his work so much explains Allen's success. "Ever since I can remember, I have always wanted to be in sports," he declared. "During a game, I play all the positions and score all the runs vicariously."

President of the Sports Broadcasters, Mel has won countless awards. In addition to his work for the Yankees, Mel narrates sports for Movietone News. He has done all kinds of announcing; The Kentucky Derby, Rose Bowl football games and special events such as covering the presidential inaugural ceremony in 1940.

Allen, who received his degree in law from the University of Alabama, lives in Bedford Village, a suburb of New York, with his folks. He is a night owl and loves to listen to classical records before retiring. An inveterate moviegoer, Mel finds that pictures soothe his nerves best when he is jittery before a big game. Vacations are spent fishing off the Florida Keys and while traveling Mel usually brings along an Ellery Queen mystery story.

The charming commentator has been carrying on a steady flirtation with Risa, six-year-old daughter of Mel's sister, Esther. Risa telephones him frequently just to say, "I love you, Uncle Mel," and pretends to swoon when he declares his devotion to her.

The amiable sportscaster admitted having been in love on two occasions when circumstances prevented knotting the tie; once before entering college and then while in service during the war. Marriage this year is Allen's major objective. He is not seeking perfection, but he does hope for an even-tempered mate. "Of course she should have some fire and independence, but in moderation," he adds.

Baseball—WINS (in N. Y.), WPIX-TV, sponsored by Ballantine Beer. Sports Show, Wed. 10:45 P.M., on CBS-TV, for White Owl Cigars.



favorite Radio SPORTS ANNOUNCER

New Year's Resolution Contest Winners



Cedric Adams is heard M-F,
3:55 P.M. EST, over CBS;
sponsor, Pillsbury Mills.

Here are the names of those
who wrote the best New Year's
Resolution letters for the big
Cedric Adams contest in the
January RADIO-TV MIRROR.
Checks have been sent for:

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS

to Mrs. Ralph J. Moorcroft,
1021 2nd Ave., S. E.,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Her resolution was:

Never again will I refuse requests
for help with my little pat speech:
"Let Edna do it—she has nothing to
do, and all day to do it in!" I resolve
in 1952 to accept my full share of
civic, community and church re-
sponsibility.

FIVE DOLLARS

each for the five next best let-
ters to:

Mrs. A. D. Cooke
Beckley, West Virginia

Mrs. Henry W. Guenther
Tahlequah, Oklahoma

Bertha H. Guthrie
Greeley, Colorado

Mrs. W. G. Holliday
Yemassee, South Carolina

Mrs. Leonard Huber
Ste. Genevieve, Missouri

Mrs. Howard Jackson
Portland, Oregon

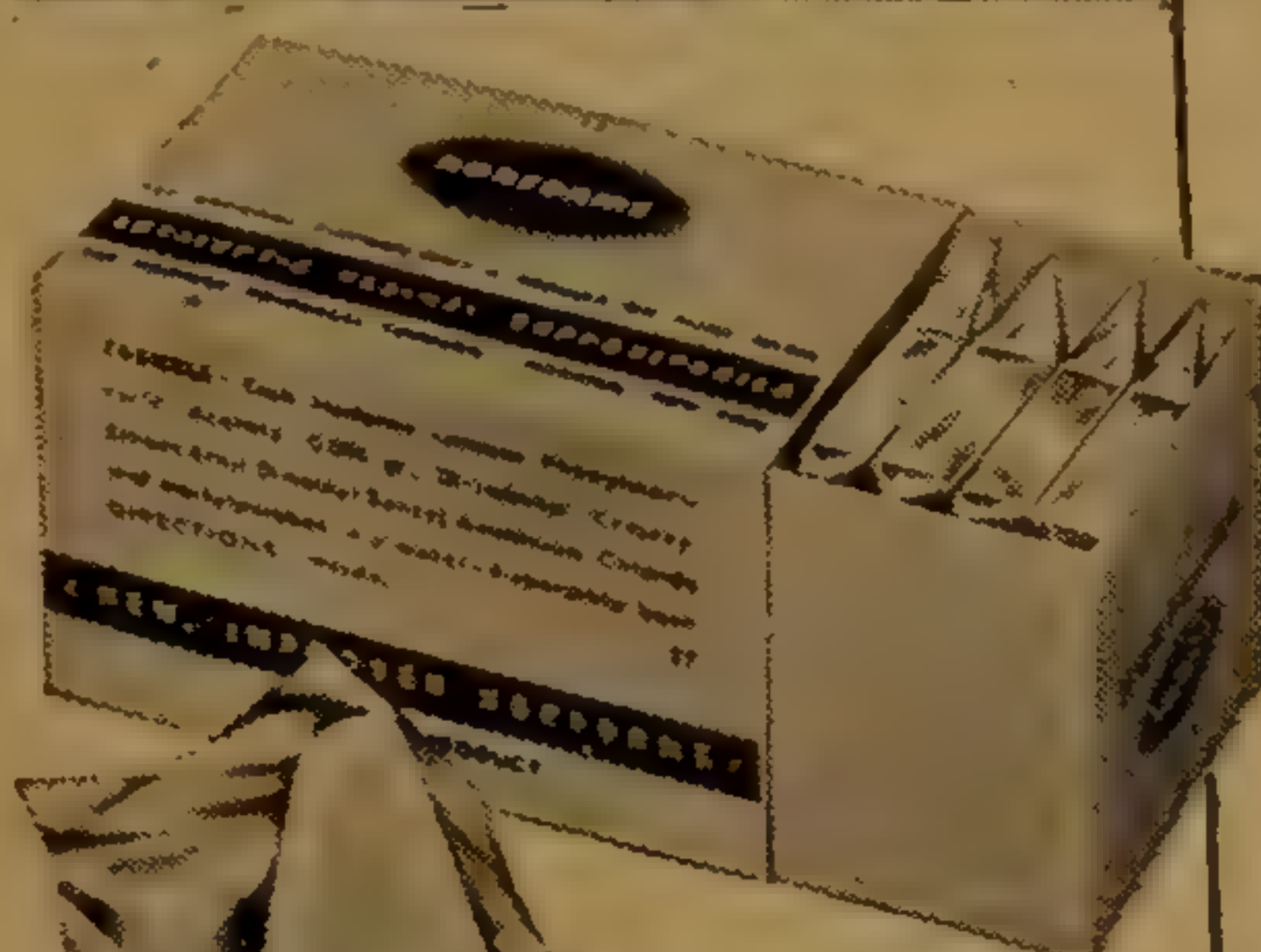
Mrs. C. M. Jermane
Burlingame, California

Mrs. F. S. Leonard
Dallas, Texas

Raymond E. Perrine
Winchester, Virginia

Mrs. Evelyn Ryan
Defiance, Ohio

Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problem



A Norwich
Product

✓ TESTED by Doctors
✓ TRUSTED by Women

NEW IMPROVED

NORFORMS

VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

1. ANTISEPTIC (Protection from germs)

Norforms are now *safer and surer than ever!*
A highly perfected new formula actually
combats germs *right in the vaginal tract*. The
exclusive new base melts at body temper-
ature, forming a powerful, protective film
that permits effective, long-lasting action.
Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT (Protection from odor)

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic
and found to be more effective than any-
thing it had ever used. Norforms are pow-
erfully deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather
than *cover up*) unpleasant or embarrassing
odors, and yet have no "medicine" or
"disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. CONVENIENT (So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories
that are so easy and convenient to use.
Just insert—no apparatus, no mixing or
measuring. They're greaseless and they
keep in any climate. Your druggist has
them in boxes of 12 and 24.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. RT-25
Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a
plain envelope.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Only
Stardust
gives you this
DOUBLE GUARANTEE*



* Exclusive Stardust beauty-control satin Uplift Lining guarantees protection from irritation!

* Unconditionally guaranteed for a full year's wear satisfaction!

In rich rayon satin... A, B & C cups

"the bra that
made \$100 famous"

Stardust
Life-Insured Bra
GUARANTEED FOR 1 YEAR

Ask for Stardust Slips and Panties too!
STARDUST, INC., Empire State Bldg., New York 1

Information Booth

(Continued from page 4)

Way back in November, 1938, Right to Happiness was first heard on the radio. Connie Kramer is currently being played by Louise Barclay. It is true that she also used to play the role of Carson McVickers but this part is now enacted by Grace Matthews. You're right about Don McLaughlin. He played Miles Nelson in 1949, and is now Dr. Brent on Road of Life.

Little Godfrey La Rosa

Dear Editor:

Could you please print a picture of Julius La Rosa and tell me a few things about him? He appears on Arthur Godfrey's radio show. Also what is the theme song of this program?

F. O., St. Cloud, Minn.

When radio listeners hear the strains of "Seems Like Old Times," they know it's Arthur Godfrey Time. Julius La Rosa, the popular baritone on this program, was discovered last year while serving in the Navy. At his shipmates' request, La Rosa sang for Godfrey, who was on two weeks' active duty as a naval commander in Florida. An invitation to appear on Godfrey's radio show followed and when he was released from service, the young singer became a "Little Godfrey." Born in New York City, Julius had no formal musical training. After graduation from high school, he joined the Navy in 1947. La Rosa lives with his folks in Brooklyn where his father operates a radio-TV store. Needless to say, this "Little Godfrey" is an ardent Dodger fan.

Defense Attorney's Boy Friend

Dear Editor:

I enjoy the radio program Defense Attorney very much and would like to know about Jud Barnes, the reporter. Can you tell me his age, whether he is married and other information about him. Also please print his picture.

P. T., Springfield, Ohio

Howard Culver, who plays Jud Barnes, narrowly missed becoming a doctor. As a senior in Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles, he was chosen to play a small part in a local radio show, which started his career on the air. In 1938, he had his

own half-hour show, Happy Dalton's Ranch, for which he wrote, directed, handled the sound effects and played the four parts required by the script! Listeners have heard Howard in The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet, and Hollywood Star Playhouse. For a long time he played Ellery Queen in the radio version of the story. At thirty-three, Culver is happily married and the father of ten-year-old Pamela.

Ed's Double Career

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me some things about Ed Sullivan? I think his TV program is wonderful.

C.A.M., Turtle Creek, Pa.

Poker Face, as the popular emcee of Toast of the Town has been nicknamed, was born in New York City forty-nine years ago. Ed has been a sports and Broadway columnist for thirty-one years, his syndicated column "Little Old New York," appearing five times a week in more than thirty papers. He started as a cub reporter on the Daily Item in Port Chester, New York, and has been writing for the New York Daily News since 1932, the year which also marked his first stage appearance, as emcee of the vaudeville show at the Paramount. Ed married the former Sylvia Weinstein in 1929 and their twenty-one-year-old daughter, Betty, is a student at UCLA. The Sullivans own a black French poodle called Bojangles.

Ma's Son-in-Law

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading about my favorite radio stars in your magazine. One man I have always wondered about is Willie, Evy's husband in Ma Perkins. Can you tell me anything about him?

H. N., Sheboygan, Wis.

Ma Perkins' son-in-law is played by Murray Forbes. Born and educated in Chicago, the actor has published two novels, can speak fifteen dialects and has been in radio for two decades. Heard also in Aunt Jenny, Murray's hobby is collecting guns.



Julius La Rosa



Howard Culver

Dagmar in Pigtails

Dear Editor:

I enjoy the TV show, Mama, very much and would like to know more about Robin Morgan, the little girl who is Dagmar.

R. G., Chicago, Ill.

Ten-year-old Robin Morgan is a sixth grader who likes Dickens, comic books, water-color painting and writing poetry. Most of all though, she loves acting. The child star, who lives in Mount Vernon, N. Y., is the daughter of a major in the Army Medical Corps, stationed in Germany. She has been a Conover model, the world's youngest fashion commentator, disc jockey and a regular on the radio program, Juvenile Jury. Robin has appeared on We the People, and made her movie debut in "Citizen Saint."

The Jackpot Question

Dear Editor:

On the program, You Bet Your Life, when the two contestants win the jackpot, is the money divided equally between them? I also wondered if this show is prepared in advance.

G. D., Litchfield, Mich.

The Groucho Marx radio and television shows are completely unrehearsed. The famous ad-libber meets contestants for the first time on the air and half of the jackpot prize money goes to each of the lucky winners.

Who Is Mr. Kitzel?

Dear Editor:

Could you please tell me something about the man who plays Mr. Kitzel on Jack Benny's radio show. Is his name S. Z. Sakall?

R. W., Sacramento, Cal.

The movie actor S. Z. (Cuddles) Sakall does not play Mr. Kitzel. Artie Auerbach is heard in this role. A former reporter and cameraman, Artie is still on a leave of absence from the New York *Daily News*, where he worked for ten years. He was born in Manhattan and attended New York University, starting in radio on a small New Jersey station. The comedian has worked with Eddie Cantor, Jack Haley and once was with Al Pearce and his Gang. The character, Mr. Kitzel, is based on an actual person—a jolly manufacturer of women's clothes. A specialist in dialects, Artie can also do Swedish, Chinese, Italian, Russian and assorted American accents.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio and television, write to Information Booth, RADIO-TELEVISION MIRROR, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to attach this box to your letter along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and specify whether your question concerns radio or TV.

You get a generous size 25¢ bottle of Kreml[®] Shampoo **FREE** OF EXTRA COST

When you buy a 59¢ jar of

5-day deodorant pads

the daintiest way to daintiness ever!



Once you try them . . .
you'll always
buy them.



5-day deodorant pads

Save on cosmetic taxes! Instead of usual 20% on other deodorants,
pay only 2¢ on 25¢ size . . . 4¢ on 59¢ size . . . 5¢ on \$1.00 size



Just pat with a pad and your perspiration problems are over.

No messy fingers! No trickle down your sides! Just pat a pad . . . then throw it away!

8 times more effective in destroying odor-forming bacteria than average of all leading brands tested! Yet 5-day pads can't affect clothes or normal skin. Guaranteed to stay moist in the jar indefinitely.

Discover 5-day pads today . . . and get your **FREE Kreml Shampoo**. Offer for limited time only!



"We Powers Models

use only Kreml Shampoo" says lovely Nancy Gaggin! The natural oils of this famous beauty shampoo help keep hair looking silky and smooth. Try it at no cost today . . . in this special offer!



Russ Hodges, popular radio and TV sportscaster knows his boxing, baseball—and how to make a barbecue sauce.

the Man who makes
the Ladies
love a fight

IT WOULD BE hard to measure the number of domestic squabbles that Russ Hodges has eliminated with his excellent descriptions of the boxing matches each Wednesday at 10 P.M. over the Columbia Broadcasting System, Channel 2. Instead of demanding another program the woman of the house is more likely to sit with eyes glued to the TV screen listening intently to Russ' blow-by-blow report of the Blue Ribbon Bouts. After the indoor boxing season ends, Russ holds the women's attention with his stirring accounts on radio and television, of hits and runs in the Giants' baseball games.

The popular sportscaster, who has made boxing and baseball fans of so many women, was born in Dayton, Tennessee in 1911. While studying law at the University of Kentucky, Russ played halfback on the football team until his ankle was injured. Although he was unable to continue playing, Hodges managed to keep close to the field by narrating the school games on the local radio station. When he transferred to Cincinnati, Russ did sports reviews for station WCKY in that city and then went on to Chicago's WIND. Since 1949, he has been the official announcer for the New York Giants, reporting their games over the Giants' Baseball Network.

Covering the outstanding sports events keeps Russ on the move; last year he traveled over 29,000 miles. On the busiest day in his career, however, he was not announcing sports. It was on the memorable V-J Day that Russ broadcast eighteen different shows.

The veteran sports specialist lives in Tuckahoe, New York, with his wife, the former Margaret Helton of North Carolina, and their two children, Patrick, eighteen and Judy, eleven. Other members of the family are a sealyham terrier called Pamela, Mozart, a dachshund, and a parakeet named after Perry Como.

In warm weather the Hodges clan gathers at the barbecue pit to watch the master of the house prepare his favorite sauce for barbecued spare ribs. Russ, who loves to cook, reveals that his recipe includes ketchup, garlic, vinegar, grated onion, tabasco sauce and a salty herb, oregano.

Despite his hectic schedule Russ tries to find time for some fishing. Summers the whole family goes out on Long Island Sound for deep sea fishing or on the Connecticut lakes for perch and bass.

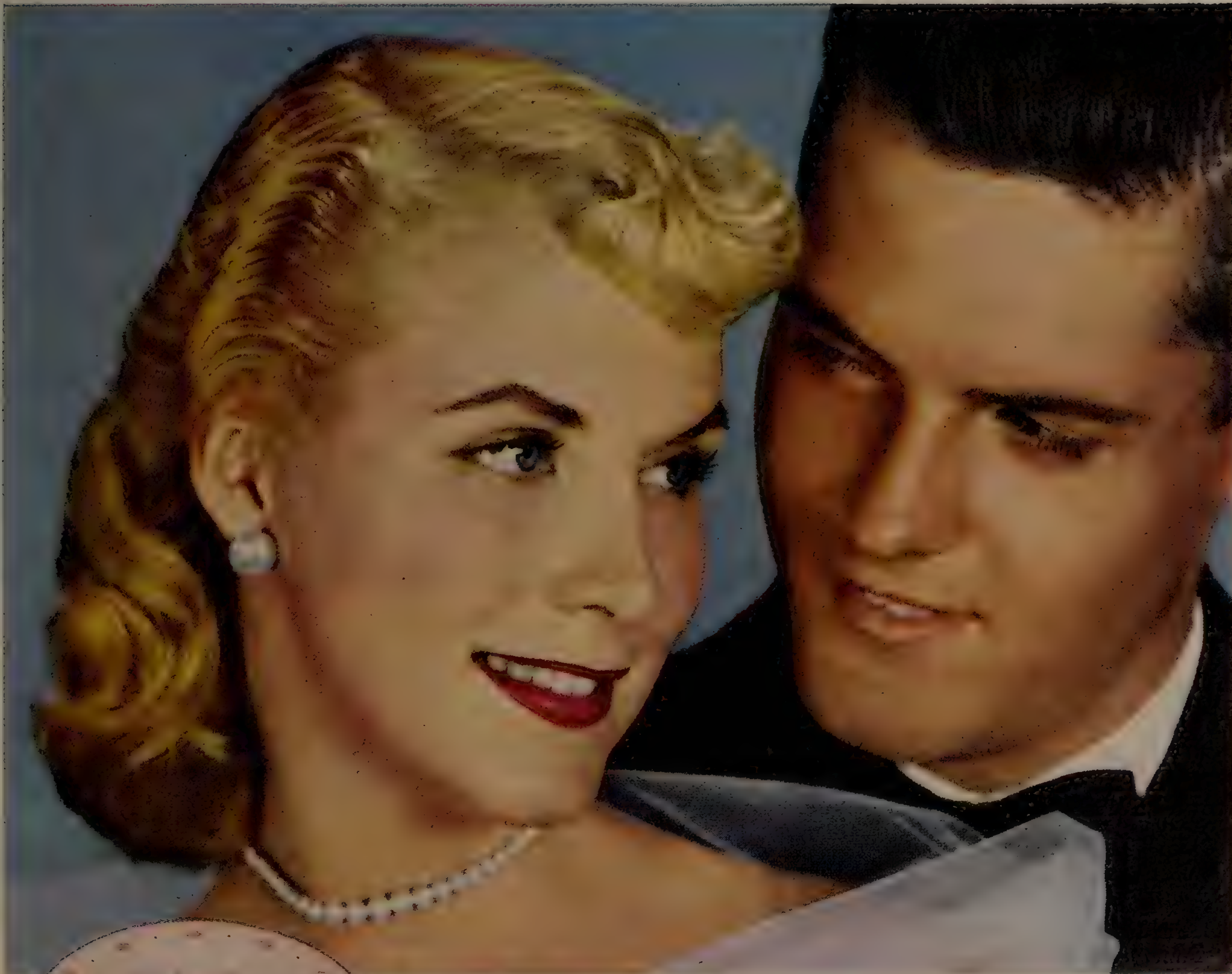
Russ has some suggestions for TV viewers who are novice boxing fans. "It's easy to tell when a boxer is tired," he says. "The man's arms will drop to his side, his guard will be lowered and his mouth open. If he previously has shown good footwork, he'll be back on his heels without any spring in his legs." Russ taught his family the primary rule in watching a match on television—never to take their eyes away from the screen. "You never know when a fighter is going to sneak over a good punch and kyo his opponent!"

Blue Ribbon Bouts, Wed. 10 P.M. CBS-TV. Sponsored by Pabst Beer. Baseball, Giants' Network, WMCA, WPIX-TV, for Chesterfield.

favorite TV SPORTS ANNOUNCER



Colors that bring out your Beauty!
Texture that blends with your Skin!



Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

6 Gloriously "Alive" Shades—
 that cling . . . that flatter . . . that bewitch!

Now a miracle of beauty can happen . . . on your own skin! The moment you smooth on Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder, you know—here is powder with texture so fine, color so radiantly, *naturally* alluring, that a new kind of loveliness is yours! You'll be delighted by the way Cashmere Bouquet clings and clings . . . without a trace of flaking, streak, or shine. And you'll be thrilled by the subtle, romantic scent of the "fragrance men love"!

Only 29¢



Hand Lotion
 Talcum Powder
 All-Purpose
 Cream
 Lipstick

*Look your loveliest
 with Cashmere Bouquet*

He finds DRAMA in the news

IF WOMEN are showing a greater interest in the news on television these days, much credit must go to handsome John Cameron Swayze, chief commentator on the Camel News Caravan, a Monday through Friday feature on Channel 4 at 7:45 P.M. Swayze's friendly warmth pervades the program which makes use of films and live personalities.

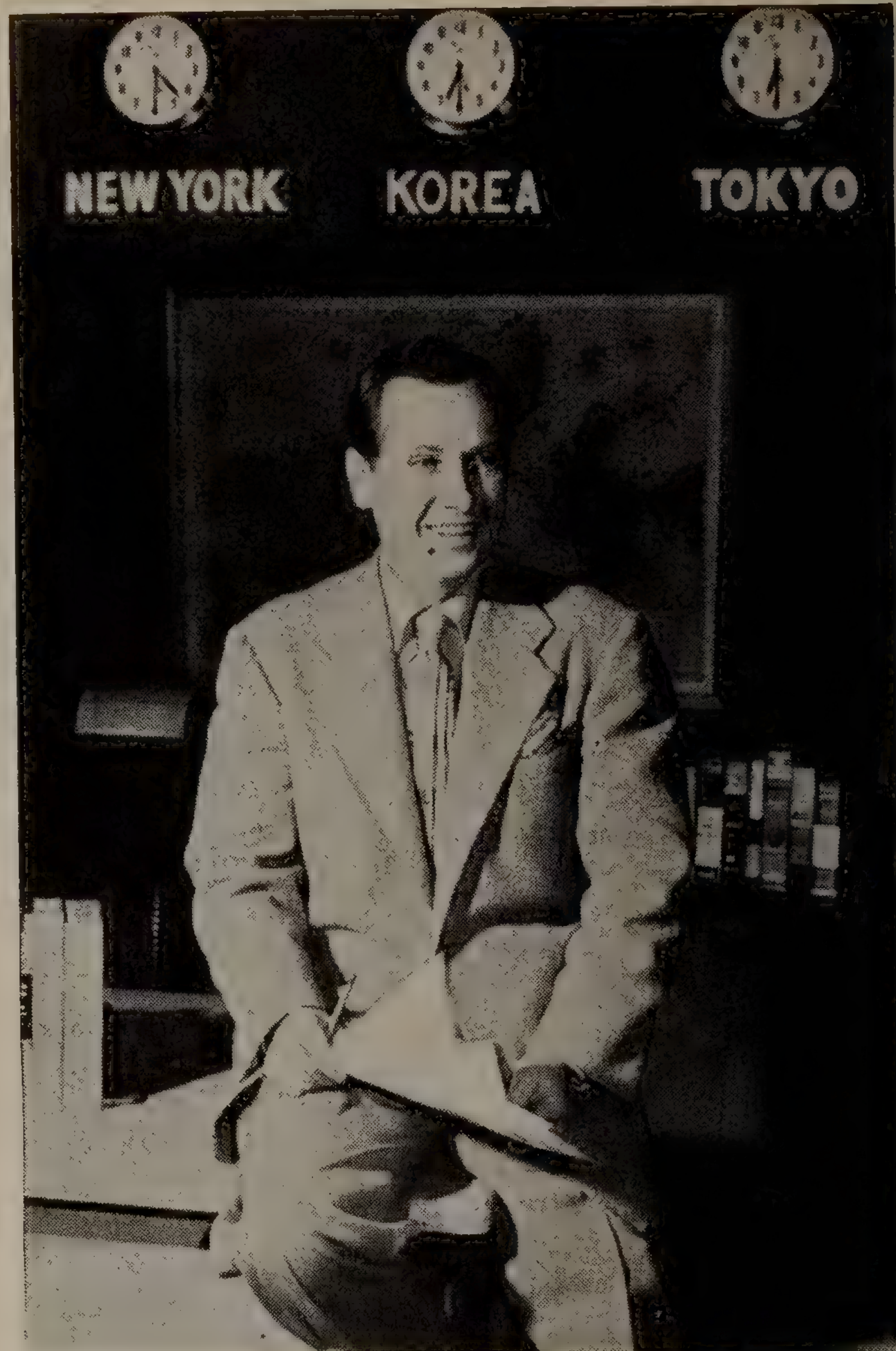
In Wichita, Kansas, where he was born in 1906, John took elocution lessons and dreamed of becoming an actor. After graduating from the University of Kansas he attended a drama school in New York, but a career on the stage seemed unattainable. Reluctantly, John returned to Kansas City, Missouri, in 1929 where he took a job as a reporter on the *Journal Post* of that city.

Twenty-three years later, after having built a distinguished career as a newsman, radio and TV commentator, Swayze has completed a full cycle: from reporter to radio newscaster to television personality and finally newspaper writer again. His daily column, "New York," for the McNaught syndicate contains human interest stories from a New Yorker's point of view and appears in such papers as the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

John's entrance to radio was accidental. While he was with the *Journal Post*, the paper arranged with KMBC, the Kansas City station, to have news bulletins read over the air by one of the reporters. Most of the staff dodged this chore but Swayze welcomed the opportunity which provided a partial outlet for his dramatic leanings. In fact, John spent so much time broadcasting that in 1940 he joined KMBC's staff.

Four years later, the warm California sunshine beckoned and the Swayzes went west where John became director of the Western News and Special Events Department of the National Broadcasting Company. His fine work in Hollywood prompted NBC to transfer him to their New York office.

The result is that the newscaster makes as many headlines as he reports, winning one award after another, twenty-two in all. He may soon have to build a special room onto his colonial house in Old Greenwich, Connecticut, to store all the cups and plaques. Recently John carried off the \$1000



Charming John Cameron Swayze brings the world to TV audiences. His fine reporting has won him 22 prizes.

Alfred I. DuPont prize, the first television personality to win this annual broadcasting award.

The dapper Kansan is married to the former Beulah Estes of Little Rock, Arkansas. John met "Tuffy," as he affectionately calls his wife, when they were both studying dramatics in New York. The Swayzes have two teen-agers, John Jr., a freshman at Harvard and Suzanne, sixteen.

The affable commentator takes pride in his growing collection of antiques, a hobby he shares with Mrs. Swayze. The whole family enjoys working on their Hurricane sailboat and even Skippy, the farm shepherd dog, lends moral support.

In addition to his television program, John keeps radio listeners informed about news events with his Sunday program at 3:45 P.M. over the National Broadcasting Company.

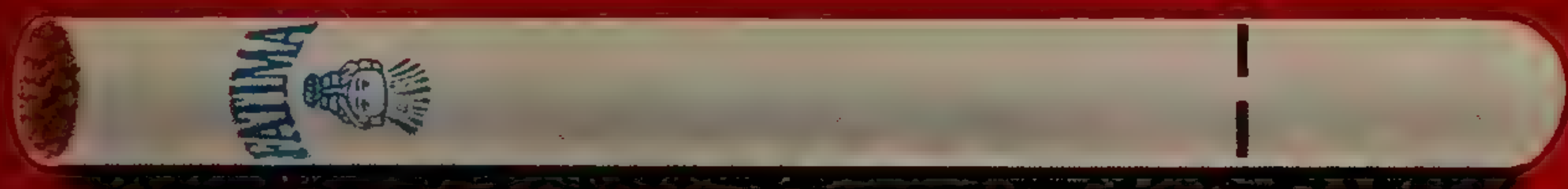
Camel News Caravan, Mon.-Fri. at 7:45 P.M. over NBC-TV for Camel Cigarettes. Swayze's Highlighting the News is heard over NBC on Sun. at 3:45 for Belmont Radio Corp.

favorite TV NEWS COMMENTATOR



COMPARE FATIMA*

with any other KING-SIZE cigarette



1. FATIMA filters the smoke 85 millimeters for your protection.



2. FATIMA'S length cools the smoke for your protection.



3. FATIMA'S length gives you those extra puffs — 21% longer.

AND you get an *extra-mild* and soothing smoke...*plus* the added protection of

FATIMA
QUALITY

* Compare Fatima with any other King-Size cigarette. If you're not convinced Fatima is better, return pack and unsmoked Fatimas by Aug. 1, '52 for money back plus postage. Fatima, Box 37, New York 1, N. Y.



Best of All KING-SIZE Cigarettes

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "IVANHOE"—Color by Technicolor



ELIZABETH TAYLOR . . . Lustre-Creme presents one of 12 women voted by "Modern Screen" and a jury of famed hair stylists as having the world's loveliest hair. Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to care for her glamorous hair.

The Most Beautiful Hair in the World is kept at its loveliest . . . with Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair always alluring. The care of her beautiful hair is vital to her glamour-career.

You, too, like Elizabeth Taylor, will notice a glorious difference in your hair after a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Under the spell of its lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines; behaves, is eager to curl. Hair dulled by

soap abuse . . . dusty with dandruff, now is fragrantly clean. Hair robbed of its natural sheen now glows with renewed highlights. Lathers lavishly in hardest water . . . needs no special after-rinse.

No other cream shampoo in all the world is as popular as Lustre-Creme. For hair that behaves like the angels and shines like the stars . . . ask for Lustre-Creme Shampoo.



The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

P Patterns for you

You'll welcome warm weather in
this breezy cape costume, right, or choose the
comfortable yoke neckline, left



No. 2647. This flare-skirted sundress comes with a scalloped button-on cape—quick cover-up for street, travel, town. Its simple lines are adaptable in pique, linen or shantung; smart also in gingham, or a combination of plaid and plain, print and solid. 12-20. Size 16 takes 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch. Cape, 1 yard 35-inch. 35¢.

No. 2663. Cool dress for hot days! It's the flared skirt favorite, a scoop neck fashion with cropped sleeves cut-in-one with decorative yoke. Easy to make in gingham; also in city-wise shantung, linen, nylon sheers. (Three-quarter sleeve style with round collar also included in pattern.) Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 38 and 40. Size 16 dress takes 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch or 6 yards of 39-inch. 25¢.

RADIO-TV MIRROR MAGAZINE
Box 42, Old Chelsea Station
New York 11, N. Y.

Please send me the following patterns. I enclose \$.....
#2647.....Size.....35¢ each. #2663.....Size.....25¢ each.
For new SPRING-SUMMER FASHION BOOK containing 130 attractive pattern designs for all ages and occasions send.....25¢.

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

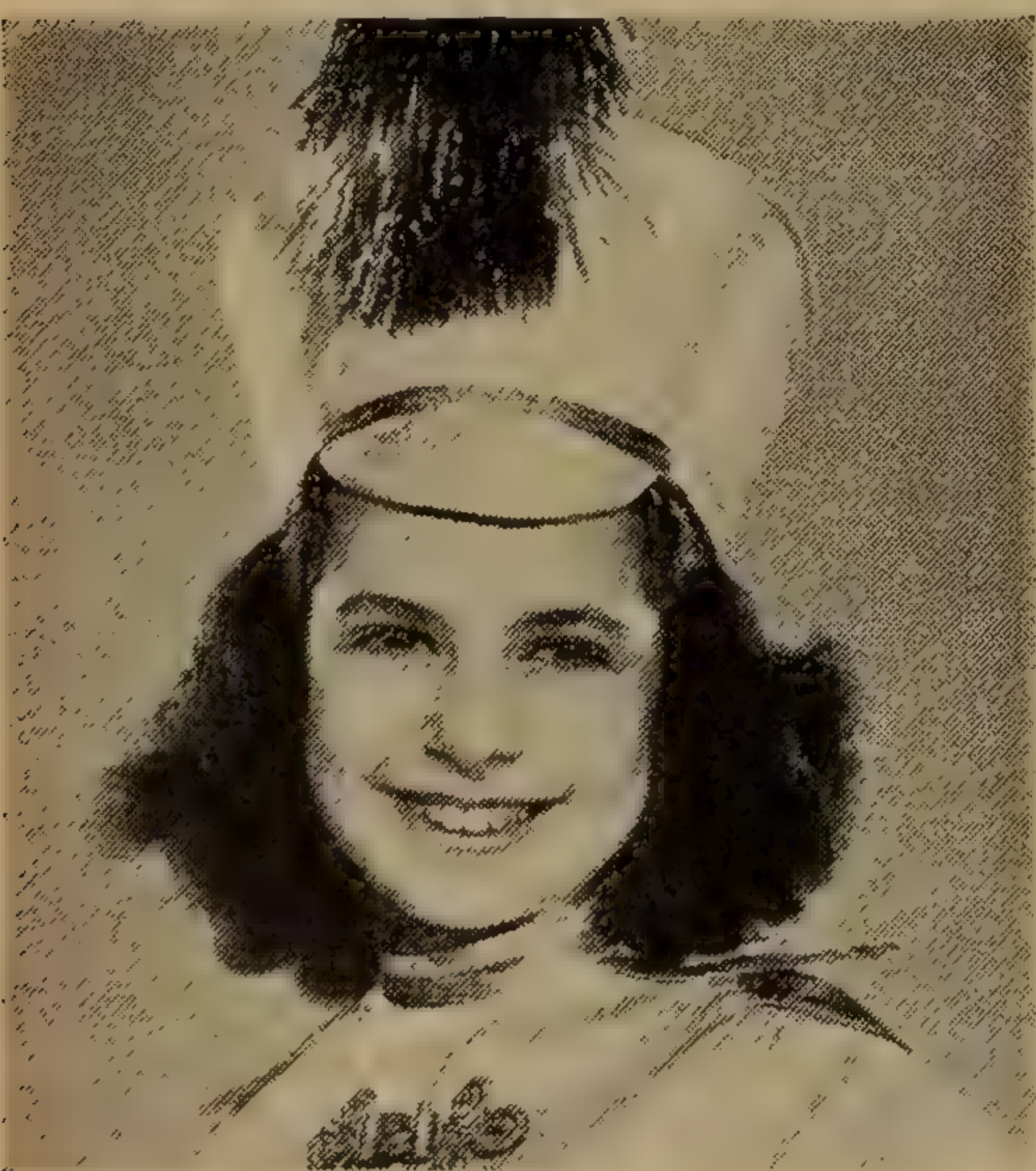
CITY or TOWN.....STATE.....
For special handling of order by first class mail, include
an extra 5¢ per pattern



A good fairy—that was Lorna Lynn's role on the show when she was eight.



Ten years later Lynn's poise, beauty won her the title, "Miss Fifth Ave."



At 11, Sybil Trent was a pretty drum major on CBS' March of Games.



Now a lovely young lady, Sybil emcees, and has other radio roles.



Eight-year-old Gwenn Davies talks with Mr. Rabbit on Let's Pretend.



An attractive actress-singer, today Gwenn's in Mr. and Mrs. North.

They grew up

NILA MACK has frequently been called the Fairy Godmother of radio. Through her program, Let's Pretend, which she originated in 1930 and is still writing, directing and producing, Miss Mack has discovered many talented youngsters. Their personal success stories prove her theory that directed games of make-believe can develop children's latent acting ability.

A rotating star system gives each member of the group a chance to play the lead in a variety of parts. After appearing with this repertory company of the air, a number of the young thespians have gone on to achieve fame in radio, the theatre and movies.

Heard every Saturday morning at 11:05-11:30, on the Columbia Broadcasting System, Let's Pretend features fairy tales and audience games. Each holiday and occasion has its special fantasy; for the March of Dimes, the juvenile cast presents "The Little Lame Prince." Miss Mack has found that the natural imagination of children makes them particularly suited to re-create fables. Although many of the tots cannot even read when they first join the show, their alert memories and love of the "game" overcome this handicap.

Several of the charter members of



When he was nine, Larry Robinson was the prince on Let's Pretend.



favorite Radio CHILDREN'S program

in a **LET'S PRETEND WORLD**

the program are still active on Let's Pretend. Gwenn Davies and Sybil Trent, who joined the show when they were only eight, now emcee the audience game session, sing the commercials and round out the job by playing fairies, or other make-believe characters in the fantasy series. Gwenn had her own singing program while still in her teens and is now kept busy with radio roles in such shows as Mr. and Mrs. North.

The list of graduates who have become famous is lengthy. Skippy Homeier, an amateur who never had even one dramatic lesson, went from Let's Pretend to win plaudits on Broadway for his portrayal of the Nazi refugee child in "Tomorrow the World," which was followed by a Hollywood contract. Jackie Grimes, another alumnus, can be heard in the daytime serial, Rosemary, as well as FBI. His television appearances include the Armstrong Circle Theatre.

In the course of its twenty-two years on the air, Let's Pretend has won thirty-six prizes from educational organizations, women's clubs, and the press.

Nila Mack's Let's Pretend is heard Sat., 11:05 A.M. EST; CBS, for Cream of Wheat.



Surrounded by some veteran performers of Let's Pretend is creator Nila Mack who has been writing, directing and producing the famous children's program for 22 years. L. to r., Gwenn Davies, Betty Jane Tyler, Sybil Trent, Miss Mack.



Larry's familiar now to TV viewers as Sammy in The Goldbergs Show.



Little Jackie Grimes (left) smiles in obvious enjoyment of his role in Let's Pretend. Today the talented young actor's heard in Rosemary, and FBI.



At last... perfection
in an indelible lipstick!

Now you can have a lipstick that will not kiss off, will not smear, yet has such a creamy texture your lips stay velvet-soft! For lasting glamour, try the new DJER-KISS... in five color-rich shades.

DJER-KISS
(DEAR KISS)
Perma-Color Lipstick

in slim or
regular case
29¢



FREE!
Limited time only



\$1.00
DJER-KISS
PERFUME
with
59¢ DJER-KISS TALC

Use Djer-Kiss lavishly. Soothes, smooths, prevents chafing. Delicately yet deeply scented with Djer-Kiss perfume, the fragrance that whispers "Kiss me, dear!"

Romance starts with

BLUE WALTZ

Perfume

Makes men forget
to remember anyone

... but you!

10¢ and 25¢



Daytime diary



AGAINST THE STORM Austin St. George, determined to find his happiness with Liz Porter, doesn't really believe his treacherous wife, Corinne, can stand in their way. But Corinne, having suddenly decided she wants to return to Austin and their son Ham, is more unscrupulous than Austin's sane and reasonable mind can conceive. Is this because there is something very wrong with Corinne—and will this mean danger for Ham? M-F, 10:45 A.M. EST, ABC.

AUNT JENNY As Aunt Jenny tells the story of Grace Bannerman and her two suitors, she probably has her own ideas about which one is more likely to make Grace happy. But Grace's ideas are confused as she weighs aggressive, vigorous George Cox against shy, retiring Stanley Barnes. Is this one time when parents have the right answer? Grace can't be sure—until her heart finally solves the problem. M-F, 12:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

BACKSTAGE WIFE Millionaire Rupert Barlow finally succeeds in creating such a serious split between Mary Noble and her actor husband, Larry, that Mary decides to file for divorce in Florida. Before she ends a long and happy marriage, will Mary somehow learn that Barlow's intriguing has brought about this crisis? Will she realize that all along his aim has been to win her for himself? M-F, 4 P.M. EST, NBC.

BIG SISTER Dr. John Wayne has at last realized that Ruth has been right about Millard Parker, his rich patient, when she claimed Parker was merely trying to gain power over John, not to help him. Now that Selena, Parker's former wife, is actually present in Glen Falls, the whole terrible truth about Parker may finally be revealed—but will John's career and his marriage survive the shock? M-F, 1 P.M. EST, CBS.

BRIGHTER DAY The tragic events centering around the drug trade in Milltown apparently come to a climax with the death of Anthony Race, head of Milltown's underground activity. But Rev-

erend Richard Dennis continues to be disturbed about Milltown and about young Vickie, Anthony's wife, who went through so much emotional torture during her brief marriage. Are Rev. Dennis's premonitions justified? M-F, 2:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

FRONT PAGE FARRELL As star reporter on a big metropolitan newspaper, it is David Farrell's business to know what's going on. And frequently, on the crime stories he specializes in, he turns out to know more about what's going on than even the police. While David's wife Sally, a former reporter herself, always insists on going along, she sometimes wonders if she and David aren't getting a little too close to danger. M-F, 5:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

GUIDING LIGHT Meta White married Joe Roberts because they both thought they were enough in love to make it important that they spend the rest of their lives together. Can Joe's daughter Cathy, bitterly opposed to Meta, really ruin this deep emotion? Is there something to be said for Cathy, who claims to fear her father's wife because Meta was once tried for murder? Will Meta, again, lose out on happiness? M-F, 1:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

HILLTOP HOUSE Though Julie Paterno, supervisor of the Glendale orphanage, is a professional at handling children, twelve-year-old Marcia, adopted daughter of Reed Nixon, has a talent for trouble-making that is almost beyond Julie's control. Julie is also concerned with her cousin Nina's painful effort to recover from a serious breakdown. If anything happens to Nina's marriage to Dr. Jeff, how will it affect Julie? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS.

JOYCE JORDAN, M.D. Joyce Jordan, a successful doctor, didn't expect to fall in love, though being a woman the possibility was somewhere at the back of her mind. And lawyer Mike Hill, engaged to the charming, suitable Alice, thought he was in love—until he met Joyce. Would these two young people have been better

off if their paths had never crossed? Or is there some way of working out a happy future? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, ABC.

JUST PLAIN BILL Bill Davidson faces one of his life's most difficult problems when he finds himself for the first time at odds with his daughter Nancy. Until Bill learns just what Nancy is afraid of, he is powerless to help her out of the perilous dilemma into which she has been forced by the unscrupulous Leslie Palmer. Can Bill help his beloved daughter to preserve the happiness she found when she married Kerry Donovan? M-F, 5 P.M. EST, NBC.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE It takes a special kind of man to be a doctor. Julia knew that when she married Dr. Daniel Palmer, and she knew too, that one of the important factors in her love for him was her respect for his devotion to his career. But doesn't it also take a special kind of woman to be a doctor's wife? And will Julia be equal to the demands of such a life? As Dan's practice grows their marriage is tested in some surprising ways. M-F, 5:45 P.M., EST, NBC.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL Chichi's wealthy friend, Victoria Vandembush, has long believed that her nephew Paul was her only living relative. Who, then, is young Martin Walker, who has documents to prove his own connection with Victoria? Is Chichi on the right track when she defends Martin, or is the fact that he is attractive blinding her to what might turn out to be terrible danger for both Victoria and herself? M-F, 3 P.M. EST, NBC.

LONE JOURNEY During the war and afterward, Lansing McKenzie came through experiences that might have unsettled even a phlegmatic, unimaginative man—and Lansing is certainly not that. His wife Sidney, trying hard to understand and be patient, finds herself wondering if Lansing is at long last feeling the effects of the years of strain. If this is true—what can Sidney do about it? M-F, 11 A.M. EST, ABC.

LORENZO JONES How much does Don Edwards know about the disappearance of the formula for Lorenzo's latest invention—luminous car paint? Edwards, Lorenzo's backer on the project, is interested in Lorenzo's wife Belle, and he might be thinking that one way of estranging the Joneses would be to keep Lorenzo from making a fortune. Or is it Marian Randall, Don's secretary, who holds the clue? M-F, 5:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

MA PERKINS Hard as it is for Ma's friends to understand, it seems to be true that when Tom Wells decided he couldn't marry Fay, he was doing the wisest thing for everyone concerned. Fortunately for Ma, whose heart is rent with pity and love for her heartbroken younger daughter, Rushville Center and its problems have once again come knocking at her door for help. But what help is there for Fay? M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST, CBS.



Don't Let a Headache

Dim Your Charm!

Just drop one or two ALKA-SELTZER Tablets into a glass of water and watch it sparkle and fizz!



Enjoy this pleasant, refreshing drink

... Soon you'll ...

SMILE WITH "SPEEDY" RELIEF



It's hard to smile . . . to be charming when a headache comes along. Next time you want fast, effective relief from a nagging headache, try ALKA-SELTZER. It's *fast* because it's in solution when you drink it—it's effective because it contains one of the world's best pain-relievers. You'll like the relief ALKA-SELTZER brings from a headache . . . and you'll like the way it soothes your stomach.

Alka-Seltzer

BRAND Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

**Also FIRST AID for—
COLD DISCOMFORT—ACID INDIGESTION
—MUSCULAR ACHES & PAINS**

Be Thrifty

**BUY THE LARGE SIZE
at all drug stores U. S. and Canada**

**MILES LABORATORIES, INC.,
ELKHART, INDIANA**



Copyright—1952 Miles Laboratories, Inc.

Over- heard

(in the dormitory)



Jeanne: Same old story as last month. The party comes at the wrong time for me. I would be thinking about it every minute—afraid people would notice . . .

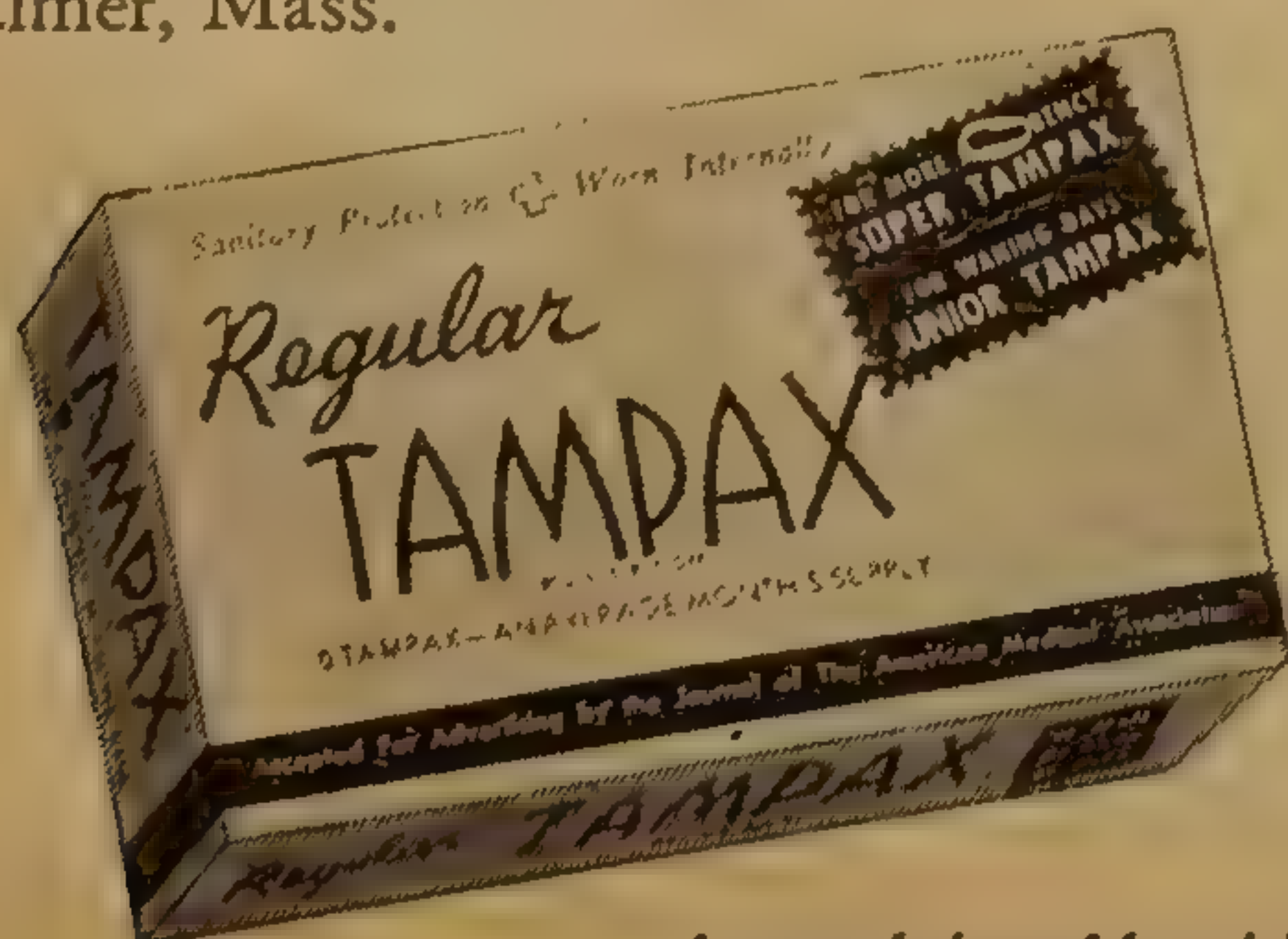
Deborah: Don't be that way. Wear Tampax this time. I heard about it from Emily. It's perfect. You forget everything! You can't even feel the Tampax!

Jeanne: That sounds wonderful. Are you sure about it?

Deborah: You ought to hear Emily rave. She knows the whole story of Tampax. How a doctor invented it—scientific principles, you know... *worn internally, my dear* . . . millions of women use it.

Jeanne: All right, I'm sold. I'll get some Tampax right away. See you at the party!

Tampax requires no belts, pins or supports of any kind. No external pads—no bulges or ridges for anyone to observe. No chafing or odor. Easy disposal . . . Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton contained in slender disposable applicators. Full month's supply fits into purse. Economy size lasts 4 months (average). Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. . . . Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Daytime Diary

MARRIAGE FOR TWO Love ought to be enough to make a success of a marriage. Vicki Adams was certain it would be when she insisted on marrying Roger Hoyt. And Vicki is still sure she was right, for when she and Roger are happy they are very happy indeed. Still, there are the other times. There is Roger's tendency to be selfish, a bit inconsiderate, a trifle careless. And also there is Pamela Towers . . . M-F, 3 P.M. EST, ABC.

MARY MARLIN Most women like to believe that their husbands are at least a little attractive to other women. But Mary Marlin faces a different kind of problem when she is forced to wonder just how far these attractions have carried Joe Marlin. Does the glamorous, treacherous Tao-Ling really have a marital claim on Joe? Or is her interest in him political rather than personal? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, ABC.

OUR GAL SUNDAY When Lord Henry Brinthrope's cousin, Myron Hunter, dies during a visit to Black Swan Hall, Sunday and Henry realize that in Myron's young wife Christine they have met a most treacherous, unscrupulous woman. Attempting to fulfill Myron's will by turning over his fortune to his long-estranged son, Robert Hunter, the Brinthropes are forced to face the fact that Christine won't even stop at murder. M-F, 12:45 P.M. EST, CBS.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY Industrialist Dwight Davenport becomes more and more a man of mystery as his plans go forward to back the new cement factory Randolph Smiley will run. Has Davenport some reason for choosing Elmdale over other towns, closer to Chicago? Will the odd triangle formed by Davenport, Smiley and Mrs. Ivy Trent bring events to an even stranger climax than anyone anticipates? M-F, 3:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

PERRY MASON The court battle between Perry Mason and prosecutor Frederick Abt, with May Grant's life at stake, comes to a tremendous climax with the revelation of May's secret—a secret that not even Perry had plumbed to its fullest depths, though May is his client. What happens to May's beloved little daughter, Dorrie, as a result of the final exposure of the truth about her parentage? M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST, CBS.

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS Armed with an active suspicion of Annette Thorpe, Carolyn Nelson isn't altogether surprised when her husband, Governor Miles Nelson, is drawn into a political scandal as the result of Annette's intriguing. But Carolyn is baffled by the difficulty of placing the real guilt, and further startled to see that events may have an effect on Miles that she had not foreseen. M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROAD OF LIFE Dr. Jim Brent, who has had some experience with the emotional vagaries of women, believes in theory that a woman scorned is truly a dangerous element in anyone's life. But he was not prepared for the neurotic fury with which Sybil Overton joined her father's campaign to ruin Jim and prevent his marriage to Joyce McLeod. Is Jim in danger of losing the fight by underestimating the enemy? M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT When Barclay Bailey, Helen's wealthy suitor, is seriously injured in an accident while driving Helen back to Hollywood, it gives his parents the chance they want to keep Helen from seeing him. Unable to show her friendship for Barclay, misrepresented by his parents, and the subject of malicious gossip linking her with her boss, movie producer Jeff Brady, Helen lives through a truly bitter period. M-F, 12:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

ROSEMARY Now that Bill Roberts has come successfully through his harrowing trial for murder, Rosemary prays that they can begin to rebuild their married happiness by retreating to the Austin farm, where once before they found peace of mind and the strength to go on. Is this quiet country existence the answer to the Roberts' problem? Can they reestablish themselves with the rest of the world—and with each other? M-F, 11:45 A.M. EST, CBS.

SECOND MRS. BURTON If the basis for a marriage is firmly established in the love and understanding of the two principals involved, can any outside interference do it serious damage? Terry Burton ponders this heart-rending question as she watches the efforts of her husband's family to estrange her and Stan. If she speaks in her own defense, she may make things worse. Where will Terry find help? M-F, 2 P.M. EST, CBS.

STELLA DALLAS Two powerful new influences enter Stella's life when famous lawyer Arnold King becomes attracted to her—and beautiful young Karen Reed appears to be trying to prevent that attraction from developing into anything more serious. Karen, while claiming to be a friend of Stella's daughter Laurel, seems to have hidden, mysterious motives of her own for interfering in Arnold King's life—motives based on hatred. M-F, 4:15 P.M. EST, NBC.

STRANGE ROMANCE OF EVELYN WINTERS Playwright Gary Bennet, secretly in love with his young ward, Evelyn Winters, conceals that love because he believes the difference in their ages is too serious a drawback. But when actor Ron-

nie Kendall falls in love with Evelyn and formally asks Gary for her hand in marriage, Gary's reactions are mixed. Will this crisis bring his feeling for Evelyn out into the open? M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST, ABC.

THIS IS NORA DRAKE Even during the time when wealthy Peg Martinson's accusations almost ruined Nurse Nora Drake's career, Nora didn't regard Peg as motivated wholly by maliciousness. Her long knowledge of Peg had convinced her that the unfortunate girl, burdened with paralysis which all her money could not cure, was becoming mentally warped. But even Nora is shocked when Peg precipitates a tragic climax. M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

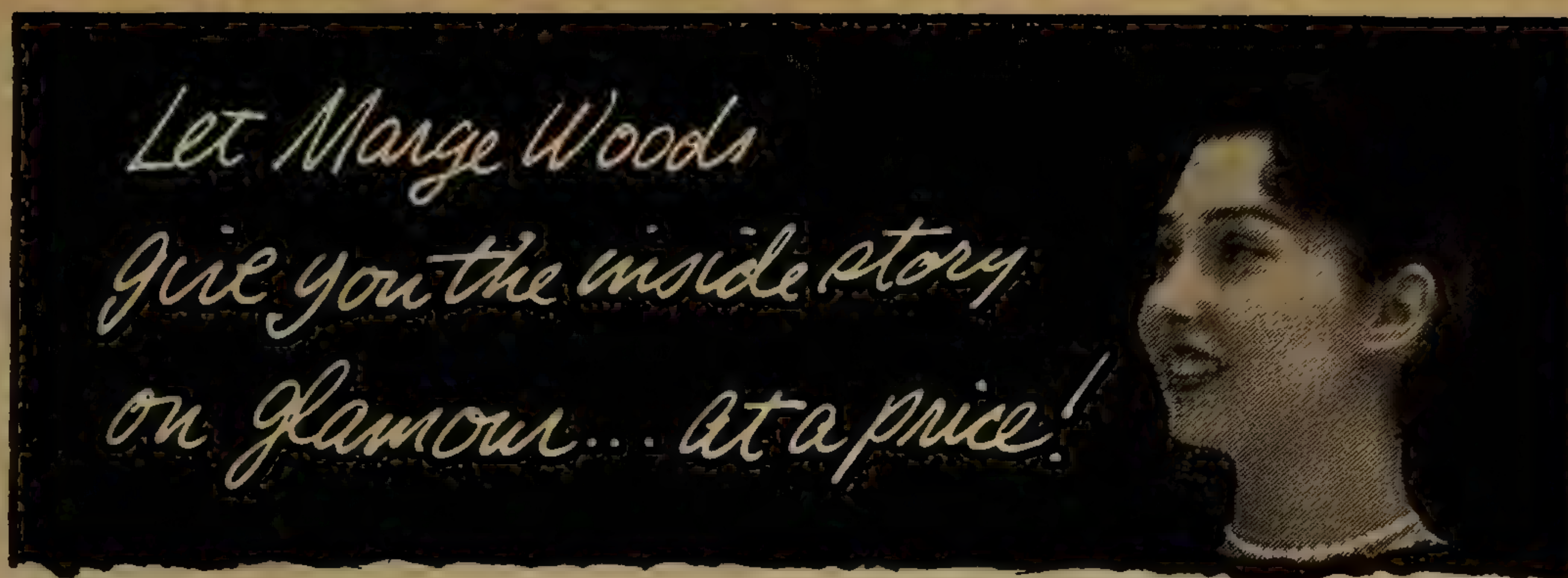
WENDY WARREN Is it sometimes wiser to lose your head; instead of keeping it? Wendy has cause to wonder, now, as she remembers that phone call from Mark in Hollywood, when he urged her to forget responsibility and fly out and marry him at once. Will she regret for the rest of her life that she laughed a little at Mark's impulsiveness, instead of meeting it with the eager "Yes!" that he wanted? M-F, 12 Noon EST, CBS.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES Can a determined woman wreck a man's life even if he has no desire to become involved with her? In spite of Harry's efforts to convince Claire O'Brien that his love for his wife Joan and his family are the strongest things in his life, Claire is feverishly trying to break up the Davis marriage. Trust in Harry keeps Joan serene up to a point—but would she be wiser to force Claire to a showdown? M-F, 11:15 A.M. EST, ABC.

WOMAN IN MY HOUSE It is probably the opinion of the junior members of the Carter family that families are fine when they mind their own business. But in case of trouble—as Clay has recent cause to realize—there are few things as handy as a devoted family. Meanwhile Jeff, the oldest Carter son, wonders just when he began to act as interpreter between his father and the others, who seem to speak a different language. M-F, 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

YOUNG DR. MALONE When the marriage of Crystal and Gene Williams broke up, it left Crystal bitter and in desperate need for affection. Basically this is the reason for her turning to Joe Burns, and for her defense of Joe even after he has drawn her into serious difficulties. Will Anne Malone, Gene's father Sam, and perhaps even Gene himself, learn something new about Crystal during this crisis? M-F, 1:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN Dr. Anthony Loring's sister, Victoria, hires investigator Dudley Collins to prove the annulment of Anthony's long-ago marriage to the woman who has suddenly appeared in Simpsonville as Mrs. Loring. Ellen Brown, whom Anthony hoped to marry, does not share Victoria's belief in that annulment. Is Ellen affected by the fact that Collins has fallen in love with her? M-F, 4:30 P.M. EST, NBC.



"I've just bought a smart Jubilee bra that does wonders for my figure! And it was just one dollar!"

Satin (#569), White, Pink, Blue, Black. Cotton (#469) White, Pink. A,B,C, Cups

\$1.00
other Jubilee Bras
from 1.00 to 2.95

**PRODUCTS OF
UNITED MILLS**

"...and here's a darling petticoat. It's lavished with deep eyelet embroidery, and it cost me only \$1.98!"

White Cotton (#6336), with elasticized waistband. Sizes Small, Medium, Large. \$1.98

other Realcraft Slips from 1.98 to 3.98

UNITED MILLS CORP., 180 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Maureen O'Hara marvels at amazing new penaten in Woodbury Cold Cream!



It cleanses
more thoroughly!

This lovely motion picture star is thrilled with penaten, the wonder-agent which allows all the rich, softening oils in Woodbury Cream to penetrate *so much deeper, so much more thoroughly!*



It softens
more easily!

Glamorous Maureen—starring in Universal International's "FLAME OF ARABY" (color by Technicolor)—finds penaten helps Woodbury Cold Cream *soften, remove dirt* so easily! Leaves skin soft, supple.



It leaves
you lovelier!

You can tell—right away—how *infinitely* smoother your skin will feel after a heavenly Woodbury Cold Cream treatment! Buy Woodbury Cold Cream-with-penaten today! (Only 25¢ to 97¢ plus tax.)

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 5)

interesting stories to tell about the people he has met as contestants on audience-participation shows through the years. But one of his favorites concerns a young New York couple, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Kluger, who won \$2,050 on Break The Bank a few weeks ago. After the show was over, the Klugers told Parks that if it hadn't been for him, they never would have met and married. It seems that back in 1946, when Break The Bank was a radio show, Parks, as master of ceremonies, was kidding around with the audience during the warmup, before he went on the air. He suggested that everybody get friendly with the person sitting beside him, and proceeded to ask names and introduce people to each other. When he introduced Alan Kluger to the attractive girl next to him, she was very shy and wouldn't talk. But it so happened that the following week Alan was vacationing in Atlantic City. He bumped into the girl who had sat next to him at the program, remembered that her name was Florence, and timidly asked, "Didn't Bert Parks introduce you to me at Break the Bank?" From then on, they now admit, it was easy, and they ended up married. The Klugers hadn't seen Bert since that time until they happened to be contestants on the TV show, and walked off with "the bank."

What Ever Happened to . . . Charlotte Manson, who used to do the commercials on the Twenty Questions program? Charlotte is still very much around and currently is playing Patsy on the Nick Carter show and Randy on King's Row. In private life she is married to Dick Brown, the Stop The Music singer.

. . . Tex Fletcher, who used to be heard regularly with his cowboy songs on Sunday mornings over Mutual. Tex is now a member of the cast of the Bobby Benson show, also over Mutual.

. . . Marion Morgan, who made several appearances on Stop The Music. Marion has been concentrating mostly on nightclub dates, and has been playing the supper club circuit around the country. Joan Crawford more or less adopted Marion as her protegee and advised her on wardrobe, hair styles, makeup, etc., for her tour.

. . . Richard Coogan, who used to appear on Captain Video. Richard is now doing very well as a free-lance dramatic actor in television.

. . . Kyle McDonnell, who was one of NBC's video stars a while back. Kyle, who is married to producer Dick Gordon, temporarily retired a few months ago to present her husband with a baby girl. But she's back to work again, doing a disc jockey show Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays over WOR in New York.

These are personalities readers have inquired about. If you have wondered what happened to one of your favorites on radio or television, drop me a line—Jill Warren, RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR Magazine, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York City, 17, and I'll do my best to find out for you.

(NOTE: On all shows, both radio and television, be sure to check your local papers for time, station and channel)

radio-TV mirror

Awards winners for 1951-52

Which radio and TV programs were your favorites?

Here are the programs and stars you voted for . . .

FOR THE fifth consecutive year, RADIO-TV MIRROR announces the winners of its radio and television entertainment poll in which you, the readers, vote for your favorites.

This past year has been an exciting one—radio, which “experts” said would be through as an entertainment medium with the full-scale growth of television, put on bigger, better, more exciting shows. Television, the baby who sprang full grown into a giant, perfected camera work, revised scripts, hired magnificent actors to give you shows designed to keep you glued to your sets. Radio and TV stood side by side to produce wonderful entertainment which you enthusiastically applauded in your choice of winners.

To be expected was your overwhelming acclaim of the Arthur Godfrey shows on radio and TV. In former years it was clear by your votes that he had become King of the airwaves—now, with TV climbing high in the entertainment firmament, he has captured the hearts of viewers. This year, he tops his own record of seven awards you voted him two years ago—his show, his entertainers, and Godfrey himself, were voted eight awards by you listeners and viewers. His singers, Marion Marlowe, Janette Davis and Frank Parker shared top billing with Godfrey.

In the daytime serial field, pretty Jan Miner, a favorite as the lead in Hilltop House, won over Florence Freeman and Betty Winkler who held RADIO-TV MIRROR awards in the past few years. John Larkin with his Perry Mason won back the award which he held two years ago. Ma Perkins was acclaimed best of the daytime serials.

In TV, where two years ago it was thought that no daytime program could be successful, The First Hundred Years and its star, James Lydon, each captured an award. Jimmy as the star daytime serial actor, The First Hundred Years as the best daytime TV

see following pages for AWARD WINNERS



radio-TV mirror Awards



FAVORITE RADIO COMEDY SHOW The Martin and Lewis program.

FAVORITE DAYTIME TV SHOW

Garry Moore show. Ken Carson, Denise Lor, Garry Moore, Durward Kirby, Bernie West, Mickey Ross, Charles Snyder.

serial. Pat Kirkland, feminine lead in *The Egg and I*, won the best daytime serial actress honors on TV.

Fibber McGee and Molly can add one more laurel to the many which are being bestowed upon them in this, their twentieth year of broadcasting. They were your favorite husband and wife team. A new show on television, *I Love Lucy*, came up fast to be rated best comedy show. Its stars, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, became your favorite husband and wife team on TV. Lucille also took her place as your favorite TV comedienne with this show. On radio, Eve Arden won the favorite comedienne award for the fourth time.

Lux Theatre, the dean of radio dramas which has for so many years been directed by William Keighley, took the award for the best dramatic show for the fifth consecutive year. Studio One,



winners for 1951-52



FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOW—TV AND RADIO

Ted Mack, Dorothy Ray, Barbara Townsend, Ann Lahey.



FAVORITE RADIO DAYTIME SERIAL

Ma Perkins was your choice. Ma and Shuffle Shober above.



FAVORITE RADIO AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION SHOW Breakfast Club, starring Don McNeill. A typical show scene with Sam Cowling, vocalists Patsy Lee and Johnny Desmond kidding.

see next page for **MORE WINNERS** →

radio-TV mirror Awards



FAVORITE RADIO-TV WOMEN'S SHOW

The Kate Smith show. The talents of Ted Collins and Kate Smith combine to build shows which are tops with you for entertainment.

on TV, again was an overwhelming favorite of yours. You named it the best dramatic show on television.

The zany team of comics, Martin and Lewis, were named as having the best comedy show, while Jack Benny walked away with the honors as the best comedian in radio. Red Skelton, for four years awarded top comedian honors on radio, won as your TV favorite. In the musical field on radio, the Railroad Hour, starring Gordon MacRae, and in TV the Fred Waring show were named as the best musical programs.

Garry Moore, the man who quit as Jimmy Durante's partner to form his own TV show, captured the best daytime non-serial show award with his homey, warm humanness. Don McNeill's Breakfast Club on radio and Bert Parks' Break the Bank on TV, won the awards as the best audience-participation show. Bert was voted your favorite radio quizmaster, too. On TV the quizmaster award went to Groucho Marx, the funny man with the cigar and mustache. Groucho's You Bet Your Life



FAVORITE TV DRAMATIC SHOW

Studio One. Mary Sinclair, Maria Riva, Murray Metheson and Richard Purdy in memorable "The Angelic Avengers."



FAVORITE TV MUSICAL SHOW

Fred Waring show. Fred's sweet music and pleasing personality won viewers' attention and votes.

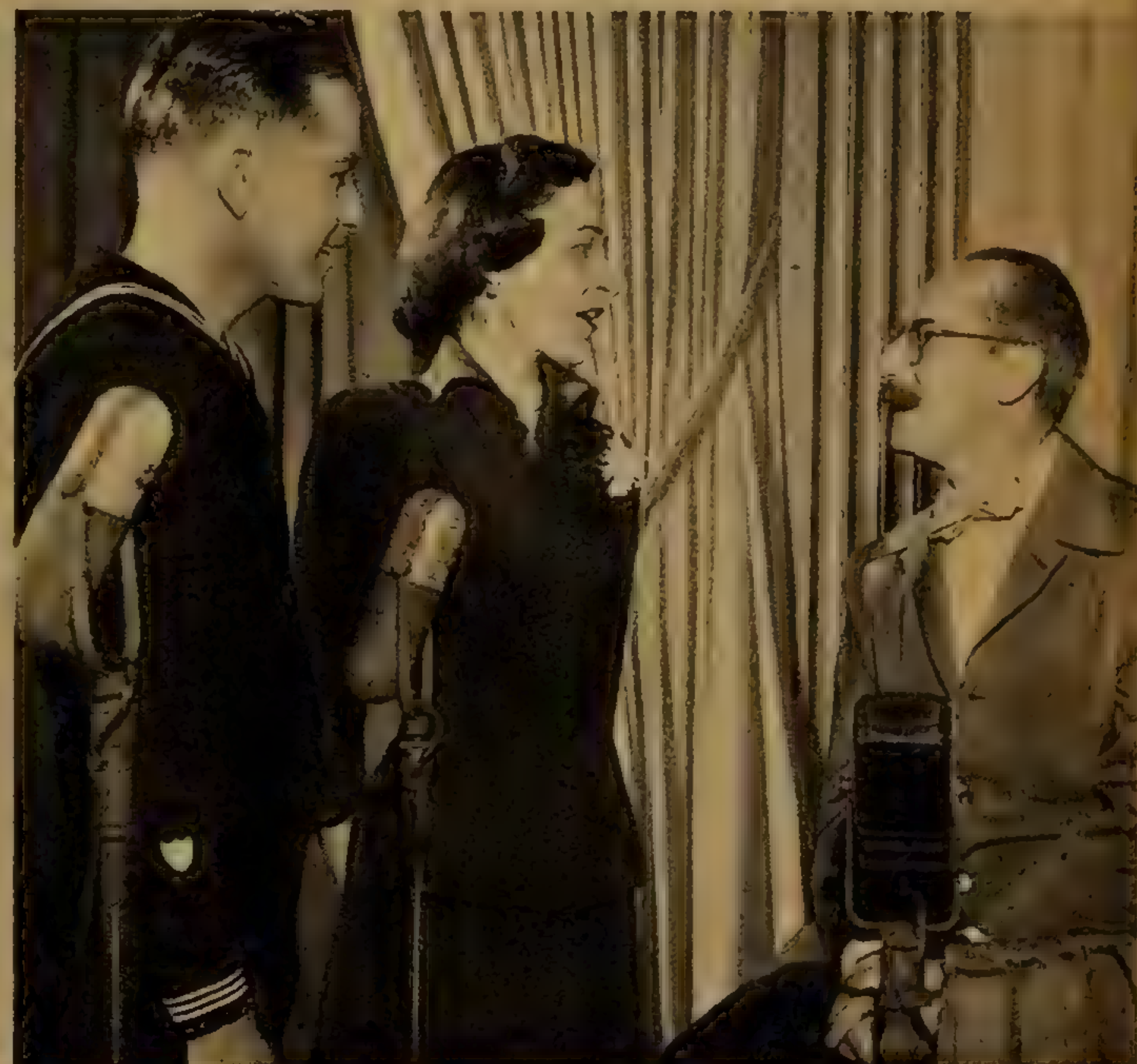
winners for 1951-52



FAVORITE RADIO MYSTERY SHOW
Dragnet. Jack Webb stars as Sgt. Friday, with Barney Phillips in squad room.



FAVORITE DAYTIME TV SERIAL
First Hundred Years. James Lydon in a scene with Ann Sargent, TV wife.



FAVORITE RADIO QUIZ SHOW
You Bet Your Life. Groucho Marx with cigar and mustache gives money and laughter.



FAVORITE TV MYSTERY SHOW
Racket Squad. Reed Hadley with Ann Lee in a recent exciting episode.



FAVORITE TV QUIZ SHOW
Break the Bank. Scads of money given away with Bert Parks the donor.



FAVORITE RADIO CHILDREN'S SHOW
Let's Pretend. Nila Mack's program has won voters' acclaim for five consecutive years.

radio-TV mirror Awards



FAVORITE TV COMEDY SHOW

I Love Lucy starring madcap Lucille Ball and husband Desi Arnaz.

was also voted your favorite radio quiz show and on TV Strike It Rich, Warren Hull's program won your award.

Jack Webb was named your favorite dramatic actor and so it is not surprising that Dragnet, the show which stars him, took honors for the best radio mystery. In TV, this award went to Racket Squad.

Ted Mack's Amateur Hour won two honors—both his radio and TV show were named your favorite amateur program.

Mercedes McCambridge on the comparatively new Defense Attorney, was your favorite radio dramatic actress, and Peggy Wood and Judson Laire captured the dramatic acting awards in TV for their roles in Mama. Kate Smith was again your favorite woman's program on radio and TV. Kukla, Fran and Ollie was again your favorite children's program on TV, and Nila Mack's Let's Pretend on radio.

Art Linkletter with his gay House Party, won as your favorite radio master of ceremonies and Ed Sullivan whose magnificent acts have made his show outstanding, won for TV. Walter Winchell was your favorite radio newsman and John Cameron Swayze, your favorite TV newscaster. Mel Allen in radio and Russ Hodges on TV captured the sportscasters' awards.

FAVORITE RADIO DRAMATIC SHOW Lux Theatre wins for the fifth time. William Keighley directed film stars Burt Lancaster and Nancy Gates with Earl Ebi, musical director.



winners for 1951-52



FAVORITE RADIO MUSICAL SHOW

The Railroad Hour. Gordon MacRae with Dorothy Warenskjold and orchestra leader Carmen Dragon.



FAVORITE TV CHILDREN'S SHOW

Kukla, Fran and Ollie with creator Burr Tillstrom.



FAVORITE TV AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION SHOW

Strike It Rich. Warren Hull guides the program with a heart.

see next page for **MORE WINNERS** →



THE HIGH COST OF Godfrey's private life

What a man! What Florida vacations!
And what an incredible budget! All
because Arthur is "king"—and human

by Philip Chapman



the **BEST PROGRAM** on **RADIO**



the **BEST PROGRAM** on **TV**



favorite **Radio VARIETY** program



favorite **TV VARIETY** program

ep, personality—and top performers like Frank
arker, Janette Davis and Marion Marlowe—
made Godfrey sure bet to win radio-TV sweeps.



Kenilworth's his castle, on whirlwind visits South.

THE DAY the Kenilworth Hotel of Bal Harbour, Florida, opened for the season this winter, its genial manager, Frank Sheehan, saw to it that the lobby was filled with flowers, that all the employees were buttoned and zippered up, and then—himself dressed to the nines—stood by the front door to greet his guests.

They arrived in a long string of Packards and Cadillacs, for the Kenilworth is a very plush hotel indeed, and will accept your thirty dollars (and up) a day per (Continued on page 82)

Arthur Godfrey Time is heard M-F, 10-11:30 A.M. for Toni, Ovaltine, Rinso, Pepsodent, Pillsbury, Nabisco, Chesterfield on CBS; simulcast 10:15-10:30, CBS-TV. King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table, Sun., 5 P.M. on CBS for Kingan. Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, Wed., 8 P.M. on CBS-TV for Chesterfield, Pillsbury, Toni; and Godfrey's Talent Scouts, simulcast Mon., 8:30 P.M. for Lipton. All EST.

Walter Winchell "shoots" the vacationing star.



Marion Marlowe
is one Cinderella who
loves to kick off
her glass slippers!



Artistic by nature, she both draws and writes well . . . home-loving, she likes to listen to Frank Parker's voice, prefers his solos even to their duets together.



Exotic plain Jane

By FRANCES KISH

A STUDY in contrasts . . . that's Marion Marlowe, the girl who became the overnight singing sensation on the Arthur Godfrey shows. Exotic-looking, with amber-green eyes and dark auburn-lighted hair worn high on her head . . . tall, with a regal walk. Yet this is the same girl who braids her hair into little-girl pigtails for rehearsals . . . hates high heels . . . and kicks off her shoes at every opportunity. The girl who loves beautiful fabrics, bright gay colors and elegant evening clothes . . . yet dislikes to shop, buys most things without even trying them on, wears jeans or peasant clothes when she isn't all dressed up to go out.

Marion's apartment is decorated with rich-toned Oriental draperies, carved lamps, fine black mahogany . . . yet nothing makes her as happy as knowing now that the dear home folks from Missouri are there . . . her mother, and Charlie and Pinky, the grandfather (Continued on page 98)



Favorite Radio FEMALE SINGER

the Miracle did happen

"It happened to me—it can
happen to you—if you keep
hope alive," Frank Parker says

By MARY TEMPLE

EVERYONE dreams about the miracle—that wonderful thing that can happen, any time in your life, even when you may think it is too late. It happened to me—it can happen to you, if you will only keep hope alive."

It's Frank Parker talking, telling about the day he walked into Arthur Godfrey's office in New York, in the CBS studio building, ready to take up a singing career where he had dropped it several years before—after having left it three times, in fact, to try his luck in business ventures. Other old friends had put him off, cautious about a come-back for this singer who had started on the Ever-Ready Hour in 1926, had performed after that with great stars like Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Jessica Dragonette, and who had wound up as the star of his own show before he left the air in 1946. But Godfrey said, "You're on this week's show," and Godfrey asked him to come back the next week and the next. That was in 1950.

Last summer, Frank took over Godfrey's place on the big Wednesday night TV program in the "King's" absence, and again last winter when Arthur was on Navy duty—"to give me the chance to show what I could do," Frank explains it, gratitude in his voice. "I had known Arthur as a kind man and a fine friend, but I never dreamed he would be so generous. We all try to hold to the same standards while he is away—the response we get from our viewers has made us happy."

The success of the duets he sings with Marion Marlowe and the recordings they are making together for Columbia Records are another miracle. "Here is this talented and gorgeous young girl, barely twenty-two now, just beginning an important career," he marvels, "and I, the seasoned singer with years of experience, who had once put my whole career behind me. We meet on Arthur's show because he has been wonderful to us both—and out of that meeting comes this great opportunity to sing and to make recordings together." (Continued on page 86)



Frank almost believed he'd never "come back," but Godfrey had other ideas. TV magic did the rest!

favorite TV MALE SINGER





She knew what she wanted

Janette Davis

has always heeded a certain siren
call—but let her sister tell the story

By CAROLYN DAVIS



FAVORITE TV FEMALE SINGER

ONE THING I shall always remember about my sister Janette . . . Even when she was very young she knew she wanted to sing . . . Jan is the eldest of the five girls and three boys in our family. We are all musically inclined. I have sung with a band at home and our youngest sister, Marlene, is beginning to sing a little on her own. But we're proud of Jan because, while we always felt she had tremendous talent, she really made her own success and it has encouraged all the rest of us to use our gifts.

When Jan first went away from home . . . home being Pine Bluff, Arkansas . . . she would come back to visit and I would love to listen to her talk. Something she once said to me stayed in my memory . . . "If you know what you want, and you believe it is worth having, you can get it, but you have to be willing to work for it." . . . Jan was the girl who knew what she wanted, believed in it and always worked for it.

When Jan was very small we had a piano we were keeping for my aunt. Jan had not taken lessons then, but when Daddy, who travelled, would ask what she wanted him to bring her, she would always say "music." If visitors asked, "Who plays?" Jan would tell them "I do." After she had taken lessons for a few years, she began to play for church and school activities and she would sometimes sing with my Daddy, who is a tenor. She was in everything at school, but she always put music first.

She does, even now. Jan will leave a party at eleven o'clock, when everyone is having the most fun, because she has to be up early for next morning's Arthur Godfrey radio-TV program. She's out of bed just like that, at seven or before. Since I came up to New York last October to be with Jan and act as her secretary, I fix her orange juice and coffee to save her time . . . sometimes she will eat an egg or toast. Then she is off to the studio to vocalize and to go over her songs before the ten A.M. program. There are twelve or fifteen numbers a week for her to do, (Continued on page 75)



Laughter for Peter



Red Skelton

saw the boy's haunted
eyes, heard from his lips
a poignantly
familiar problem . . .

ACROSS the dining room of the resort hotel, Red Skelton felt a pair of eyes—old eyes in a child's face—fixed unwaveringly upon him. Red grinned in return but there was no answering smile on the little boy's face. Red was, in truth, a very tired clown. Red and his pretty wife, Georgia, had returned only a few hours ago from an exhausting engagement in Europe—bringing laughter back to the eyes and lips of those who hadn't laughed for far too long. They'd stopped by their home in Brentwood, scooped up their own children, Valentina, four, and Richard, three, and planed out again for their favorite summer vacation spot . . . Yosemite. The chef at the Ahwahnee Hotel, by now an old friend, was even then preparing some of the tender young sweet corn on the cob he knew Red liked so well.

"Eat your dinner," Red had said to his brood,

"and we'll go watch the firefall," referring to that flaming spectacle tourists come from all over the country to see—flaming coals cascading from a high cliff into the valley below. Valentina and Richard kept chattering about it excitedly.

But Red's eyes were drawn back time and again to the child's face across the room . . . and to something he sensed was written there. Red was used to the bubbling enthusiasm of his own children, used to the immediate laughter of most youngsters' faces.

A waitress made her way from the little boy's table to his. "Mr. Skelton, the gentleman over there wants to know if you'll autograph a picture for his little boy," she said. (*Continued on page 84*)

The Red Skelton Show is seen Sun., 10 P.M. EST, NBC-TV for Procter & Gamble. Another Skelton show is heard Wed., 9 P.M. EST, CBS, for American Safety Razor Co. and Norge.

favorite TV COMEDIAN



Anything can happen when →

YOU BET

I thought I was the luckiest
girl in the world when
Tom and I were married, then
fortune smiled on us again

By
NADINE
SNODGRASS



I took a picture record. Above, with Tom and Marian Murray of Ringling's Museum. Below in the Jungle Gardens.



YOUR LIFE!

IT WAS a minor miracle, that's what it was. When we talk about it now, we still shake our heads and wonder whether we dreamed it all. Then we look over our gifts, our photographs, and we read some of the letters we received, and we are forced to admit that anything can happen when—you bet your life.

To start at the beginning and be sensible about it—which isn't easy—Tom and I are what I believe you would describe as the usual young American couple. We have been married a little over a year. We live in a modest, unfurnished apartment in Inglewood, California (a suburb of Los Angeles proper); we are buying our furniture, some of it on the installment plan, and we are expecting a baby any minute now. Tom is an electronic technician at Hughes Aircraft Corporation. I had held my secretarial job until we discovered that we were going to have a family. That's how average we are.

One night a young couple who live in our neighborhood telephoned to say that they had four tickets to the Groucho Marx television show, *You* (Continued on page 70)



I couldn't sleep in the plane because I was too excited. Above, with Tom and a tropical grapefruit-sized lemon.



You Bet Your Life is heard every Wed., 9 P.M., seen on TV every Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, over NBC for the DeSoto-Plymouth Dealers.



"There's nothing to it," Tom told me. "We're just going to talk to Groucho."

favorite TV QUIZMASTER



favorite Radio QUIZ program



I REMEM

By RALPH NELSON



Mama

Peggy Wood—both actress and mother—"is wonderful to work with and wonderful to know."

I HAD reason to remember Peggy Wood, if only for her graciousness. We had met on one of the early television programs, she as the star and I as the director. Inadequate rehearsal and missing scenery had made everything on that show go wrong. Five minutes before we went on the air, she told me she would give her best and then she wanted to forget the whole thing. As usual, her performance transcended the difficulties presented her. Several months later, when she was cast as Mama and I became the program's director, I wondered if she would hold me responsible for that earlier fiasco. On the contrary, she had been sympathetic with my unhappy position, and I have since found that she is impatient only with people who are supposed to know their jobs—and don't; that she is deeply serious and professional about her own work—but gay and full of fun away from it; that she is wonderful to work with and wonderful to know.

From the first I called the cast by their "character" names, so that we might bypass awkward formality before we were familiar with one another. To our ten-year-old Robin Morgan, who plays Dagmar, Peggy is still Mama, and Judson Laire is always Papa, an extra set of parents which television has lavishly provided. When Peggy's birthday came along last February ninth, Robin brought her a corsage ("Someone left this for you downstairs," she said shyly). The card inside was *To Mama, from her Lilliven*, Mama's pet name for the little girl that Robin plays.

When Robin's school marks are high—and they usually are excellent—she brings her papers proudly to Mama. For Robin's birthday, Mama gave her two tickets to hear "Carmen" at the Metropolitan Opera, and everyone crowded around the little girl at intermissions asking, "Where's Mama?" This in spite of the fact that Robin was there with her own mother—which proves that not only the children on our show but the viewers, too, now identify Mama with her brood.

Off television, Peggy is married to Bill Walling, a printing executive who likes (*Continued on page 79*)



favorite TV DRAMATIC ACTRESS

BER...

Director of MAMA

I HAD reason to remember Papa (played by Judson Laire since July, 1949, when our program started on television). We had happily, that spring, cast Peggy Wood as Mama. Now, with producer Carol Irwin and the others working on the show, I was on a mad search for a suitable Papa.

To explain how I found him I will have to go back a little to my own acting days. These have now become limited to occasional dramatic roles on TV, but then I was writing plays, doing some stage managing, and understudying. That season I was understudying two roles, the lead and the juvenile, in "The Fatal Weakness," with Ina Claire. When the show went on the road, I preferred to stay in New York and was replaced by two actors. The one chosen to understudy the lead was Jud Laire. I didn't meet him then. But later, when I was directing Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca in The Admiral Revue, Jud was responsible for the commercials, along with tongue-twister comedian Roy Atwell—and Jud did a superb job of keeping his own speech untangled while playing straight man to Roy.

Some time later, when we were casting Papa, I came across a photograph of Jud which reminded me how good he might be for the part, and I put through a call to him. It was a pleasant Saturday in May in Pleasantville, New York, where Jud has lived for many years, and he was more interested in his rose bushes than in an audition for a role for which he didn't feel particularly suited—at least not from the meager description he got over the phone. He did leave his garden, however, when he learned I had placed the call. After he had read a couple of lines and we saw him on camera, we knew we had our Papa for Nels, Katrin and Dagmar, children of The Family who lived on Steiner Street in San Francisco, in the period around 1910. Dick Van Patten became Nels, Rosemary Rice, Katrin, and Robin Morgan, Dagmar.

Judson Laire is a bachelor, which makes it even more delightful that the children in our show treat him as they would a real father. He in turn always talks of them as The Family. (Continued on page 79)



Papa

Judson Laire's a really-truly father to the entire cast—although a "bachelor daddy!"

I Remember Mama is presented Fri., 8 P.M. EST, over CBS-TV, by Maxwell House Coffee (General Foods Corp.)

favorite TV DRAMATIC ACTOR



Marriage for

THREE

By POLLY TOWNSEND



To the girls, love seemed right for Brooks West, TV's most eligible bachelor (Richard Rhineland in *My Friend Irma*), and Eve Arden, radio's lovesick spinster (*Our Miss Brooks*)!

Eve Arden LEFT HER ROMANCE TO CHANCE, CHEMISTRY AND

"I SUPPOSE the 'Brooks' rang a bell. The rest—as it says in the song—we left 'to chance and chemistry.'"

That is how, her blue eyes twinkling, Eve Arden explains how Brooks West, her darkly handsome leading man in two seasons of summer stock, became—last August 24—her husband and the proud new father of Liza and Connie, her enchanting little daughters.

"He married, of course, all three of us."

The girls *had* to approve. No de-

cisions of importance are made in Eve's household without a unanimous vote. In this case the girls were in there pushing mama before mama had made up her mind.

Little Connie, now four, apparently accepting—along with the rest of Eve's radio fans—the *Our Miss Brooks* concept of her mother as a male-seeking female in tireless pursuit of the slippery Mr. Boynton, put it squarely to Mommie early last spring.

"Mother," she said, "you've almost caught up with Brooksie. Why don't



favorite Radio COMEDIENNE



Home-loving Eve has a passion for Early American turniture and such "primitive" art as this Grandma Moses painting.

TWO CHARMING DAUGHTERS WHO KNEW JUST THE MAN FOR MAMA

Liza and Connie like chores, but had more fun playing matchmakers for Mommie and the new daddy they had picked out for themselves.

you get him?"

A challenge, that.

The exact point in their friendship when chemistry took over is a little vague to both Eve and Brooks. The development of their relationship from a working collaboration to warm friendship to love was a gradual thing with some overlapping chapters.

Chance was getting in its licks right from the (Continued on page 78)

Eve Arden is Our Miss Brooks, Sundays, 6:30 P.M. EST on CBS for Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.





For their own children—son Gar, daughters Heather and Meredith—Sheila and Gordon MacRae ask only the same blessings he got from his parents: "A good education, a sense of independence . . . and encouragement."

a SONG in his Soul



Music fills their home today, but the MacRaes expect Gar (and the girls, too) to choose their own careers tomorrow.

WHEN the golden voice of Gordon MacRae sings out on The Railroad Hour on Monday nights, a thirty-two-year-old man is realizing the ambitions which were once only the dream of a sixteen-year-old boy. Every time a song comes pouring forth, Gordon remembers back to those youthful days—days when, but for the understanding of his mother and his father, his dreams might have been smashed, never to become a reality.

The lesson of tolerance for a child's ambitions, learned early in Gordon's life, is now the guiding concept of a happy home where seven-year-old Meredith, five-year-old Heather and three-year-old William Gordon, nicknamed Gar, are going through a happy childhood. For his own children, Gordon hopes there will be the same (Continued on page 81)

Gordon MacRae sings favorite operetta roles on The Railroad Hour, Mon., 8 P.M. EST, over NBC, for the Assn. of American Railroads.

Melody Lane is as rocky
as true love's path
—but Gordon MacRae
found happiness on both

By BETH MILLER



Happily married for twelve years, Gordon's only thirty-two, has kept his enthusiasm for active sports.

Favorite Radio MALE SINGER





Stay as sweet as you are!

by Jan Miner

The cry became a prayer when

Jan Miner saw her Jeanie losing the boy she loved

LIKE most people in radio, I get lots of letters that begin: "Dear Miss Miner, I am a young girl (or man) of eighteen (or twenty-two) and am very eager to get into radio. . . ." And ever since I've been identified with the part of Julie Paterno, supervisor of Hilltop House, I've received even more of these hopeful queries, though with a slightly different flavor. Many, now, are from older relatives of young aspirants—from mothers, fathers, uncles, teachers. I imagine it's because as Julie, my job is to help everyone. Julie has the problems of an orphanage—full of busy youngsters on her hands, and it sounds to parents like a multiplication of the problems which they face. Well, in a way, it is. For me Julie is a real person and, playing this part, I've learned a lot about how you help youngsters.

Among these letters, there's sure to be at least one every other week from my own father—a Boston dentist who is firmly convinced that helping people is part of everyone's job. "Dear Jan: In a day or so, Jean Dorriner should be getting in touch with you," this particular letter read. "She's the daughter of one of my oldest patients, and a sweet child. Hope

you can do something for her."

When Jean arrived, I discovered she was a little different; she wasn't radio-struck. What she wanted was to get to work behind the scenes—perhaps in an advertising agency or producer's office—and only a summer job, at that. She was scheduled to enter a business school in the fall. All this she explained, when she turned up at my apartment one June evening: "I just didn't want to waste the summer, Miss Miner. Maybe I could just be a file clerk or an errand girl—" She was appealingly earnest, and even younger looking than her almost eighteen years . . . tall, awkward, with red hair brushed straight back from her thin, pretty face and the velvety brown eyes which were so full of questions. She had never been in New York before, but—when I offered to take her about with me for a few days she shook her head.

"You're terribly nice to offer," she said, "but I know how busy you are with Hilltop House and all the other shows you do, and television, and rehearsals. I'll make out all right. (Continued on page 87)"

Jan Miner is Julie in Hilltop House, M-F, 3 P.M. EST, CBS, for Alka-Seltzer (Miles Laboratories).

When Jan bought that dress, she never guessed it would help her play Cupid for two other people!

favorite Radio DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS





Lucille Ball thought
she'd missed her chance for
motherhood. Then fortune smiled
on her and she had an

Encore for HAPPINESS

By DIANE SCOTT

LUCILLE BALL stood in the living room of her San Fernando Valley home, lovingly fingering her Mother's Day gift from her husband, Desi. It was a gold key studded with rubies and diamonds. It was to be worn around her neck on a ribbon—or used to open a door that had once closed so sorrowfully. Although she's a girl famed for being hep with the spoken word, she could say nothing. Her heart was too full.

For Lucille and Desi, it was more than a key. It was the symbol of their ten-year dream, and of the gray and yellow and white kingdom she now surveyed so mistily.

Once, not so long ago, that door had closed, and nobody had (Continued on page 85)

Lucille and Desi are seen in *I Love Lucy*, Mondays, 9 P.M. EST, CBS-TV, for Philip Morris cigarettes.



So magically happy, these two—Desi and Lucille Ball Arnaz—then so tragically stunned by an agonizing stroke of fate . . . until Lucie Desiree came to make their rosiest dreams come true!

favorite TV COMEDIENNE



favorite TV HUSBAND and WIFE TEAM



Parks loves his home, where all
is serene. He loves his work, where things
often go wrong. He's sensitive—and
fun-loving; a dynamo—and a gentleman. All in all,

Bert's



favorite Radio **QUIZMASTER**

Two highly compatible couples: Bert and his wife, Annette; band-leader (and biographer) Bobby, wife Helen.



a wonderful guy!

By BOBBY SHERWOOD

I'VE SPENT twenty-five years in show business, but in my work time isn't measured by the calendar. One week with a temperamental prima donna is the equivalent of a hundred years on a torture rack. Like most occupations, show business is as good or bad as the people you work with.

Because I'm Bert Parks' orchestra leader, because I do skits with him, sing duets with him, people ask: "What's Bert really like? What's he like when you're rehearsing and after the show? Is he a good guy?"

Bert's a wonderful guy, and it takes some words to describe him. He's intelligent and sensitive, with many sides to his personality. He can clown with the best, or be as serious as an epic tome. He can rollick with his children but, when the occasion demands, take a stern stand. He overlooks someone else missing a cue, yet suffers miserably when he himself flubs a line. He shies away from night clubs and the glamour circuit—yet, get him to your home to celebrate an anniversary or wedding, and he's the life of the party. Bert is a complex individual and you don't get to know him in a day.

A little over a year ago, my manager phoned to ask, "Do you know Bert Parks?"

"Know of him but never met him."

"Bobby, how'd you like to work on

his new daytime show on television?"

He told me I'd bring in a small band, be expected to get in the act occasionally with a song or instrumental solo. I told him that it sounded fine but, actually, you never know how a show will work out. I've been raised in the business by vaudevillian parents who set up my stage debut when I was five. I've seen enough of stars to know they vary as much as the weather between New York and Miami. Some rant and rave and run their shows with foghorns and a big stick. Others are diplomatic, still others salt-of-the-earth, friendly types. Everyone's different and every time you walk into a show, a little apprehensive, that first day.

It was Betty Ann Grove who laid it on the line first. "Bert's a wonderful guy. I like and respect him." I soon found this opinion was shared by everyone on the show.

I was impressed immediately by the way rehearsals were handled and by the way Bert handled himself. Bert was attentive, brisk and businesslike, I learned something else about him that same day.

Bert and Betty Ann were rehearsing a bit with the quartet. Suddenly, Bert raised his hands.

"Hold everything," he called.

The music (*Continued on page 84*)

The Bert Parks Show is seen M-W-F, 3:30 P.M. EST; Break the Bank, Sun., 9:30 P.M. EST; both CBS-TV. Stop the Music is seen Thurs., 8 P.M. EST, ABC-TV—heard Sun., 8 P.M. EST, ABC.

Born to ACT



Mother Nancy Carroll appears with Pat and John Craven in *The Egg and I*.



Pat's own father couldn't have penned an odder tale than her true romance and marriage.

Daughter of a famous actress
and a noted playwright, Pat Kirkland
couldn't escape her destiny!

By FRANCINE MOORE

IT MUST have been in Patricia Kirkland's mind that some day she would be an actress, or she never would have spent the precious vacation in her sixteenth summer some years ago sitting around the Bucks County Playhouse, famous Pennsylvania summer theatre near her father's farm. Pat's dad, playwright Jack Kirkland (author of "Tobacco Road"), was connected with the Playhouse. Her mother is actress Nancy Carroll. Yet somehow, Pat never consciously decided to act. She just kept hanging around, fascinated. "Finally they must have got tired of seeing me there, because they cast me in 'Susan and God,' with Ilka Chase. After playing that I went back to school." This is Pat's explanation.

Never, however, did she expect that first theatrical fling to lead to currently being co-starred with a cow by the name of Lady Buttercup Hyacinth Bertram, a dog called Sport, some thirty chickens and occasional horses, cats, turkeys and other barnyard habitues. The co- (Continued on page 86)

Pat Kirkland is seen in *The Egg and I*, Mon.-Fri., 12 Noon EST, CBS-TV; sponsored Tues. and Thurs. by Procter & Gamble.



favorite TV DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS

the First Hundred Years are the Happiest

Life's been good, says
your favorite young husband,
and it's going to be
even better from now on

By JIMMY LYDON

SINCE December 4, 1950, I have been playing a fellow named Chris Thayer, in a dramatic television series called *The First Hundred Years*. Chris is a nice, average young American husband and, in spite of the problems marriage has brought him, he wouldn't ever want to go back to his bachelorhood.

Neither would I, the actor who portrays him. Not since a certain beautiful, wonderful girl with coal-black eyes and lovely dark hair said yes to me last February and promised to become Mrs. Jimmy Lydon by early summer.

It's a funny thing about Betty Lou and me. I knew her first when she was thirteen and I was seventeen, but I hardly saw her then. After all, wasn't she still just a kid, and I a grown man—almost? Her mother, Olive Blakeney, a well-known stage actress, was then playing my mother in the *Aldrich Family* series in motion pictures. That's how we met. Her father, Bernard Nedell, is an equally famous actor I very much admired. They had both been great favorites on the English stage before they came over to Hollywood.

Betty was born in London. She has had a fascinating life. She has traveled and seen the world. She has met famous people in many countries. She is a marvelous dancer and a fine athlete who loves the outdoors. All this is good for me, because hunting and fishing and flying are my recreations, and when I'm in California I make good use of my pilot's and navigator's licenses. It's also pleasant that Betty Lou is not too interested in furthering a stage or screen career for herself right now, although she has appeared with her parents in a couple of plays. I will never stand in her way if she does want to act again. All I want to do is to deserve some of this happiness that has come to me.

I have been an actor since I was so high. I was born in the little town of (Continued on page 89)



Jimmy proudly presents the future Mrs. Lydon: Betty Lou Nedell; actress and childhood friend.

Jimmy Lydon appears as Chris Thayer in *The First Hundred Years*, M-F, 2:30 P.M. EST; CBS-TV, for Procter & Gamble.

favorite TV DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR



When a man digs ditches
for something he
wants, he's bound to be
an Irishman, bound to be
a success, sure to be

Johnny Larkin

the MAN

in Perry Mason's shoes

By MARIE HALLER



"Find the woman" is good advice to sleuths—"for keeps," added Johnny, when he found Teri Keane!

"No, I DIDN'T *always* want to be an actor. I don't know whether it was because in the fifth grade I played Anthony in 'Julius Caesar,' or just due to the fact that I was a more or less normal child. In any event, the first thing I remember really wanting to be was, naturally, a professional baseball player. Later on it seemed that newspaper reporting would be an exciting means to a pay check. Which, come to think of it, couldn't have been farther afield from the way I actually did get my first pay check—ditch-digging in order to help pay my way through the University of Missouri.

"When I was in my early teens I started seriously studying voice with an eye to an operatic career. But when I reached nineteen I took part in the annual college musical. Strangely enough, I found I received more personal satisfaction from acting than from singing. That summer I applied for and got a job in a Kansas City stock company—and have been at it ever since."

Which, in a nutshell, is the Horatio Alger story of your Favorite (*Continued on page 76*)

Johnny Larkin is heard in Ma Perkins, M-F, 1:15 P.M. EST and Perry Mason, M-F, 2:15 P.M. EST (both CBS). Also Right to Happiness, M-F, 3:45 P.M. EST on NBC.



favorite Radio DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR

When my LOVE came along

Mercedes McCambridge

thought he was horrid, brash,
impossible—and so handsome!

By BETTY MILLS

THE CHAIR with the hard steel back and the even harder steel seat was becoming more and more uncomfortable as the young actress waited. It seemed to her she'd been sitting in this seat for hours when actually rehearsal had only begun five minutes before. The young girl was husky-voiced, dynamic Mercedes McCambridge, and she was waiting for rehearsals to begin on an Orson Welles radio show. The year was 1946.

The young genius, Orson Welles, was pacing in front of the microphone, too uneasy, too explosive to take advantage of the director's chair which had been placed at the head of the table. As always, Orson had arrived five minutes late, followed by his entourage of young hopefuls. But this wasn't what was making the young girl's eyes flash as she looked impatiently around the room at what to her seemed a multitude of people.

Orson, as was his way, had sent for a young Canadian actor, an actor "just right for the role." The young actor had arrived, but so had his whole company! There was a leading lady, there was a second lead, there was a character woman. And the script—the script, it soon became apparent, was going to be performed by these supporting players.

For one solid hour Mercedes watched and seethed with anger, the discomfort of the hard steel chair lost in the events that were transpiring. Gradually her part (*Continued on page 80*)

Mercedes McCambridge stars as the ultra-feminine crime-solver in *Defense Attorney*, Thurs., 8:30 P.M. EST on ABC for General Mills and American Chicle.



"Mercy," they call her—but there was little of it in her heart for that exasperating young man from Canada.

favorite Radio **DRAMATIC ACTRESS**



THROUGH THE YEARS WITH

JACK BENNY—

For the forty-three years he's been
entertaining, he's done some crazy
things—crazy like a fox



Benny had a lucrative movie contract, tore it up—to face an audience again.



Mr. Showbusiness Himself



Wanting a family, Jack and Mary found "their girl," when they adopted Joan.



His tather saw Jack rise to fame; his mother died early—confident he'd win.

By PAULINE SWANSON

EVERYBODY loves a rumor. And a guaranteed gasp-provoker going the rounds in Hollywood at the moment is that Jack Benny—Jack Benny!—will quit radio for good to devote all his time to television.

It's a monstrous notion. Jack Benny, after all, is radio, on the top for at least eighteen of the twenty years he has been hello-ing everybody within earshot on Sunday nights—some 25,000,000 everybodies, at latest count.

Two thousand of his show business pals crowded into the New York Friars Club last November, on the occasion of his twentieth anniversary on the airways, to call him the greatest—Mr. Show Business himself. You readers of RADIO-TELEVISION MIRROR have been voicing this sentiment in your own way, year after year voting him your Favorite Radio Comedian. Why, Jack Benny even has an Act of Congress to guarantee that the 7 P.M. Sunday night hour on the air is his forevermore.

Jack Benny quit radio? It's a nasty rumor, and it shocks everybody—everybody, that is, who doesn't know Jack Benny.

His close friends aren't (Continued on page 97)

The Jack Benny Program is heard Sundays, 7 P.M. EST, on CBS; sponsored by American Tobacco Co. for Lucky Strike.



Benny spends plenty of time, talent—and money! —to entertain "those wonderful guys" in uniform.



Favorite Radio COMEDIAN

Ed Sullivan - Toast of the Town

It takes a smart man to see
himself as others see him—and
then do something about it!



Ed found that TV cameras are much more critical than his wife, Sylvia, or their dog, Bojanale.



THERE must be a million ways of spending a vacation, but *working* never was intended to be one of them.

Nevertheless, when energetic Ed Sullivan took his leave of *Toast of the Town* for the usual summer respite, that was his unique plan. No slumbering beside a trout-filled brook; no frolicking with the fairway foursome; no cruise to far-away places. Just plain work.

"It wasn't a happy prospect, I admit. I like to loaf and unwind just as much as the next guy," the slick-haired ringmaster recalls. "But *Toast of the Town* was in need of a new idea—a new gimmick that would give the show the lift it needed. And that meant work for me.

"In the beginning, *Toast's* simple variety show idea was a sure-fire thing. Of course, we always had the biggest names in show business in our lineup and, as long as you have the headline attractions, vaudeville always will be popular—no matter if it's played on the street corner, in a theatre or on a television screen. But, after three years, television was becoming fairly well cluttered with variety shows and there was a sameness about *Toast* which wasn't healthy. I even got tired of watching it myself.

"When my vacation time rolled around last August, I decided I would spend as much of the five weeks as necessary to do something about a face-lifting for the show. New ideas aren't easy to come by. Especially when you deliberately set out in pursuit of same. After toying with several hundred notions for the first three weeks, I didn't have much to show for (Continued on page 80)

Ed Sullivan and his *Toast of the Town* can be seen Sundays, 8 P.M. EST, over CBS-TV. The program is sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury Dealers.



favorite TV MASTER OF CEREMONIES



The story of a man who believed that
shaping boys to be good human beings
is more important than anything in life

Fibber McGee's Workshop

JIM JORDAN groaned every time he thought about it—and he was doing plenty of thinking about it now. This was a red-letter day and he couldn't be there to see his boys win. Instead, here he was in a Denver hotel room with virus pneumonia, not even able to whistle for the kids he'd been backing for four years and watching grow.

He's a builder, McGee—a builder by hand and by heart. He spends many happy hours in his workshop at his Encino home, and it was there his genial landscape gardener, Charlie Morse, found him—to tell him his four sons and some of the other kids in the neighborhood were getting up a basketball team. Would Jim mind if they called it "The Jordans' Nurseries?"

Jim liked the idea. The gardener's sons were clean-cut, industrious lads, and what is better than sports to build body and character, to teach teamwork and to mold tomorrow's young citizens?

Teamwork, he knew about. It had taken a lot of it for the McGees' twenty-five years in radio, for their own American success story. Tough tramping with Marian ever beside him—even when she was seven months' pregnant, and had to keep pulling the stage piano around in front of her as a camouflage. Jim and Marian's Aunt Kate had helped provide a wardrobe. Their friend, a discouraged cartoonist named Don Quinn, wanted to try to write for radio, and Fibber McGee and Molly scripts became better than anybody's. Nobody ever pulled it off alone.

A neighborhood team, Jim felt, would be a good thing.

The boys became Jim Jordan's (Continued on page 96)



As the McGees, Jim and Marian Jordan have learned that teamwork pays—at work or play.

Jim and Marian Jordan are heard as Fibber McGee and Molly, Tuesdays at 9:30 P.M. over NBC. Their program is sponsored by Pet Evaporated Milk.

favorite Radio HUSBAND and WIFE TEAM



SEVEN LINKLETTERS

and the home they grew

By FREDDA DUDLEY



The playroom's large enough for friends, cosy enough for reading (see Lois) or utter relaxation (see Art).

ONE DAY about four years ago a crisis arose in the Art Linkletter home, as it has in many another expanding American family. The Linkletters were living in a three-bedroom home. The parents occupied one bedroom, there were two boys in the second, two girls in the third. Cosy enough, until one faced the fact—as Lois Linkletter did—that a fifth child was being added to the clan.

“Something has got to give,” said Lois, with more determination than Art had ever seen on the face of a People Are Funny contestant.

So they consulted real estate agents by the score. Lois made one stipulation: The house must boast of seven bedrooms and almost that many bathrooms (with a father and at least two sons, there would be a great deal of shaving taking up space on future mornings).

For two years the Linkletters drove from one spot to another in far-flung Los Angeles. They looked at splendid old mansions with hand-carved balustrades and stained-glass windows. They looked at homes so new the dust hadn't settled yet. Finally, without much hope, the agent mentioned a house in Holmby Hills, an amiable section between Beverly Hills and Bel Air with streets laid out in lazy arcs and building sites stepping up and down over gentle hills.

“It's a great place for children,” the agent said. “Your neighbors would be the Bing Crosbys, the Alan Ladds, and the (Continued on page 100)

Art can be heard on Houseparty, M-F, 3:15 P.M. EST, for Pillsbury; People Are Funny, Tues., 7:30 P.M. EST, for Mars; both CBS. He can be seen on Life with Linkletter, Fri., 7:30 P.M. EST, on ABC-TV, for Green Giant.



favorite Radio MASTER OF CEREMONIES

SOME HOUSES ARE COLD



There's plenty of space now, even on the breakfast-room table. Reading clockwise around: Five-year-old Sharon, mama Lois, big-brother Jack, seven-year-old Robert, papa Art, and three-year-old Diane.

Providing separate desks—and phones—for the two older men was one of the big problems in remodeling the library. Art, at least, gets off the wire long enough to spin a yarn for the smallest Linkletters!



AND FORMAL, SOME HOT AND STUFFY—BUT ART'S IS WARM AND FULL OF FUN!

JULIE COULDN'T BE SURE SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH JACK



Jack Webb's a happy "Joe" today, with three to share his happiness: Julie, their daughter, Stacy, and pet, Patsy.

UNTIL SHE MADE HER

Sentimental Journey

By MAXINE ARNOLD

THE STORY you are about to read is true.

Authentically documented, it's taken from the real-life files of a dynamic, brilliant young man with electric-brown eyes, black hair and a warm, magnetic voice. Jack Webb's a human dynamo who spends twelve hours a day, seven days a week, preparing and enacting his television and radio shows. If you view and listen to *Dragnet*, you know that Sergeant Joe Friday, played by Jack Webb, eventually gets his man—or woman, as the case may be. Although this case actually wasn't in the script. . . .

"In six years we'll be married," they'd once said laughingly. This was the seventh—and neither of them had kept the date. He hadn't seen her for an entire year. And now, signing off on a radio mike in San Francisco, he didn't know that every word was bringing her closer to him. . . .

"Guess that wraps up another one," somebody said, as Jack put on his coat, preparing to leave the studio and venture forth into the city of bejewelled hills and glittering bridges.

"Telephone, Jack," he heard one of the boys yell, and he went into the control room, where a Western Union operator was sing-singing a message from a listener for him. But there was nothing routine about his picture of the lovely girl who'd sent it—Julie London, a young Hollywood starlet, with reddish-blond hair, large, expressive, heavily-lashed grey-blue eyes, and the so-lovely throaty voice.

They'd met seven years before, at a party. She was fifteen and he became her first beau. They'd shared similar ideas and tastes—including a reverence for music—jazz, blues, symphony—just music. She day-dreamed then of singing with a band some day. Guess you'd say they were both in the Los Angeles clothing business—in a way. She was running the elevator at Roos Bros., department store on Hollywood Boulevard, for \$19.10 a week. He was free-lancing—writing radio scripts—and augmenting his income by working in men's clothing at Silverwood's. They found out that first night they even shared the same neighborhood—Julie, living with her mother just two blocks from Jack on Marathon Street in Hollywood.

He asked her for a date on New (Continued on page 77)



Watching Julie as she goes over his script, Jack's mighty glad she decided to take that fateful trip!

Dragnet—with Jack Webb as Joe Friday—is heard over NBC and seen on NBC-TV; both on Thursdays, 9 P.M. EST, for Fatima cigarettes.

favorite Radio **DRAMATIC ACTOR**

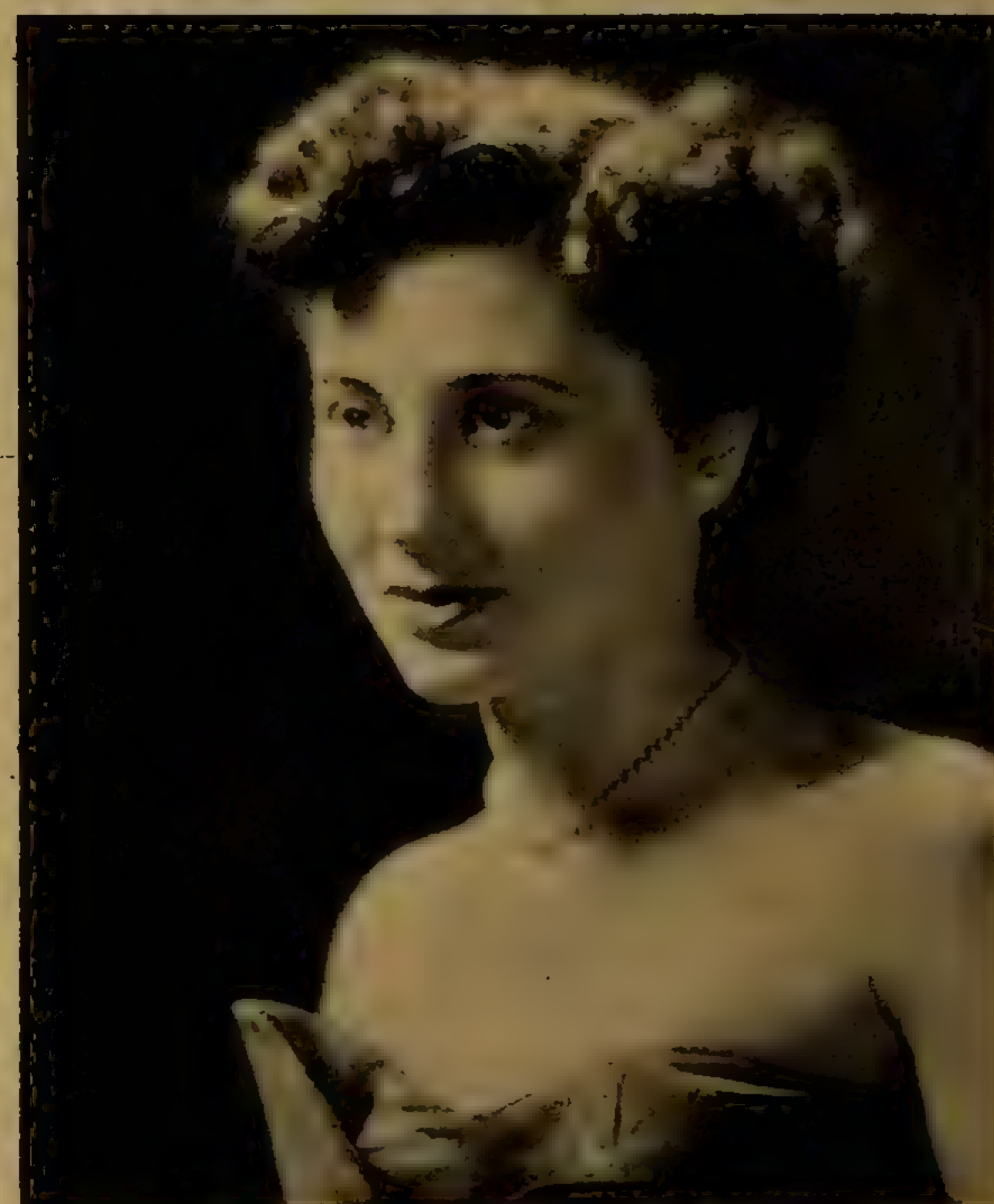




Your news award-winner has a knack for spotting talent, too —"Formula WW" is working magic for ex-schoolteacher Gloria!

Walter Winchell

TOSSED A RADIO "ORCHID"
AND GLORIA WARNER SAYS



I woke up dreaming

POETS and song writers insist we are but dreamers all. And, like the aforementioned fellows, Gloria Warner knows that dreams aren't always just a way of wasting time.

A year ago, Gloria was a Miami Beach school-marm. Not discontent, really, but restless like a lot of other starry-eyed girls who long to be "something else." In her fanciful moments, the gymnasium which was her classroom would be suddenly transformed into a plush night club or theatre and there she was—not a teacher re-

citing the lesson to the class, but a glamorous songstress captivating her audience with a torchy tune.

Today, her dream come true, Gloria is a star in the making—not just a "new discovery," mind you, but a girl whose future is virtually guaranteed.

Miracles, for the (Continued on page 99)

Walter Winchell's news comments and "flashes" are heard Sun., 9 P.M. EST, over ABC, for the Warner-Hudnut Corp.



favorite Radio NEWS COMMENTATOR

She's Engaged

To be married this May—

Virginia Browne and George Carson, both of Pennsylvania. George is with a Philadelphia publishing house. Virginia is studying interior decoration. Both love swimming and golf. Next month, when Virginia walks down the aisle of Old St. David's Church in Devon, every guest will agree—she looks truly a *fairy queen bride*!

She's Lovely

Virginia's coloring is dazzling—hair of finest spun-gold, larkspur blue eyes, a complexion as fresh and flawless as a sweetheart rosebud. And shining right out from *her face to you* is the gay, unaffected charm of her Inner Self . . . telling you at once why Virginia captivates everyone who meets her!

She uses Pond's

**"Knowing you look your best
does happy things for you"— Virginia says**



Virginia's ring

Virginia Browne—her complexion makes everyone think—what a *lovely* girl!
"Nothing cares for my skin so beautifully as Pond's Cold Cream," she says.

YOU FEEL WONDERFULLY HAPPY, so much at ease, that you're special fun to be with—when you *know* you are looking your prettiest.

Virginia finds every girl's prettiest look starts with a soft, smooth complexion that sparkles, it's so clean! Her own skin has an adorably rosy perfection. "I cream it every single night with Pond's Cold Cream," Virginia would tell you. "Because I think Pond's is the most marvelous cream ever—and my skin just *loves* it!"

Make this happy discovery for yourself, the wonderful *goodness* of Pond's Cold

Cream for your skin! Every single night at bedtime follow Virginia's beauty routine. It's so easy and so effective. *This is the way that gives results:*

Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.
Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's Cold Cream now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn't your face feel thoroughly clean . . . blissfully soft? And did you ever see such a *smooth* look? Like satin!



It's not vanity to want to show your loveliest face. When you look your very best, a happy-hearted confidence gives your face a special glow, attracts other people to you *on sight*!

START NOW TO HELP YOUR FACE SHOW A LOVELIER YOU!

You Bet Your Life!

(Continued from page 43)

Bet Your Life. Would we like to join them? It seemed like a fine idea.

I put on my favorite maternity outfit; a green gabardine skirt and a plaid taffeta smock. Tom slicked down his hair and we were ready. On our way to the station, the four of us kidded a little about appearing on a quiz show and winning the jackpot. We agreed that we would enjoy a television set of our own, or a trip to Europe, or a furnished bungalow into which we could move.

Tom said, "You married the wrong man, honey, for a break like that. I've never won anything in my life."

I said that I felt I had had all the luck a girl deserves when I met and married him. You know how wonderful it is when you're happily married and planning a great life together.

Actually it didn't occur to us that we'd have a chance to appear on the show. We assumed, as I suppose most people do, that the program was well set in advance. That's why Tom and I raised our eyebrows at one another when the show announcer, George Fenneman, asked for young couples in the audience to volunteer to play You Bet Your Life.

Tom leaned over and whispered to me, "Would you be game?"

"Why not?" I answered. "We have nothing to lose and I think it would be fun. Maybe we're smarter than we think!" (Tom is still kidding me about that.)

There were several of us who were ushered into various dressing rooms off the corridor from the main studio and there, couple by couple, we were interviewed. Tom and I still can't figure out how we happened to be chosen. Tom says it was because it was obvious that I was a "prominent" citizen!

We shook hands for luck and I noticed that Tom's hands were almost as cold as mine. "Scared?" he asked.

I started to say that I wasn't, but my throat was so dry that I couldn't speak for a second. When I could get my voice to function, I sort of squeaked, "Petrified."

"Nothing to it," Tom said, putting his arm around me. "We're just going to talk to Groucho Marx. That'll be fun."

As we were the third couple to come before Mr. Marx that evening, we had final choice of the categories suggested. We chose famous resort spots, thinking of Lake Placid, Atlantic City, Miami, Colorado Springs, Palm Springs, Sun Valley, Honolulu, and even of Cannes and Biarritz.

Mr. Marx rolled his eyes and waved his famous cigar in our direction after we had been introduced, and asked, "Which are you hoping for, a boy or a girl?"

I said that this baby was our first, so we didn't care.

"If it's a boy," Mr. Marx said, goggling from us to the audience, "name him after me. Imagine going through life with the name of Groucho Snodgrass!"

Tom and I nearly collapsed, laughing. Around the house we still refer to the anticipated as "Groucho!"

"In what state is Lake Placid?"

Tom grinned. He had thought of that resort when we first decided on the category. "New York," answered Tom.

"In what state is Sarasota?"

Tom and I looked at one another with wide eyes. I hadn't an idea in the world. I knew I had heard the word, but where? We whispered. I said I thought it sounded like an Indian name. Time was running out, so we decided to say "Michigan."

"Sorry. Sarasota is in Florida. It is the winter headquarters of Ringling Brothers-

Barnum and Bailey Circus. Too bad, kids," Mr. Marx said. It was obvious that he meant it. "I don't want you to go away broke, so for ten dollars can you tell me who wrote Brahms' 'Lullaby'?"

We weren't too flustered to know that one. The audience had uttered a groan when we didn't know where Sarasota was, but they gave us a nice hand when we won our ten dollars.

Oh well, we said on the way home, it had been a terrific experience and we had come home ten dollars richer than when we left—which was something exceptional in these days. During the next few days a number of amazing things happened. I received a jubilant letter from my mother in Chicago. We hadn't seen each other for four years and Mother had never met Tom, but she had caught that particular Groucho Marx show. You can imagine how thrilled she was.

We were just settling down to normal again when a representative of You Bet Your Life telephoned and asked what reaction Tom and I had experienced from being on TV. I told him some of our happenings and he said, "We want you to come back again. We have a surprise for you."

I wrote Mother to warn her to be watching, and we went back to the broadcasting studio the following Thursday. This time we weren't particularly nervous and Tom said that if they gave us another chance he was going to pick the same category again. He had been studying maps!

Groucho kidded a bit, as he usually does, then he said to Tom, "I wonder if you can tell me where . . ."

"Sarasota is in Florida," interrupted Tom.

"You bet your life," answered Groucho, and pulled a letter from his pocket. "Listen to this," he said.

The letter had been written by Mr. Tod Swalm, general manager of Sarasota (Florida) Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Swalm was aghast to think that anyone in the world was ignorant of the whereabouts of his city. He and Sarasota were, therefore, inviting Tom and me to enjoy a week's vacation in Sarasota as guests of the resort from the time we left Los Angeles by air until we again returned to Los Angeles International Airport.

We simply shrieked with delight, and so did everyone in that TV audience. It was a great night for Sarasota, and a greater one for the Snodgrasses.

Behind the scenes, afterward, Tom and I realized that there were some problems to be solved. Tom would have to ask for the time off, of course, and I would have to consult our doctor.

Even before Tom had left for the office the next morning, Mr. Nate Tufts, a representative of You Bet Your Life, was on the telephone, asking eagerly, "Can you go?"

I wanted to ask him who was more excited, the staff of You Bet Your Life or the Snodgrasses, but I didn't. I simply explained that it wasn't yet nine o'clock. Tom hadn't called me yet about his time off and I hadn't seen the doctor, but I can't tell you how pleased I was to have the entire staff of You Bet Your Life show such interest in us.

From that instant on, everything went along as if a fairy godmother had touched us with a magic wand. Tom's boss was as interested in our trip as the rest of our friends were. The doctor said I was getting along fine and that the experience would be priceless. Tom's mother said, when I told her that we were going to be

sensible and buy no extra clothes for the trip, "You should have a suit in which to travel. Something new adds to a trip. Come on, let's go shopping."

We left Los Angeles at midnight on Monday, January 14. Tom had flown many times, but it was my first airplane trip. Everyone had said I would be able to relax and sleep, but who can sleep with one's heart going bumpety-bump, ninety miles a minute? I pressed my nose against the window and looked at the moon and then at the little towns, twinkling like a nest of fireflies far, far below. I watched the night grow light, and the sunrise, too. I slept a little during the morning, and then we landed at Tampa at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. Swalm of the Sarasota Chamber of Commerce and representatives of the Campbell-Davis Motors of Sarasota met us in a new De Soto. Also there were several photographers who snapped pictures as if we had been celebrities. This flashbulb life bothered me at first, but after two days of it, Tom and I became veterans. We are to receive an album including every shot taken so that someday we will be able to tell this story to our grandchildren, complete with illustrations.

From the airport we were whisked over a beautiful fifty-mile drive to Sarasota. Our first impression of the city was that it was something like Laguna Beach, a charming resort city in Southern California. It had the same beautiful vistas of the sea, the same vacation atmosphere, the same alluring shops, but Sarasota was (whisper it) warmer.

Our first big thrill was the reception given in our honor. This was attended by the mayor and all city dignitaries, and we were given a key to the city. Also, Tom received a bright shirt and swim trunks as well as a camera and twelve rolls of film. I was given a handsome green leather shoulder bag, and a pretty full-circle peasant skirt. We were also given a set of Skyway luggage. The baby did very well, too: it was given a pink crib blanket, an air mattress, a set of fitted sheets, a comb and brush set.

Our "home" in Sarasota was the Coquina, an apartment-hotel which is the last word in luxury. We had an apartment with a compact kitchen, a living room looking out upon a beach whose sand is like face powder, and a beautiful bedroom. The refrigerator in our kitchen was stocked daily with cream, milk, ham, eggs, and wonderful bakery goods so that we could have breakfast whenever we awakened.

A luncheon was planned for us every noon, and dinner was planned for us every night. We visited almost every famous restaurant and night club in Sarasota. And how we danced on the moonlit terraces overlooking the ocean! It was twenty-four-hour paradise plus a second honeymoon.

Now that we are back in our apartment in Inglewood we remember the most wonderful week any two people could experience. I'm still misty-eyed about it and a good deal of my spare time has been spent reliving the days and recapturing the breathless feeling of being young, in love, and on a magic holiday.

The amazing thing to us is that making a mistake on a radio program could bring such a trip to two ordinary people. It proves that no one should ever give up hope of being touched by Lady Luck's sparkling wand. It happened to us. It could happen to you!

Inside Radio

All Times Listed Are Eastern Standard Time.

Monday through Friday

NBC MBS ABC CBS

Morning Programs

8:30 8:45	Do You Remember?	Local Programs 8:55 Ken Carson Show	Local Program Pauline Frederick 8:55 Hollywood News	Renfro Valley Country Store
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Alex Dreier, News Clevelandaires	Robert Hurlough Tell Your Neighbor Harmony Rangers	Breakfast Club	Views of America Barney Folliotes Joan Edwards Show
10:00 10:15 10:25	Welcome Travelers	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time News, Frank Singiser	My True Story	Arthur Godfrey
10:30 10:45	Double or Nothing	Take A Number 10:55 Talk Back	Edward Arnold Stories Whispering Streets Against the Storm	
11:00 11:15	Strike It Rich	Ladies Fair 11:25 News, Les Nichols	Lone Journey When A Girl Marries	
11:30 11:45	Bob and Ray Dave Garroway	Queen For A Day	Break the Bank	Grand Slam Rosemary

Afternoon Programs

12:00 12:15	News Kate Smith Show	Curt Massey Time Capital Commentary with Baukhage	Jack Berch Victor Lindlahr	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30		12:25 News, Frank Singiser		Helen Trent
12:45	Luncheon with Lopez	Bob Poole	Local Program	Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	The Hometowners Pickens Party George Hicks Songs, Eve Young	Harvey Harding Cedric Foster Luncheon with Lopez 1:55 Les Higbie	Paul Harvey, News Ted Malone	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:25 2:30 2:45	Ralph Edwards Show Live Like A Millionaire 2:55 News	Dixieland Matinee News, Sam Hayes Say It With Music	Mary Margaret McBride	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful	Poole's Paradise	Joe Emerson's Hymn Time	Hilltop House
3:15 3:30 3:45	Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	3:25 News Poole's Paradise	Mary Marlin Joyce Jordan, M.D. Evelyn Winters	House Party 3:40 Cedric Adams Carl Smith Sings
4:00 4:15	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas	Local Program 4:25 News, Frank Singiser	Betty Crocker Marriage For Two	Johnson Family The Chicagoans
4:30 4:45	Young Widder Brown Woman in My House	Mert's Record Ad- ventures	Dean Cameron Manhattan Maharajah	Treasury Bandstand 4:55 News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell Lorenzo Jones	The Green Hornet Wild Bill Hickok 2. 5:55 News, Cecil Brown	1. Big Jon and Sparky Mark Trail Fun Factory 3. World Flight Reporter	Barney Folliotes Hits and Misses This I Believe

1. Sgt. Preston of the Yukon (T, Th)
2. Sky King (T, Th)
3. Tom Corbett Space Cadet (T, Th)

Monday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Richard Harkness Echoes From the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	The Lone Ranger	Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Woman of the Year —Bette Davis Crime Does Not Pay	Henry J. Taylor World Wide Flashes The Big Hand 8:55 John Conte	Suspense Talent Scouts
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	News, Bill Henry Crime Fighters War Front-Home Front	Paul Whiteman Teen Club	Lux Radio Theatre
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Al Goodman's Musical Album Robert Montgomery Dangerous Assign- ment	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Bands for Bonds	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Time For Defense	Bob Hawk Show Rex Allen Show

Tuesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15	Richard Harkness Echoes from the Tropics	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis	Beulah Jack Smith Show
7:30 7:45	News of the World One Man's Family	Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Silver Eagle	Peggy Lee Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cavalcade of America Barrie Craig, Investigator	Black Museum—Or- son Welles Dr. Kildare—Low Ayres & Lionel Barrymore	Newsstand Theatre Metropolitan Audi- tions of the Air 8:55 John Conte	People Are Funny Mr. & Mrs. North
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee and Molly	News, Bill Henry Official Detective Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air E. D. Canham, News	Life With Luigi Pursuit
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Eddie Cantor Show Robert Montgomery Man Called X—	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow United or Not	The Line Up 10:25 Larry Le- Sueur, News Robert Q's Wax- works

Wednesday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Halls of Ivy The Great Gilder- sleeve	M-G-M Musical Comedy Theatre International Airport	Mystery Theatre Top Guy 8:55 John Conte	Big Town with Walter Greaza Dr. Christian
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Groucho Marx, You Bet Your Life Big Story	News, Bill Henry Out of the Thunder Family Theatre	Rogues' Gallery Mr. President	Red Skelton Bing Crosby
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Silent Men, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Music Room Robert Montgomery	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Dream Harbor Latin Quarter Orchestra	Boxing Bouts News, Charles Col- lingwood

Thursday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News You and the World Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Rukeysers Reports Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Silver Eagle	Beulah Jack Smith Show Peggy Lee Show Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Father Knows Best Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons	Modern Casanova— Errol Flynn Hardy Family with Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone	The Redhead with Mary McCarty Defense Attorney with Mercedes McCambridge 8:55 John Conte	F.B.I. in Peace and War Hallmark Playhouse
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Dragnet Counter Spy	News, Bill Henry Rod & Gun Club Reporters' Roundup	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour Foreign Reporter	Mr. Chameleon 9:25 News Stars in the Air
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Your Hit Parade Music Box Robert Montgomery	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	News of Tomorrow Club Can-Do	Hollywood Sound Stage Robert Q's Wax- works

Friday

Evening Programs

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau 6:05 Petite Concert Bill Stern Three Star Extra	Local Programs	ABC Reporter	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Richard Harkness The Playboys News of the World One Man's Family	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Mr. Mystery Gabriel Heatter Mutual Newsreel	Taylor Grant, News Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Roy Rogers Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis	Maisie with Ann —Sothorn Gracie Fields Show	Richard Diamond with Dick Powell This Is Your F.B.I. 8:55 John Conte	Musicland, U.S.A. Earl Wrightson Big Time with Georgie Price
9:00 9:05 9:30 9:45	Mario Lanza Show NBC Presents Short Story	News, Bill Henry Magazine Theatre Armed Forces Review	Ozzie & Harriet Mr. District Attorney 9:55 News	Paul Weston Show Robert Q's Wax- works
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:35	Nightbeat Portraits in Sports Robert Montgomery	Frank Edwards I Love A Mystery Dance Bands	Boxing Bouts Sports Page	Bob Trout News 10:05 Capitol Cloak- room

Inside Radio

Saturday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	Howdy Doody	Local Programs	No School Today	Renfro Valley
9:00				News of America
9:15				
9:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell			Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Archie Andrews	Local Programs		Galen Drake
10:15				Make Way For Youth
10:30	Mary Lee Taylor Show	Leslie Nichols, News Helen Hall	Space Patrol	
10:45				
11:00	Maugham Theatre	Your Home Beautiful	New Junior Junction	News, Bill Shadel
11:15	News, Earl Godwin	Georgia Crackers		11:05 Let's Pretend
11:30	Hollywood Love	Army Field Band	Journeys Into Jazz	Give and Take
11:45	Story			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	News	Man on the Farm	101 Ranch Boys	Theatre of Today
12:15	Public Affairs			
12:30	U. S. Marine Band		American Farmer	Stars Over Hollywood
12:45				12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00	National Farm and Home Hour	Soldier's Serenade Jerry and Skye	Navy Hour	Grand Central
1:15				1:25 It Happens Every Day
1:30	U. S. Coast Guard Cadets on Parade	Symphonies For Youth—Alfred Wallenstein	Vincent Lopez Show	City Hospital
1:45				
2:00	Coffee in Washington	2:25 News, Sam Hayes Macalester Singers	Metropolitan Opera Company with Milton Cross, commentator	Music With the Girls
2:15				The Chicagoans
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Music Rendezvous	Caribbean Crossroads		Report From Overseas
3:15		3:25 News, Cecil Brown		Adventures in Science
3:30	U. S. Army Band	Bands For Bonds		Farm News
3:45				Correspondents' Scratch Pad
4:00	Musical Portraits	Sport Parade	Racing	Stan Dougherty Presents
4:15				Cross Section, U.S.A.
4:30	Mind Your Manners	Bandstand, U.S.A.		
4:45				
5:00	Big City Serenade	Matinee at Meadowbrook	Tea and Crumpets	David Stephens Show
5:15				Treasury Bandstand
5:30			Sigmund Spaeth Club Time	
5:45	Bob Considine, News	5:55 News, Baukhage		

Evening Programs

6:00	Bob Warren	Harmony Rangers	Roger Renner Trio	News
6:15	News, H. V. Kaltenborn		6:05 Una Mae Carlisle	U.N.—On Record
6:30	NBC Symphony Arturo Toscanini conducting	Preston Sellers	Harry Wismer	Sports Roundup
6:45			It's Your Business	Larry LeSueur, News
7:00		Al Helfer, Sports	The CIO and You	This I Believe
7:15		Twin Views of the News	Bert Andrews	7:05 At The Chase
7:30	Endless Frontiers	Down You Go	The Great Adventure	Operations Underground
7:45		7:55 Cecil Brown		
8:00	Jane Ace, Disc Jockey	Twenty Questions	Saturday Night Dancing Party	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Inside Bob and Ray	MGM Theatre of the Air		
8:45				
9:00	Judy Canova Show			Gangbusters
9:15				9:25 Win Elliot
9:30	Grand Ole Opry	Lombardo Land		Broadway's My Beat
9:45				
10:00	Vaughn Monroe Show	Chicago Theatre of the Air	At the Shamrock	Bob Trout, News
10:15				10:05 Robert Q's
10:30	Saturday Revue		Music From Claremont Hotel	Waxworks

Sunday

NBC

MBS

ABC

CBS

Morning Programs

8:30	String Quartet	Moments On the Mountain	Lyrical Speaking	Renfro Valley Sunday Gathering
9:00	World News	Elder Michaux	Milton Cross Album	Trinity Choir
9:15	We Hold These Truths			World News
9:30	Carnival of Books	Back to God	Voice of Prophecy	Organ Concert
9:45	Faith in Action			
10:00	National Radio Pulpit	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15				
10:30	Art of Living	Voice of Prophecy	College Choir	Church of the Air
10:45	News, Peter Roberts			
11:00	Faultless Starch Time	William Hillman	Fine Arts Quartet	Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir
11:15	Morning Serenade			Bill Shadel, News
11:30	UN is My Beat	Dixie Quartet	Christian in Action	11:35 Invitation to Learning
11:45	Song Festival			

Afternoon Programs

12:00	Viewpoint, U. S. A.	College Choirs	Concert of Europe	People's Platform
12:15	Jubilee Singers			
12:30	The Eternal Light	News, Hazel Markel	Piano Playhouse	Howard K. Smith, Bill Costello, News
12:45		Frank and Ernest		
1:00	Critic at Large "Mike 95"	Fred Van Deventer	Herald of Truth	String Serenade
1:15		Organ Moods		
1:30	Univ. of Chicago Roundtable	Lutheran Hour	National Vespers	Music for You
1:45				
2:00	The Catholic Hour	Top Tunes With Tandler	Back to the Bible	The Symphonette
2:15		Bill Cunningham		
2:30	American Forum of the Air	Report from Pentagon	Christian Science	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony, Dmitri Mitropoulos
2:45				
3:00	America's Music	Bandstand, U. S. A.	This Week Around the World	
3:15				
3:30	Elmo Roper	Air Force Hour	Billy Graham	
3:45	John Cameron Swayze, News			
4:00	The Falcon with Les Damon	Bobby Benson	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	News 7 days in History
4:15				This Black Book
4:30	Martin Kane with Lloyd Nolan	Wild Bill Hickok		Hearthstone of the Death Squad
4:45				
5:00	Hollywood Star Playhouse	The Shadow	Sammy Kaye Serenade	King Arthur Godfrey's Round Table
5:15		True Detective	Greatest Story Ever Told	World News, Robert Trout
5:30	Whitehall 1212	Mysteries		5:55 News, Cochran
5:45				

Evening Programs

6:00	Tales of Texas Rangers	Gabby Hayes	Drew Pearson	My Friend Irma
6:15			Don Gardner	with Marie Wilson
6:30	Tallulah Bankhead in The Big Show	Nick Carter	Concert From Canada	Our Miss Brooks
6:45		6:55 Cedric Foster		with Eve Arden
7:00		Under Arrest		Jack Benny Show
7:15				
7:30		Affairs of Peter Salem	Ted Mack Family Hour	Amos 'n' Andy
7:45				
8:00	Phil Harris-Alice Faye Show	Singing Marshall	Stop the Music	Edgar Bergen Show
8:15				
8:30	Theatre Guild of the Air	Enchanted Hour		Playhouse on Broadway
8:45				
9:00		This is Europe	Walter Winchell	Meet Corliss Archer
9:15			Cafe Istanbul—	
9:30	\$64 Question	John J. Anthony	Marlene Dietrich	Meet Millie
9:45			Three Suns Trio	
10:00	Tin Pan Valley	Oklahoma City Symphony	Paul Harvey	Bob Trout, News
10:15			Gloria Parker	10:05 The People Act
10:30	Eileen Christy & Co.		George E. Sokolsky	The Choraliers

TV program highlights

NEW YORK CITY AND SUBURBS AND NEW HAVEN CHANNEL 6 APRIL 11—MAY 10

Monday through Friday

7:00 A.M. Today • 4 & 6

Dave Garroway, up with the birds, to bring you the news.

9:00 A.M. Breakfast with Music • 4

Coffee with comic Morey Amsterdam and Milton De Lugg's combo.

10:00 A.M. Mel Martin show • 4 & 6

Mel and Illean Martin make a neighborly call from Cinncy.

10:15 A.M. Arthur Godfrey Time • 2 (M, T, W, Th)

Garrulous Godfrey exposes fifteen minutes of his radio show.

10:30 A.M. Winner Take All • 4

The battle of the buzzer and bell. Bill Cullen, emcee.

10:30 A.M. Bride and Groom • 2

Wedding bells ring out with emcee John Nelson, singer Phil Hanna.

10:45 A.M. Al Pearce Show • 2

The veteran comedian pierces morning gloom with gags, music and the sparkling monologues of Arlene Harris.

11:30 A.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

Warren Hull with questions and cash prizes for worthy people.

12:00 Noon The Egg and I • 2

Amusing daytime serial starring Pat Kirkland and John Craven.

12:00 Noon Ruth Lyons' 50 Club • 4 & 6

Music, singing and folksy chatter with guests and femcee Ruth.

12:00 Noon Langford & Ameche Show • 7 (& 6 at 10:30 A.M.)

Lower your knives and forks to enjoy lunch with variety boasting Don and Frances, plus guest celebrities and Tony Romano.

12:15 P.M. Love of Life • 2 & 6

Dramatic serial billing Peggy McCay and Paul Potter.

12:30 P.M. Search for Tomorrow • 2 & 6

Day-by-day story of the problems of two generations.

1:30 P.M. Garry Moore Show • 2 & 6

The pixy with the crew-cut and friends Denise and Durward.

2:30 P.M. The First Hundred Years • 2 & 6

Young marital problems starring Jim Lydon, Anne Sargent.

3:00 P.M. The Big Payoff • 4 & 6

Lush feminine wardrobes are the prizes. Randy Merriman and Bess (Miss America) Myerson are hosts in the quiz show.

3:30 P.M. Bert Parks Show • 2 & 6 (M, W, F)

The ebullient rebel with Betty Ann Grove and Bobby Sherwood.

3:30 P.M. Give and Take • 2 & 6 (T, Th)

John Reed King and Bill Cullen quiz competitors for merchandise prizes in format based on well-known radio show.

3:30 P.M. Ralph Edwards Show • 4 (M, W, F)

A frenzy of fun inspired by Ralph from Hollywood.

3:30 P.M. Bill Goodwin Show • 4 & 6 (T, Th)

The good humor man and vocalist Eileen Barton in variety.

4:00 P.M. Kate Smith Show • 4 & 6

Top entertainment, information, guidance and inspiration starring the beloved songstress, assisted by Ted Collins.

5:00 P.M. Hawkins Falls, Pop. 6,200 • 4

Grass-roots humor and sentiment in this novel of the air.

7:15 P.M. The Goldbergs • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)

The lovable family series, starring Gertrude Berg as Molly.

7:30 P.M. Those Two • 4 & 6 (M, W, F)

Brisk, bright variety with Vivian Blaine and comic Pinky Lee.

7:30 P.M. Dinah Shore Show • 4 (T, Th)

From Hollywood, ingratiating songs of the Dixie darling.

7:45 P.M. Perry Como Show • 2 (M, W, F)

The Caruso of pop music with top tunes of TV.

7:45 P.M. The Stork Club • 2 (T, Th)

Club-owner Sherman Billingsley interviews celebrities.

8:30 P.M. Concert Hour • 4 & 6

Great concert singers appear with Howard Barlow.

8:30 P.M. Life Begins at 80 • 7

The panel of lively octogenarians add spice and sparkle to serious and humorous problems posed by emcee Jack Barry.

9:00 P.M. I Love Lucy • 2 & 6

The vibrant redhead, Lucille Ball, in domestic splatters.

9:00 P.M. Lights Out • 5

Supernatural melodrama narrated by awesome Frank Gallop.

9:30 P.M. Claudia • 2 & 6

The story of one woman's marriage, starring Joan MacCracken.

9:30 P.M. Robert Montgomery Presents • 4

Absorbing drama masterfully directed by Montgomery.

10:00 P.M. Studio One • 2 & 6

Penetrating, brilliant teleplays. Betty Furness, hostess.

Tuesday

7:30 P.M. Beulah • 7

Domestic comedy with the great star, Ethel Waters, in title role.

8:00 P.M. Frank Sinatra Show • 2

A superb revue of comedy and music, spotlighting the Voice.

8:00 P.M. Texaco Star Theatre • 4 & 6

Brash, breezy Milton Berle with his star-studded variety.

9:00 P.M. Crime Syndicated • 2 & 6

Rudolph Halley presents documentary-type crime drama.

9:00 P.M. Fireside Theatre • 4

Wholesome dramatic fare for family viewing.

9:30 P.M. Suspense • 2 & 6

Powerful, spine-needling stories of murder and terror.

9:30 P.M. Circle Theatre • 4

Whimsical adult drama, star-cast and based on real life.

9:30 P.M. Quick on the Draw • 5

Robin Chandler confronts a panel of celebrities with charades cartooned by Bob Dunn, based on listeners' entries.

10:00 P.M. Original Amateur Hour • 4 & 6

Benign Ted Mack parades talented hopefuls across your screen.

10:00 P.M. Hands of Destiny • 5

Distinctive, excellent melodramas with Broadway casts.

10:30 P.M. My Friend Irma • 2

Lovely, winsome screwball played by Marie Wilson with Cathy Lewis as her long-suffering friend.

Wednesday

7:30 P.M. The Name's the Same • 7

Panel-quiz with contestants bearing names of famous persons, living or dead. Robert Q. Lewis, moderator.

8:00 P.M. Godfrey and His Friends • 2 & 6

Sixty minutes with King Arthur and his joyful variety.

8:00 P.M. Kate Smith Evening Hour • 4

Dazzling, top-notch entertainment with Kate as femcee.

9:00 P.M. Strike It Rich • 2 & 6

The quiz show with a heart. Warren Hull, host and emcee.

9:00 P.M. Kraft Theatre • 4

Excellent video theatre, now in its sixth year, presents original and adapted stories, ranging from comedy to tragedy.

9:00 P.M. The Ruggles • 7

Genial comedy actor, Charles Ruggles, in domestic hijinks.

9:30 P.M. The Web • 2

Horror, mystery and suspense make this a 30-minute thriller.

9:30 P.M. Rendezvous • 7

Glamorous Ilona Massey as Paris night-club proprietress in adventure series. David McKay as admiring American reporter.

10:00 P.M. International Boxing Club • 2 & 6

Ringside seat to headline fistic events. Russ Hodges at mike.

10:00 P.M. Pantomime Quiz • 4

Mike Stokey emcees charades. Guests challenge Hans Conreid, Jackie Cooper, Adele Jergens, Vincent Price.

10:00 P.M. Celenese Theatre • 7

Acclaimed the most brilliant TV theatre of the year. Teleplays adapted from works of foremost playwrights. Biweekly: Apr. 16, "Morning's at Seven" by Paul Osborn; Apr. 30, "They Knew What They Wanted" by Sidney Howard. Alternating with Pulitzer Prize Playhouse. Apr. 23 & May 7.

Monday P.M.

7:30 P.M. Hollywood Screen Test • 7

Film aspirants take dramatic test with an assist from guest stars, under direction of host-director Neil Hamilton.

8:00 P.M. Lux Video Theatre • 2 & 6

Thirty-minute dramatic fare cast with flicker stars.

8:00 P.M. Winchell-Mahoney Show • 4

Paul and Jerry cut up in this favorite variety-quiz.

8:30 P.M. Godfrey's Talent Scouts • 2

Fresh, exciting performances by newcomers to video.

TV program highlights

Thursday

8:00 P.M. Burns and Allen • 2

Gracie and George in domestic antics. Apr. 10, 24 & May 8.—Star of the Family—Variety resuming in New York with Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy. Apr. 17 & May 1.

8:00 P.M. You Bet Your Life • 4

Madcap Groucho Marx wags the big cigar at contestants vying for cash prizes and a jackpot worth a \$1000 or more.

8:00 P.M. Stop the Music • 7 & 6

The huge musical variety-quiz with the elusive mystery melody. Vocal clues from emcee Bert Parks, Betty Ann Grove, guest stars plus Harry Salter's orchestra and many others.

8:30 P.M. Amos 'n' Andy • 2 (& 6 at 9:30 P.M.)

Chuckles guaranteed in this favorite Harlem-set comedy.

8:30 P.M. Treasury Men in Action • 4

Walter Greaza stars in drama based on U.S. Treasury cases.

9:00 P.M. Alan Young Show • 2 & 6

Side-splitting laughter as Alan parades his droll talents.

9:00 P.M. Dragnet • 4

Real-life detective work, derived from files of Los Angeles Police. Jack Webb stars with Barney Phillips, Ed Firestone.

9:00 P.M. Mystery Theatre • 7

Tom Conway as suave sleuth who tracks down the killers.

9:30 P.M. Big Town • 2

Reporters Steve (Pat McVey) Wilson and blonde Lorelei (Julie Stevens) Kilbourne make headline stories out of crime.

9:30 P.M. Festival Time • 4

Your singing host James Melton in variety featuring Morey Amsterdam, Wally Brown, and Frank Black's orchestra.

9:30 P.M. Meet the Champ • 7

Service men in boxing bouts from a different Armed Forces Center each week. Wally Butterworth with commentary.

10:00 P.M. Racket Squad • 2

Con-men and swindlers chased down by Captain Braddock.

10:00 P.M. Martin Kane, Private Eye • 4 & 6

Popular actor Lloyd Nolan as easygoing but relentless sleuth.

Friday

7:30 P.M. Life with Linkletter • 7

Filmed in Hollywood, interviews and stunts by the Artful One.

8:00 P.M. Mama • 2 & 6

Tenderly amusing episodes of Norwegian immigrants in San Francisco at the turn of the century. Peggy Wood stars.

8:00 P.M. RCA Victor Show • 4

Dennis Day and Ezio Pinza star alternate weeks. Pinza, Apr. 11, 25 & May 9, in songs and skits. Dennis, Apr. 18 & May 2.

8:00 P.M. Twenty Questions • 5

Guest celebrities sit in with panel to play "animal, vegetable or mineral." Bill Slater is seen as moderator.

8:30 P.M. Man Against Crime • 2 (& 6 at 11:00 P.M.)

Adventure-crime series with Ralph Bellamy in star role.

8:30 P.M. We, the People • 4 & 6

Personal stories of people in the news. Dan Seymour, emcee.

8:30 P.M. Stu Erwin Show • 7

Stu good-naturedly copes with domestic problems and his work as a school principal. Mrs. Erwin (June Collyer) as his wife.

9:00 P.M. Playhouse of Stars • 2

Noted stars of stage and screen in 30-minute teleplays.

9:00 P.M. Big Story • 4 & 6

Actors play the part of real reporters, reliving their adventures and methods in tracking down a "big story."

9:00 P.M. Down You Go • 5

Panelists try to identify phrases or catch words submitted by listeners. Dr. Bergen Evans, moderator.

9:30 P.M. It's News to Me • 2

John Daly worries panel with current-event puzzlers.

9:30 P.M. Aldrich Family • 4 & 6

The perennial comedy favorite of the nation cast with Barbara Robbins, House Jameson, Henry Gerrard, Mary Malone.

9:30 P.M. Tales of Tomorrow • 7

Adult science-adventure set in the world of the future.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Sports • 4 & 6

With Jimmy Powers at top-flight bouts scheduled by the IBC.

10:00 P.M. Cavalcade of Stars • 5

Rollicking Jackie Gleason in a full hour of variety.

Saturday

12:00 Noon Big Top • 2 (& 6 at 10:00 A.M.)

Ringmaster Jack Sterling with exciting, authentic circus acts.

6:30 P.M. Meet Corliss Archer • 2

Whacky situations caused by a sweet and amusing teenager

7:00 P.M. Sammy Kaye • 2

Get gay with Kaye, his band and popular audience-participation stunt, "so you want to lead a band."

7:30 P.M. Beat the Clock • 2

Prizes galore for contestants performing parlor stunts. Bud Collyer, host and quizmaster, assisted by pretty Roxanne.

7:30 P.M. One Man's Family • 4 & 6

Bert Lytell as father, head of the engaging Barbour family.

8:00 P.M. Ken Murray Show • 2 & 6

Gags and gals, skits and songs, in Ken's big variety show.

8:00 P.M. All Star Revue • 4

Guffaws galore as comedians rotate: Apr. 12, Jack Carson; Apr. 19, Jimmy Durante; Apr. 26, Olsen and Johnson; May 3, Ed Wynn; May 10, Danny Thomas.

9:00 P.M. Your Show of Shows • 4 & 6

The smash hit Saturday revue with the inimitable Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, vocalists Marguerite Piazza, Judy Johnson.

9:30 P.M. Songs for Sale • 2

Ninety minutes with host Steve Allen introducing amateur songwriters who vie for cash prize and publication.

10:30 P.M. Your Hit Parade • 4 & 6

A panorama of the nation's ten hit songs. In music and dance, Snooky Lanson, Dorothy Collins and Eileen Wilson.

Sunday

3:00 P.M. The Quiz Kids • 2

Erudite moppets, Melvin Miles, Harvey Dytch, Frankie Ploeg and guests speak up at class for schoolmaster Joe Kelly.

3:00 P.M. Fairmeadows, USA • 4

The story of the Olcott family, featuring Howard St. John.

3:30 P.M. See It Now • 2

Excellent recap of current events with Edward R. Murrow.

5:00 P.M. Super Circus • 7 (& 6 at 5:30 P.M.)

Thrilling circus variety with Mary Hartline, Claude Kirchner.

6:30 P.M. Sam Levenson Show • 2

Bespectacled, jolly Sam with light-hearted stories and interviews with children, revealing their complaints against adults.

7:00 P.M. Royal Showcase • 4

George Abbott presents a snappy, 30-minute variety show.

7:00 P.M. Paul Whiteman Revue • 7 & 6

Glorious music and dance as Pops presents Earl Wrightson, Maureen Cannon, guest vocalists and Glen Osser's orchestra.

7:30 P.M. This is Show Business • 2 & 6

Clifton Fadiman as host to excellent entertainers plus the panel discussion of George S. Kaufman, Sam Levenson and guest.

8:00 P.M. Toast of the Town • 2 & 6

Ed Sullivan's wonderful hour jammed with superlative acts and stars with regulars Ray Bloch and the lovely Toastettes.

8:00 P.M. Comedy Hour • 4

Mirthmakers to the nation, Cantor, Martin and Lewis, Danny Thomas, Abbott and Costello and others put on jester's cap.

9:00 P.M. Fred Waring Show • 2 (& 6 at 6:00 P.M.)

The magnificent, musical aggregation in song and melody.

9:00 P.M. Television Playhouse • 4 & 6

Full-hour adult drama, ably produced and directed.

9:00 P.M. Arthur Murray Party • 7

Kathryn Murray, wife of the celebrated dance-master, femcees a bright, cheerful variety show from the ballroom.

9:30 P.M. Break the Bank • 2

The well-known cash-quiz with Bert Parks as Santa Claus.

10:00 P.M. Celebrity Time • 2 & 6

A delightful quiz show with Conrad Nagel as your host.

10:00 P.M. Red Skelton Show • 4

The hilarious, explosive humor of the carrot-topped comedian.

10:30 P.M. What's My Line? • 2

Dorothy Kilgallen, Bennet Cerf, Arlene Francis and Hal Block guess the occupations of contestants. John Daly, moderator.

10:30 P.M. Cameo Theatre • 4

Excellent drama, recommended for your Sunday pleasure, applies theatre-in-the-round technique to TV screen.

She Knew What She Wanted

(Continued from page 40)

counting the five morning shows and the Godfrey and His Friends Wednesday night TV program, all of them with special arrangements to be learned and rehearsed.

Jan was born in Memphis but we moved to Humphrey, Arkansas, thirty miles from Pine Bluff. She used to sing at high school in Pine Bluff, where we moved later, and with the local band.

Before she was seventeen she had graduated and gone to visit my aunt in Quincy, Illinois, keeping up with her music while she was away. She did some local radio shows at home . . . had her own show in Memphis . . . did radio work in Dallas . . . worked on radio in Shreveport . . . always trying to learn more and get more experience before going on to a bigger place. From Shreveport she went to Cincinnati and some really big shows. When she decided she knew enough to tackle a big city she went to Chicago.

Jan was on staff at station WLW, Chicago, making top money for a vocalist, when she decided she wanted to try New York . . . When she first arrived in New York she found her name didn't mean as much as it had in Chicago.

She knows now that it was her great good luck that two things happened . . . She got on staff at CBS . . . and Arthur Godfrey had just come up from Washington and was getting a new show, together . . . At the time, Jan wasn't sure she wanted to be on the Godfrey show . . . She didn't know him . . . Had heard very little about him. She was told to try it, and that she could leave if she didn't like it. After a few weeks she was still dissatisfied and asked for another assignment . . . A few day later Mr. Godfrey sent for her, and she was really scared . . . "I hear you are unhappy," he said to her. "Why?" . . . She told him frankly about the things that troubled her . . . the reasons why she didn't like being on his show . . . Mostly that it had been hard to talk to him up until then . . . He listened carefully, talked to her a long time . . . They ironed out the things that were bothering her and she has never been unhappy since. That was six years ago.

Jan and I live in a small apartment on a crowded New York street near the studio . . . But last year she bought a ranch house in Great Neck, Long Island, just a block from the beautiful Long Island Sound. We go there weekends and in summer . . . Last Christmas my mother and dad and two younger sisters, who are still in school, came to New York to visit and to see the new house . . . Jan had a wonderful time with them while they were here. She loves a home . . . likes to cook when she has time . . . is a good baker. She loves flowers. She likes the water, is a good badminton player, is crazy about dancing. Since the Godfrey cast has learned to ice skate, Jan has a brand-new interest . . . It's her nature to go into every new thing wholeheartedly . . . to be gay and full of fun . . . but to be serious about everything she undertakes.

She can work three days on a song for the show, and if someone comes to her an hour before broadcast time . . . and makes a complete change . . . it doesn't throw Jan. She loves her work . . . She loves being a "little Godfrey" . . . And she loves the feeling that this is a family group . . . the feeling that Arthur Godfrey gives everyone, stagehands, crew and cast . . . the feeling that carries right over into the audience and into all the homes where people look and listen.

Are you
unknowingly risking
married
happiness
...even your
health?

**Don't Fail to Read These Frank
Facts About the Most Intimate
Concern of Your Life...**

It's a tragedy that so many young women keep up with the latest fashions and hair-do's yet remain so woefully old-fashioned (really uninformed) about the most intimate concern of their lives—*internal feminine cleanliness*.

Too many women do not realize the great importance of putting ZONITE in their douche for *complete* hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness), for married happiness, their health and to protect against unmentionable odors.

Some women think they have to use harmful poisons, overstrong solutions of which in time can cause serious damage. Others go to the other extreme and use weak homemade solutions of vinegar, salt and soda. Your own good sense should convince you these 'kitchen makeshifts' DO NOT and CAN NOT offer you the great germicidal and deodorizing action of modern ZONITE. Yet ZONITE is *absolutely safe* to tissues.

Proof of ZONITE'S GREAT SAFETY to Tissues

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested for the douche is so POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE. It is *not* a poison. It is positively non-irritating. ZONITE contains no phenol, mercury or creosote. It is safe to leave around your home.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE thoroughly deodorizes. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. Whereas it's not always possible to contact every germ in the tract, you can depend on ZONITE to *immediately* kill every reachable germ. It leaves one with such a refreshed dainty feeling. Always use as directed.

**THIS IDEAL "ALL-PURPOSE" ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE
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NEW FACTS!

"The Truth about 'Cold' Women"



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at newsstands now

Just what is a "cold" woman? What are the causes behind her coldness? What are the cures? Read the frank, revealing answers in an exciting, new report on the subject. It is the right and aspiration of a young couple in love to know how to deal with this problem! Don't miss it!!

Also in May TRUE ROMANCE a stirring lineup of inspiring stories of love and romance including:

I MARRIED DANGER
 MEN ARE EASY TO HANDLE
 I LOVED SOMEBODY ELSE'S HUSBAND

Don't miss these and many more thrilling stories in

May
TRUE ROMANCE

at your local newsstands today.
Get Your Copy Now.

The Man In Perry Mason's Shoes

(Continued from page 58)

Daytime Serial Actor, six-foot, brown-haired, blue-eyed John Larkin—from ditchdigger to world-famous sleuth, Perry Mason, and later to Governor Miles Nelson in *The Right To Happiness*.

Just what it was that first turned John's attention to the footlights is somewhat of a mystery even to himself. "It certainly had nothing to do with heredity," grins the well-known actor. "My folks, particularly my mother whose heart had been set on my becoming a doctor, were inclined to frown upon acting and actors. To all intents and purposes, I am the only member of our family to have entered the profession. I say 'to all intents and purposes' because there was one ancestor who was a member of the Abbey Players. But I have no information on him. I think the family stopped speaking to and about him when he decided to become an actor. Fortunately, the knots have all been smoothed out, and outside of my wife, my family are now my most ardent fans."

After a number of years of touring with stock companies, John turned his attention to radio, where he progressed from sweeping out the studio of a small Kansas City station to announcing, to disc jockeying, to singing on his own fifteen-minute show. "If you think you want to be a radio actor," advises John, "go to a small station. You learn to play by playing. Got on the air doing anything. If the studio is dirty, sweep it out. And if you don't have fun at it, forget it. Go home."

In 1938 John decided the networks looked pretty solvent, and on that assumption he took up residence in Chicago—then the daytime serial center. It was not until after a four-year stretch in the Army that he came to New York in 1946. "I don't mean to belittle the U.S. Army," says the real-life Perry Mason, "but if nothing else, I honestly believe I owe whatever financial success I've had to my Army experience. I had developed an acute dislike for walking. It was imperative that I make money for taxicabs—and when an Irishman feels something is imperative, brother, that's it!"

Whatever the inspiration, John managed to pick up the threads, and in 1947 won the audition for the title role of Perry Mason . . . an occasion that he looks upon as a turning point in his life. "When I auditioned for the role of Perry, I couldn't seem to shake the feeling that I just *had* to get the part. You see, as a youngster in California, I was an avid reader of detective stories, and Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason was my favorite. I felt I had lived so closely with Mason, that if I didn't know and understand him, I'd never know or understand anybody. My whole acting future seemed to hang on that audition."

"In actuality, almost from the moment I won that audition, my life took an upward swing. One day not so long afterward, I met a young radio actress by the name of Teri Keane. At about the same time I received the Governorship of a typical state, U.S.A., in the role of Governor Miles Nelson on *The Right To Happiness*, and later acquired the romantic lead on *Ma Perkins*. And finally I persuaded Teri to put up with me and my culinary art—canned soups—and we were married in Englewood, New Jersey."

"Yes sir. Perry Mason may spend his print and air time doing good deeds for fictional characters—but I doubt that he ever did more good for anybody than he did for me, Johnny Larkin."

Sentimental Journey

(Continued from page 67)

Year's Eve, and they attended a country club dance in Long Beach—a town on the beach near Los Angeles—where he was also working, emceeing the floor show. At “auld lang syne” time they’d joked—and make-believed—“We’ll be married in say—six years.” During the year that followed he would drop by the store to see Julie, and they would chat while she by-passed all the paying customers and gave him a lift up and down from the basement to the seventh floor.

His were enthusiastic dreams . . . with the talent to match.

They dated often, until they were separated by the war—when he was stationed at an Army Air Base in Texas instructing bomber pilots. During this period, Julie’s beauty was discovered for motion pictures. Her performance in “The Red House,” with Edward G. Robinson and Lon McCallister, was acclaimed—and her star began to rise . . . in Hollywood. When he got out of the service, the radio career he’d envisioned materialized . . . in San Francisco.

During the year that followed there was little to fan the embers of the love which had flared once between these two. Julie often thought of the dark-haired, dark-eyed boy who had so sentimentally wooed her but as often had shrugged her shoulders over what the future might bring.

Then one night as Fate would have it—and it would—Julie was tuned in to Jack’s show. With a girl friend, she listened to the familiar, magnetic voice coming to her from five hundred miles away. She smiled to herself as she remembered the New Year’s Eve seven years before and the kid-talk they’d both gayly carried on. Idly she let her mind envision what Jack would be like now. What would he say, how would he act, if she met him again?

“I think Jack Webb’s great,” her friend’s enthusiasm cut into her dreaming. “Some-day I’d sure like to meet him.”

“He’s a good friend of mine,” Julie said soberly, thoughtfully. “I wonder. . . . Listen, let’s fly up and I’ll introduce him to you. I’ll send him a wire. . . .”

He met them at the airport, and when Julie stepped off the plane it was a little like a scene from a movie script. She looked at him and knew what she felt for him—and wondered where the last year had gone. She hoped the same happy thought would occur to him.

It did. They went to the Top of the Mark, to Lupo’s, and two hours later to a little restaurant called Roberts-By-The-Sea. There he asked her to marry him.

But what might have happened if she hadn’t been listening to his radio show? What might have happened if Julie hadn’t followed her heart’s desire and made her sentimental journey? Well, that would have been another script, another case—and Sergeant Joe Friday might never have gotten his girl.

MARTIN & LEWIS, AHoy!

The stars of your favorite radio comedy program (see page 30, this issue) are also the stars of a wonderful story you won’t want to miss next month. For information—plus about Dean and Jerry, be sure to get the JUNE RADIO-TV MIRROR on sale May 9



“‘Creamwashing’ with Noxzema helped my skin look so much smoother and softer,” says Nellie Jane Cannon of Crooksville, Ohio. “It’s a fine night cream, too!”

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See for yourself how quickly the Noxzema Home Beauty Routine can help your skin look smoother, lovelier!

This easy routine was developed by a skin doctor. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women with problem skin to have lovelier-looking complexions.

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*externally-caused

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Marriage for Three

(Continued from page 47)

beginning.

When Eve was approached in the spring of 1950 to star in a summer tour of New England in "Over 21" she was delighted. The theatre is her first love, and she runs off to it whenever her commitments for films, radio and television permit. But she had to dig up a leading man.

In her search, she approached her old friend, actor Barry Sullivan, who would "love it—but I can't get away from Hollywood." He had, however, an actor friend back East who was available and "damn good." His name was Brooks West.

Eve interviewed half a dozen prospective leading men, including Mr. West. He, without question, was it. There was that coincidental "Brooks"—and, of course, chemistry.

Eve had bought a station wagon for convenient transportation between towns, and usually one or two of the company, including Brooks, made the jumps with her. This included frequent look-ins at the Stanley Amsters' beautiful farm near Shelton, Connecticut, where Liza and Connie were summering with the Amsters and their two daughters.

When the tour wound up in Westport in late August, Eve had to hurry home—Our Miss Brooks was impending—and she took the children with her on the train. Brooks West volunteered to drive the station wagon west. A flurry of radio and television offers were waiting for him on his arrival. Of course Eve and the two pixies were there, so he stuck around. Stuck around, in fact, until it was summer again, and they took off for another stock tour—same circuit this time, but a new play, George Oppenheimer's "Here Today."

By now, although no definite word had been said, Eve and Brooks were in love.

At breakfast one morning at New York's Warwick Hotel—Brooks was there, and Eve, and Liza and Connie and the nurse—Liza looking dead serious and "at least 182 years old," fixed Brooks with a steady gaze and declared:

"Brooks, you are a handsome man. You are a good man. I like you."

Then, turning to her mother, she added: "Mommie, I want Brooksie for my Daddy."

"I will see," said Eve, blushing furiously, "what can be done about it."

A great deal, it turned out, could be done about it.

Brooks said they could be married for one thing. And so they decided. The only trouble was how and when. Brooks, fine actor though he is, is Texas born, and a graduate of those two tough schools, the University of Texas and the United States Air Force, and he is extremely allergic to what he calls "Hollywood folderols."

Their wedding was going to be a real wedding—no three-ring circus. Nobody, but nobody, was to know their plans.

They decided to tell Liza—after all it was her idea. Connie was too little to be let in on the secret so far in advance. Having told Liza, Eve and Brooks then decided to confide in the Amsters, who promptly offered their home for the ceremony.

Eve sat at their table for two at the Ritz, looking innocent, while Brooks made furtive trips back and forth from the jewelry store next door bringing rings for her to try on. She decided, finally, on a handsome diamond solitaire—she always wanted a "real, old-fashioned engagement ring"—and a plain gold marriage band.

Then they went to a gown shop and Eve chose a dreamy shantung taffeta dinner dress just the blue of her eyes.

Eve and Brooks had planned to get their blood tests and apply for their marriage license when they played Ivorytown, the closest point on their itinerary to the farm in Shelton. But the law said five days must elapse between issuance of the license and the "I do's."

This meant a middle of the night ride from Somerset after one show, a sleepless night at the farm and a wild day in Ivorytown, followed by another mad chase back to Somerset for the next night's performance.

For the ride down, nature provided them with a record-breaking thunderstorm, narrow country roads running with mud and slush, and the sky crazy with lightning at three-minute intervals.

They got to the farm at three in the morning, exhausted, and of course Eve was awakened next morning at the customary seven by little soprano voices chanting "Where's Mommie?"

The local doctor came for breakfast, and between bites Eve and Brooksie retired in turn to the library for their blood tests. The M.D. rushed off with his samples to the Ivorytown Hospital. Usually took a couple of days, he said, but he'd get the verdict for them by late afternoon. And he'd keep their secret.

Brooksie left at two for the hospital—to pick up the blood test reports—promising to meet Eve and the Amsters at four at the courthouse in Ivorytown, and Eve began donning her "disguise."

She put on a charcoal grey denim skirt, worse the wear for the pond dragging, a crumpled white blouse which had been through the preceding night's storm, her most decrepit flats—but it wasn't good enough. So she rolled her hair up in curlers—with one big blue plastic one right in front "for atmosphere." Not good enough yet. So she borrowed the nurse's bifocals.

"I fell out to the car," she recalls, and they were off.

The little country courthouse clinging to the side of a hill looked friendly. And Brooksie was waiting on the steps. So they'd passed the blood tests.

But he was wearing dark glasses. Brooksie, the boy who wanted to avoid the Hollywood look.

"Take 'em off," Eve mouthed silently, gesturing at him wildly. He waved back—the friendliest of hellos.

She was furious with him. In the license clerk's office, she says, Brooksie answered every question as though he were making up the answers. The minutes were passing. One of the magistrate's secretaries already was looking at them curiously despite the "disguise."

When he was asked his occupation Brooks thought for "a good ten minutes" and said he supposed you could call it "show business."

Eve, staggered, chimed in—her give-away voice disguised with a shrill falsetto:

"Now, dear, you know you're only on the radio." She, too (Eve Bergin her name was), was "on the radio."

Now the secretary was looking at them hard.

And Brooksie was swallowing his tonsils trying to keep from howling.

The questions were over, and they all made a dash for the car. Now, from every window of the courthouse, curious faces were peering.

They released the brakes and started rolling down the hill.

"Oh," groaned Eve. "I left my purse."

It was Brooks' turn to be furious. He

turned the car into the curb, disappeared once more into the courthouse to get the incriminating evidence.

It was now past four-thirty, and the curtain would go up on "Here Today" in Somerset—almost two hundred miles away—at eight-thirty.

Brooksie tramped down on the accelerator. They were both grim-faced. They weren't talking to each other.

After about half an hour, Eve ventured a glance in Brooks' direction. He was convulsed with silent laughter. She laughed out loud. They both laughed—all the way to Somerset.

On the twenty-third the Amsters' house began to fill up with Eve's and Brooksie's friends. Dorothy Howe, who had played the previous summer's tour with them, flew in from Hollywood. Alice Buchanan, another actress pal, came down from New York.

At three-thirty, the Associated Press telephoned. They had heard that Eve Arden was a guest at the Amsters', and was to be married there the next day.

Certainly not, Eve gestured to the perspiring Stanley Amster, it was a secret.

"I don't . . . don't think so," that very bad liar stammered into the phone.

They were more truthful with Connie, who was told the big news over her scrambled eggs on the morning of the wedding.

Wide-eyed, she followed Brooks out into the garden and addressed him:

"Brooksie, is my mommie going to bury you?"

Eve married him—all earlier chaos forgotten—at high noon that day with Anne and Stanley Amster and the four little girls as their attendants and a dozen of their good friends looking on.

The bride, radiantly beautiful in her dreamy blue dress, wept copiously into her flat bouquet of butterfly orchids because she had forgotten to bring a handkerchief.

Two minutes after the minister began the solemn ceremony, little Connie—all gussied up in her best shirred cotton—created a small sensation when she pulled at Eve's gown and declaimed:

"Mother, Liza won't let me sit down."

But somehow, it was finally over and legal, and everybody drank champagne and nibbled at finger sandwiches and laughed and cried. Connie fell asleep on her new Daddy's lap and Vi Roche and Anne Amster took the other children out into the birch forest so they could blow off steam.

And then Brooksie was reminding Eve that she'd better change. They had a show to do.

The company had word of the wedding by the time they arrived and Eve's dressing room was bedecked with flowers and serpentine.

Now the Wests are back home, in their own early American hideaway in the Hollywood Hills. Eve, of course, is frantically busy with her radio show and films and a new television version of Our Miss Brooks, soon to be unveiled. Brooksie is playing Richard Rhineland on the TV version of My Friend Irma. Liza has learned to play "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise"—hand-crossing and all—on the piano, and has started to public school. Three times Connie has been exposed to the mumps, and three times refused to get them.

It's as though they'd all been together always. "And," says Eve, "it's wonderful. It gets better every day."

I Remember . . .

Mama

(Continued from page 44)

to spring the news suddenly on his business colleagues that he is married to "Mama." Peggy has a son by her first marriage (to the late poet, John V. A. Weaver) and a three-year-old granddaughter, who she wishes didn't live so far off in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Mr. Walling has two daughters and two granddaughters—all of which adds up to quite a family for Mama away from television, too.

Peggy and Bill have a New York apartment and a house in North Stamford, Connecticut, where they retreat every Friday night. Here they live a really simple life, doing their own household chores and gardening, the latter necessarily reduced to flowering shrubs, bulbs and things that can be left to themselves all week. Entertaining in summer centers around the swimming pool, in winter around the fireplace.

Everything pertaining to the theatre is Peggy's interest. Her father, who was a writer and music-lover, had wanted his only child to sing in opera, but she went into musicals instead—the chorus first, then later to stardom for the first time in "Maytime," on Broadway. For many years, she has been one of the greats of the stage, in New York, in London, on tour, in musicals and in drama. She has produced plays. With Ward Morehouse, she wrote an original for the stage, which was adapted to television this winter under the title of "Lady With a Will," with Ann Sothern as star. She has been in many Hollywood motion pictures and is the author of several novels and an autobiography called, appropriately, *How Young*

You Look. Peggy cherishes the award she received last fall on direction of King Haakon VII—the Royal St. Olav Medal of Norway—for cementing American-Norwegian cultural relations by her brilliant and understanding portrayal of Mama.

It amuses her that all her years on the stage never got her the immediate recognition she has now, wherever she goes. "A garbage man parked his truck to get out and talk to me," she told us one day when she came in to rehearsal, "but I heard his helper ask who in thunder was Peggy Wood. That took me down a peg!" Taxi drivers always wave to her as she crosses streets, and she sings out a warm hello in return. If she forgets her charge identification, stores don't question her. Children approach her shyly on the street and Mamas nod at her understandingly. Even Papas grin in recognition. They all know—and love—our Mama.

Papa

(Continued from page 45)

He will ask them all to his little apartment in New York, not far from the studio where we broadcast, and tell his friends, "I'm going to have The Family down at my place for dinner." Then he cooks his specialties, perhaps one of his dozens of special omelet recipes. He mixes a tossed salad with a French dressing for which only he knows the savory secret, because when he tries to explain about a pinch of this and a dash of that, no one else would ever dare to try to duplicate the results from such vague instructions. But it always turns out the same for him.

Like Papa, Jud is patient and understanding, a strong cohesive force in the

whole program. Even Dick Van Patten, who is old enough and close enough to him to call him by his first name, feels the warmth of his personality and addresses him as Papa, an unconscious tribute. Recently, Jud has taken to carpentry, emulating one of Papa's skills.

Watching his stature as an actor now, it is hard to believe that Jud was doing only amateur theatricals until he was thirty-four, although he was enormously interested in stage and in motion pictures. Back in the sixth grade, he had started to act in school plays and had continued with various community groups, but had never thought of it as a profession. Then, during the depression, his real estate and mortgage business got to the vanishing point and his friends' persuasions that this was the time to become a professional actor began to take effect. Jobs in the theatre weren't just lying around, either, but Jud got into stock and finally into two summer-theatre tryouts of new plays. At last his first good break came, with Jane Cowl in "Rain from Heaven," followed by two seasons with her in "First Lady." Jud was a hit in "The Patriots," did radio and TV, but really came into his own when he joined The Family—Mama and the children, Aunt Jenny and Uncle Chris and all the rest.

His care of the children, on and off television, is always wonderful to see. Last winter, for instance, the whole Family went to the New York Museum of Natural History to participate in the New York Times Book Fair, and Robin, our littlest girl, got pushed down in the crowd that surged around them. Jud quickly reached down and lifted Robin high on his shoulder, and kept her there for the rest of our visit. Exactly as Papa would!

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I wear the comfiest briefs I can find!
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Ed Sullivan—Toast of the Town

(Continued from page 62)

the precious time I was consuming.

"Then, one night when I was doing a piece on Oscar Hammerstein II for my Broadway column in the *New York Daily News*, the thought struck me. Wouldn't the story of this fellow's fabulous career be a wonderful thing if done on the stage? On the stage before television cameras! I flipped it around in my mind for a moment and then I was on the telephone calling Hammerstein in Doylestown, Pennsylvania."

Hammerstein wasn't as enthusiastic about the idea as the excited Mr. Sullivan. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had hit upon the same idea months before and had bid as high as \$250,000 to do "the Hammerstein story" on film. But the famous composer had kissed off their offer with: "Life stories are impertinent until you are dead."

"Oscar was pretty stubborn," Ed recalls, "and his aversion to these biographical things was deep-seated, mostly because Hollywood had done so many in bad taste. But he did agree to meet with me in New York and discuss it some more."

It might be difficult to imagine the mild-mannered, gentle-speaking Sullivan as a supercharged super-salesman. Nevertheless, on the opening fall show last September, *Toast of the Town* presented "The Oscar Hammerstein II Story." And Sullivan had found his new gimmick.

Actually it's not a new idea—not even for Ed.

"I started doing these life stories on radio about twenty-four years ago, when I had a fifteen-minute show on CBS called *The Gerardine Program*," he points out. "As a matter of fact, it was on that program that Jack Benny, Irving Berlin, George M. Cohan and a flock of others made their radio debuts. Following that, I did a similar show on CBS for *Gem Razor Blades*."

"There was only a mild response to that type of show at the time. Perhaps it was a little too early for an appreciation of any type of dramatization on radio. Singers, comedians and musicians were the big radio stars of those early days,

and it was quite a few years before the 'story' type of show—or even the daytime serial—gained any popularity."

The fifteen minutes or so which Sullivan spends before the *Toast of the Town* cameras represents just a fractional part of his task of guiding the show along its star-studded path. He does all the research for these life stories and writes every script—and even does the casting. But the most difficult job is the role of salesman he must play in order to line up the impressive list of life studies.

"Initially, almost everyone I approach says no," Ed reveals. "Then I have to go about selling the idea to them. I must convince them that their story will be done in good taste, that it will be cast properly and that certain delicate phases will be handled delicately. It often requires considerable persuasion, but I'm happy to say no one has been disappointed or regretful."

Toast's huge audience hasn't been disappointed, either. Following the Hammerstein epic, Sullivan immortalized such headline personalities as Helen Hayes, Beatrice Lillie, Robert Sherwood, Cole Porter and George White and his *Scandals*. Not only did Sullivan's new "brain child" return *Toast of the Town* to the top of the popularity polls, but it also has given television some of the finest entertainment it has ever known.

"On *Toast of the Town*," says Sullivan, "we try to get our stars to relax before the cameras. We do everything very casually, from the planning stage through rehearsals, right down to the actual show. No one ever screams or shouts or gets hysterics. If someone fluffs a line or makes a wrong move, it is corrected discreetly—no one ever is humiliated. Most of our guest stars actually enjoy it and always want to come back."

Ed has a deep sympathy for these celebrities, so successful in one field, then suddenly transplanted to a strange new medium. It's a problem of which he has real, first-hand knowledge.

"As a lot of people know," he points out, "it was a long time before I could

relax in front of a television camera. I have never considered myself a performer or entertainer, but I had worked in front of audiences for twenty-odd years before I got into television. I never had stage fright, or bad nerve cases, either. But, when I first went before those cameras, I froze up completely.

"I couldn't understand it. Maybe it was the lights or that big mechanical gadget a foot or so from my face. But whatever it was, I know I looked embalmed every time I went before the camera. Critics and friends alike kidded me about it and, the more conscious I became of it, the tighter I became on stage."

"About a year and a half ago, when I was en route to Philadelphia to emcee a benefit, I met an old friend, Stan Lee Broza, who's the father of bandleader Elliot Lawrence, and who produces shows for Station WCAU in Philadelphia. Stan told me he had seen me in vaudeville many times and I always seemed relaxed and at ease on stage. He couldn't understand why I was so tense on television. Then he asked me if I was working to the camera during the show. I told him I was. He seemed enlightened. 'Just as I thought,' he said. 'Next time try working to the audience, just as you've always done. Forget about that camera.'"

"Stan's suggestion worked wonders, where all others had failed. The first thing you know, I was able to smile and look almost human."

"For a while, I had thought for sure that a tag line I had hit upon, while writing a sports column for the *New York Evening Mail* years ago, was going to come back to haunt me. At the time, I hung the title, *Little Miss Poker Face*, on Helen Wills, the tennis champion. And that kept hitting me smack in my own 'poker face' until Mr. Broza came to the rescue."

But it was Ed himself who came to the rescue of his show's needs, with one simple, vacation-born idea: If televised variety could be the spice of life, why couldn't an interesting life be the spice of variety?

When My Love Came Along

(Continued from page 59)

was cut and cut and cut and she finally wound up just before air time with two lines to say. Anger burned through her as she stepped to the mike and delivered the lines—this Canadian, this upstart, this so-and-so; how dare he? She said her lines and left the studio in a huff.

And then the next morning at 4 A.M. her telephone rang. Mercedes didn't thank anyone to ring her phone at that hour and when she found out that it was the Canadian actor calling to tell her goodbye because he didn't have a chance when she left the studio in a hurry, she hung up the receiver with a bang.

All the anger was blurred with time, when next she saw him. This time he wasn't just a Canadian actor playing a role, but the director of a big CBS series, CBS' *Studio One*. In 1947, this was the top prestige show in radio. A show Mercedes coveted and would love to act in.

Meeting him she remembered back to the 4 A.M. telephone call and she held out her hand, smiling in recognition. The young man looked blankly at her. His assistant stepped forward and introduced

the two. Anger blazed through Mercedes again. The insulting so-and-so—he didn't even remember her! As the anger burned hot and heavy, however, Mercedes looked into his face, and thought, with the complete illogic of a woman that—he was so handsome.

Mercedes read her audition script with all the intensity and control that the script desired. She had to have this part, if for no other reason than to show this young man that she was good.

For one breathless moment after her reading she waited and then—casually, without fuss or bother, he said she'd do. She became a regular actress on his *Studio One* program. As they began working together in the weeks that followed, Mercy looked at this young man through new eyes. His acting and directing ability had a touch of genius. Coming home from rehearsals at night, Mercy would recall each hour of the rehearsal with delight.

For two years Mercy and the actor-director worked together and then one May night she played opposite him in F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Last Tycoon." It was an ordinary work night like any other.

Listening to the program that night, as she had been for months before, was the young man's mother. Shortly after broadcast time, as the pros and cons of how the show went were being mulled over, the telephone rang and the young man went to hear his mother's reaction to the show. To his surprise, she didn't say he was good, didn't tell him the production was special, but instead, said:

"I think you and that young lady who played opposite you are in love." Later that night, a young dark-haired actress and a tall, dark, handsome actor-director were asking each other, "Is a mother always right?"

Today, Mercedes McCambridge, the star of *Defense Attorney*, is still working with the young man from Canada, but under different circumstances. Their studio is a comfortable living room, the microphone a home tape recorder. They are on a more permanent basis—planning to do more air series together some day.

For the young Canadian upstart whom Mercedes would never have met except for radio, is now her adored and adoring husband—Fletcher Markle himself.

A Song In His Soul

(Continued from page 49)

guidance, the same understanding that he once had from his parents.

Gordon well remembers the time when he worked summers in his father's machine shop. His father, William MacRae, was an inventor and prosperous manufacturer of machinery, and it was this business which he hoped his son would some day inherit. Just before Gordon's junior term at the Syracuse, New York, High School, Gordon began to realize that no matter how fascinating the machines, no matter how interesting the work, he would never be happy following in his father's footsteps.

"Dad was a fine machinist. He was a fine musician and singer, too, but he was much more interested in the machine works and the many inventions with which he puttered. To please him, I was trying my not-very-capable hand at machine work. That September afternoon, however, was the first time I realized I hated it."

Toward quitting time, Gordon walked to the window, the lines of his body speaking his discouragement.

"You don't like this very much, do you, son?" his father asked. Rather ashamed to admit it, Gordon didn't reply. His father went on. "I don't know what you want to do and perhaps you don't either, yet. But, if there is anything of value I can teach you it is this—never force yourself to do work which you don't enjoy. You won't be successful at it. Find what you want to do, and then do it!"

The talent which his father had for music had been passed on to Gordon and, even at sixteen, Gordon knew that what he wanted to do more than anything was

to sing. He wanted to sing so that all the world would sing with him—sing so that others would enjoy listening to him, humming with him. And the highest tribute Gordon can pay his late father is that William MacRae could not only understand but would do everything in his power to help.

"My father gave me encouragement and my mom gave me guidance on the practical side. Mom was the one who, through her practical viewpoint, was indirectly responsible for the opportunity for me to sing. She didn't believe that singing was a stable enough profession for a young man, so she insisted I take an announcing course at the NBC school. Radio announcing, she felt, would always bring me an income when singing jobs were scarce."

When Gordon was enrolled in the announcers' school, he became a page at the NBC studios in New York. This gave him an opportunity to see show business in operation, if not actually to be a part of it. Through a twist of fate his break came quickly. One evening when a performer failed to show up, he was taken out of his page's uniform and, on the Horace Heidt show, he sang his heart out and was rewarded with a singing job.

"After Dad passed away, it was my mother—again being practical—who financed my dramatic lessons, who encouraged me in every way possible.

"I intend to raise my children and give them the things that my mom and dad made possible for me—a good education; a sense of independence, guidance in the niceties of life, encouragement in the pursuit of the life they want to build.

"I've been especially lucky to have had

such great parents and such a wonderful helpmate in my wife, Sheila," Gordon quickly added. Gordon's children are lucky in turn to have such young, understanding parents. For it is hard to believe, looking at Gordon's smiling young brown eyes and Sheila's youthful face and figure, that these two have been married twelve years. Sheila was in her teens when twenty-year-old Gordon met her at the Mill Pond Playhouse at Roslyn, Long Island, just outside New York City, where they were both trying to get acting experience. They fell in love but had the usual problems of youth—no money—and it took them seven months to surmount this difficulty before they could be wed. Herein, perhaps, lies Gordon's intense desire to teach his children "independence, lack of fear, and strength."

Gordon's Mom is making her first trip to see her grandson in California this spring, and it will be the first time she's been west.

"We're going to give her a whirl," Gordon laughed. "Take her to The Railroad Hour, to the motion picture studio, show her how we live and work in California. We've been planning this visit for a long time. Of course, I've been to see her, and Sheila and the two girls have visited her.

"We're not booking mother's every minute with something exciting and unusual. She wouldn't want that. After all, she'll have some ideas of her own, and we're giving her plenty of time to carry them out."

Gordon feels this is a happy arrangement for them all. Each and every member of the family wants to maintain his independence, because that's what the MacRaes believe in. That's the kind of life Gordon bought when he sang the song in his soul.

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The High Cost of Godfrey's Private Life

(Continued from page 37)

room only if you look as if you'd never miss it.

One particularly long Cadillac slid to a stop and Arthur Godfrey climbed out from behind the wheel. Sheehan slapped on his best welcoming smile, started forward with his hand outstretched, glanced downward, and froze in horror. "Good heavens," he said. "Do you realize you're barefoot?"

"I have to be," said Godfrey, "at these prices." And went padding across the deep brown carpet of the lobby, happily wiggling his toes.

This is an Arthur Godfrey that very few people ever see or know—and they are people who on the whole are not especially impressed by his presence at the next table or in the next suite.

For one thing, most of them are richer than he is, and were loaded when he went barefoot as a boy to save shoe-leather. To the other guests at the Kenilworth, he is "that radio entertainer who comes down here with all those people stringing along behind him."

This is fine with Godfrey. It is, in fact, the main reason he comes here—because behind the glittering facade of this hotel he can have the nearest thing to a private life possible for a man who is by all odds the biggest name in radio and television in the world today.

If it is one of the most fabulous private lives lived by anyone in this year of high taxes, that is because Godfrey is caught up in a trap of fame and public adulation of his own making, and he has no choice. It is unlikely that even he knows what his few hours of uninterrupted relaxation cost, and I'm not referring to money alone, although that part of the bill is astronomical enough.

But look at it this way.

It is a Thursday morning in New York, cold, raw, with a biting east wind and dirty slush piled in the gutters. Godfrey observes this from his window with the same sour expression as eight million other New Yorkers—but, while they climb resignedly into overcoats and make for the subway, he picks up the morning *Times* and checks the temperature in Miami. A pleasant 76. Forecast: Fair, gentle to variable winds.

So he says, to any and all who may be in the same room, "Let's go to Florida, hey?"

He calls up a good friend, Jack O'Brian, who once wrote a book about him. "Want to go to Miami? Be ready in two hours."

"Good Lord," says the startled O'Brian, "I don't know if—"

But Godfrey has already hung up. He is calling other people. His pilot, Frank Lavigne. His wife, Mary, who is in the country with Pat and Mike, the children. His manager, Leo De Orsey. The whole cast of tomorrow's show. His engineers and trouble shooters.

While he is on the air, an hour later that same morning, he ad libs a little sentence that will cause a lot of people a great deal of trouble for the next three days, temporarily rearrange a lot of lives, and engender no end of frustration in the minds of countless Miamians.

He remarks casually that tomorrow he will do his broadcast from the Kenilworth in Florida.

In New York, now, two or three dozen people are rushing around, some packing, cancelling appointments, yelling at maids to hurry and press a couple of summer dresses; others are servicing Godfrey's plane (the big DC-3, converted inside to a luxurious lounge car and flying office,

not the smaller plane Godfrey likes to fly himself). Radio executives at CBS change schedules, issue new sets of orders.

In Miami, Miami Beach, and Bal Harbour, a far greater number of people go into immediate action the minute that short remark of Godfrey's comes out of the radio loudspeaker. At the hotel, of course, Frank Sheehan looks suddenly grim, hikes up his pants and gets to work. Godfrey's corner suite (called an "architect's corner" because it has a trick inset that allows an extra window) must be prepared. The best florist in Miami answers his phone, then dispatches a truck with flowers for the suite.

An attendant checks on Godfrey's cabana, the one nearest the beach, to see if the phone is in order and everything shipshape. The telephone company alerts a small corps of engineers, to get out there and set up the wires and mikes for tomorrow morning's show. The wire to New York will cost Godfrey \$700 an hour, by the way.

All over Miami phones are tinkling. About fifty women call up fifty other women to say, "Arthur Godfrey's gonna be at the Kenilworth tomorrow. Let's go out and take a look at him."

This, of course, is only a small part of the frantic activity that takes place as a result of Godfrey's decision to get a few hours of sun, but it will give you the general idea.

It is when the motorcade from the airport arrives at the hotel, disgorging Godfrey and "all those people who string along behind him," that Sheehan's real work begins. Sheehan is in this business because he loves it, and he had darned well better love it right now, because he is confronted with the Ultimate Problem any mortal hotel manager should ever have to face, and live.

Sheehan, greeting Godfrey and the Godfrey camp, gives no indication that he has spent hours running at super-speed, or that he fully expects to run even faster until midnight tonight, resuming at six the next morning, simply because Godfrey wants a few hours of sun. Everything is ready. Sheehan smiles his pleasant hello to Mary Godfrey, and nods to Pat and Mike—Pat, the little girl who someone once said looks like an Arthur Godfrey put in a hot tub and shrunk to size, and Mike, the little boy of whom Godfrey once said to Sheehan:

"You'll recognize my son. He looks just like me, without the bags under the eyes."

The lobby of the Kenilworth is seething with the hundred women who talked over the phone yesterday. They are Godfrey's fans, who put their desire to see him above his need for rest and privacy, which is their privilege; it is also Godfrey's privilege to sidestep them, and he does this with Sheehan running interference as far as the elevators.

Eventually, most of the sensation-seeking people go home. A few determined souls remain. One old lady, who looks like a bedraggled Whistler's Mother, approaches Sheehan and asks if he will allow her to walk over all the stretches of carpet that Godfrey habitually treads when he is in residence here.

She is the least of his troubles.

As he stands guard at the front desk, a distinguished white-haired gentleman comes in, twirls his impeccable, romantic moustache, and says, "I wish to see Mr. Godfrey, Suh. I believe he's expecting me."

"Mr. Godfrey isn't expecting anyone, but I'll take your message if you care to leave one," Sheehan murmurs. The south-

ern colonel asks, "Y'got a bookie here, awready? I got some hot tips . . ."

Mr. Sheehan shrugs wearily. Another typical small-time crook, trying to get next to the big time, with a horse to peddle.

"The Kenilworth," he says emphatically, "does not keep bookies." And the phony southern colonel retires in haste, retrieving the distinguished moustache as it slips awry.

He might have saved Sheehan's time in the first place, because Godfrey is not a track man. He doesn't go for the horses much. Oh, occasionally—yes. He'll go out to the track, but he spends more time there talking with friends than watching the races or the tote-board.

He'd much rather get up in the morning, pull on a pair of swimming trunks, and go down to the pool. After the radio show is over, it's understood that he is to be left alone. Even De Orsey, his manager, retires to the card room and plays pinochle. The staff of the hotel, under Sheehan's vigilant direction, is geared to protect him.

In the final view of Godfrey's very private life in Bal Harbour, we had better leave the management that coddles and protects him, and look directly at Arthur Godfrey himself. I did this the other early afternoon.

I sat at a table in the bay of the dining room that commands a perfect view of the pool and cabana area. Godfrey was lying in a lounge chair, when I first recognized him.

During the next hour, he did the following things. He was not observed, as far as he knew.

He went to the diving board, and started to dive. He made a passable attempt at a swan and cut the water cleanly, though he lost the correct line of his legs just as he touched. He came out, shook his head at the lifeguard, went back to the board, and tried the dive again. This time he kept his legs together all the way down, but was obviously concentrating so hard on them that he forgot to arch his arms properly, and also made quite a lot of splash. He tried that same dive six times in a row, until finally he made one he wasn't ashamed of. He worked doggedly over three simple dives and persisted at each, in repeated tries, until he succeeded. I rather liked him for that; I had never thought of Godfrey as possessing such traits as endless patience with his own shortcomings, and a die-hard stick-to-it-iveness in overcoming them.

Maybe here was the answer about Godfrey, why he climbed to the very top in his profession, and why he stays there. Perhaps it is the manner in which he does his broadcasts and TV shows, looking and sounding like a vague, almost fumbling, good-natured country boy with an astonishing sense of humor and a big-city leer—exaggerated as only a country boy could exaggerate it. But you believe Godfrey stumbled into all this by tripping over the doorsill of a broadcasting studio, and that he has continued being successful by indirection and easy-going luck.

Nothing except a theory like that could add up to more sheer nonsense. What has happened to Godfrey has been designed, carefully planned, and worked out with the same merciless hard work that he expends, during his few private hours of rest, trying to become a good diver. Having finished his session on the diving board, Godfrey went to the shuffleboard courts and joined Jack O'Brian, his pilot, and some members of his cast for a half hour game—at which he worked just as hard, with the same intensity of purpose.

as he had at diving. After that he sprawled in a deck chair and simply faced the sun, completely relaxed, until it was time to go in. He had certainly accomplished the purpose which had first occurred to him the morning before in New York.

Godfrey does not spend every hour of his time at his hotel, of course, although when he has only a day or two it's almost too much trouble to leave the small but complete city right on the Bal Harbour beach.

He likes to go to Little Joe's for stone crabs, as does everyone else in Miami, and he is a devotee of Italian food. There is a good, rather elegant restaurant called the Park Avenue. And, of course, he has friends who invite him to parties in Miami, or on a tour of the night spots.

In his own hotel, if he goes into the dining room for dinner, he usually walks quietly with his head down and eyelids lowered, glancing neither to right nor left, until he reaches his table. This is because the dining room is open to the public, is operated like a nightclub and has shows. Some patrons there have interpreted this as a snooty attitude on his part. Nothing could be less true. Heaven knows, Godfrey is no shy violet of a personality. He couldn't be and do the work he does. But when he is on these little excursions where his sole purpose is to have a few hours of private life at any cost, he does not want to be a personality; he wants to merge with the crowd, be just like any other guest having dinner and watching the show.

The people in Miami who encounter Godfrey off and on, during his visits there, are of two minds about him. Those who really know him intimately love him with the kind of affection usually inspired by a large, personable, sometimes capricious pet Newfoundland. But chance acquaintances, and those who seek him out purely for personal gain, find the going sometimes very sticky indeed, and are wont to go about remarking that Godfrey is getting too big for his britches. This, for a time at least, was the personal opinion of a popular young woman who has a public relations job in Miami and who was introduced to Godfrey one recent evening. After a moment or two of casual chat, she mentioned what her work was. Godfrey drew back, registering distaste and terror, and hissed, "Oh—a lady of the press—" The lady, who has an Irish temper and was a little hung over anyway, didn't go along with the gag. She snapped out a caustic remark that raised a question about Godfrey's qualifications as a gentleman, and departed in a huff. The next day, she was sitting at lunch, heard a familiar voice saying "Hello," and looked up to find Godfrey himself standing at her elbow.

"I'm sorry," he said humbly. "I didn't mean it the way you took it, really. I was only kidding."

"How," asks the lady of the press, "can you hold a grudge against a guy who can apologize as handsomely and as simply as that?" In her subsequent dealings with him she has respected his need for privacy and he has respected her personal dignity and pride in her work. Their mutual definition of each other: "A grand guy."

Somehow, no matter how hard everyone has had to work, no matter how many people have had to turn their lives and habits upside down for a whole weekend, no matter how much money has been spent and how many hopeful men and women have been inevitably disappointed—all because Arthur Godfrey looked out at the snow and remembered Bal Harbour—the word passed around after he has gathered everyone together and flown back to New York is pretty unanimous: "Godfrey? Yeah—a grand guy."

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Bert's a Wonderful Guy!

(Continued from page 55)

stopped and Bert turned to the director.

"You don't need me in this bit," he said, grinning. "It's good without me and I'm just taking up space."

Now that's something in show business. This was The Bert Parks Show and Bert was the star, with everything presumably built around him. Now, many stars keep in the camera's range even if it means trying to crowd in with an elephant. But here was a new twist: A star who excused himself from a scene to improve the show. Right then, I knew I'd like Bert.

My early relationship with Bert was pleasant but businesslike, based on a mutual respect for each other's talents. Our friendship grew from day to day. Friendship is a serious, wholehearted matter to Bert and he looks before he leaps.

As we got to know each other, we found that in some ways we were both alike. Both of us are squares: Bert from Georgia and me from Indiana. Just a couple of country boys.

Everyone knows that when Bert does something for you that's it. He gets very uncomfortable when you make a fuss over him. On the other side, Bert is the kind who does not fuss over his associates but he's fair with praise.

You know how many different programs Bert is on. This is a great strain on a performer and naturally even the best of actors have bad days. Shows on those days literally go haywire. It happens to Bert.

Under such circumstances, Bert gets upset, even angry, once in a while. But he holds in his temper. I remember one day that was particularly bad. Lines had been missed, props refused to work and the pay-off came as Bert was walking back into the camera. A stagehand swung a chair in his path and Bert all but fell on his face. He grunted, "Watch it!" Those two words for people who know Bert were the equivalent of being screamed at by a less-restrained star.

That's not all of the story. The moment Bert had finished the song, he rushed backstage looking for the stagehand. To really bawl him out? No. Bert said, "Look, fellow, I'm sorry I lost my temper. Forgive me."

Usually, you have a crying session after such "black Mondays." The writers generally are the scapegoats. Maybe a word

isn't said to them, but the star and cast and producer give them the baleful stare that's worth a thousand lashes at the whipping post. But not on a Parks show.

After a bad one, Bert forgets it. He looks at me, shrugs his shoulders and says, "Well, we blew one." On the other hand, after a show that goes off with lots of flash and laughs, Bert says, "Bobby, that was much too good for me."

Bert has licked the personal hazards—nervousness, temper and conceit—that frequently characterize stars. He's licked them in the way he has organized his life. Again I must make comparisons, but it's the only way you can appreciate why Bert is different. After a show, a lot of the big comedians head for Lindy's or some other hangout. Far into the night goes the discussion. If the show went bad, they get out the crying towel. If the show was a success, they pound each others' backs. Bert Parks, whether the show is beautiful or pitiful, is in his car ten minutes later driving up the West Side highway to his family.

Bert is first and last a family man, devoted to his wife and children. It's impossible to imagine him sacrificing anything that has any influence on his family's health or happiness for the sake of his career. He has kept his private life well removed from the entertainment field by buying a home, handsome but not ostentatious, up in Connecticut. It's a long trip for him to get home, but he leaves New York and its frantic tempo behind. An evening with the Parks' is the kind of night anyone is likely to spend with his own next-door neighbor. If you arrive in the afternoon, you may find Bert polishing up his car or playing with the children, the twins, Jeff and Joel, and Petty. You'll meet Annette, Bert's wife.

"She's the luckiest and best thing that ever happened to me," he's said. Other times he may look at some beat-up friend about to go home and remark, "He's not lucky like us, you know. When he gets home, it just starts all over again."

By "it," I think Bert refers to the tensions and problems, pushing and shoving, you find in business. Some wives carry on, more or less, just like the boss when husband gets home. Not Annette. Never Annette. The two of them have a love and respect for each other that is unfortunately rare with most couples. And

Annette is liked by everyone. Her friends are just as loyal, appreciative fans as Bert's multitude of admirers.

Annette, alone, is enough reason for Bert's jet-propelled escape from Manhattan. But the children, too, are pretty wonderful. You don't have to ask Bert about them. He'll tell you. His daughter Petty is just three years old and every bit the lovely woman her mother is. She even talks like an adult. She's the first child her age I've known who has no trouble pronouncing my wife's name, Helen. That's because the family—including twins Jeff and Joel, who are pushing six years—treat her like a lady and never indulge in baby talk. Bert and Annette set a good example.

Take Bert. Betty Ann Grove, who has worked with Bert for three years, and on other shows and with other stars, too, can tell you Bert is tops in courtesy. He has never raised his voice or used bad language in her presence. His toughest expression is, "Let's get down to brass tacks."

Take the others on the show. They'll tell you Bert's a swell guy. He goes to bat for them and, when something goes wrong, he takes the responsibility. He's a great performer not because it's a job to make people happy but because he enjoys everything he does. Bert thinks more of his audience than himself or any part of the show. A director on one of Bert's quiz shows will verify this.

Bert was on the air, talking to a young soldier and his wife. The director, worried about all of the other acts that had to get in, gave Bert the hurry-up sign. Bert ignored him. The producer made a pushing sign with his hands that meant Bert was to get rid of the couple, pronto! Bert went ahead and finished the interview in his own time.

Later, he told the director, "Look, these people came up to talk to me. I wasn't going to hurry them. It meant something to them and it meant a lot to me."

It's always that important to Bert, even though a well-rehearsed dance routine or one of his songs has to be cut out of the remainder of the show. And it reveals something wonderful about the man: His stature has grown in show business, but he hasn't grown away from the people who made him. Yes, he's a great big star but he's got a great big heart to go with it. That's the wonderful Bert Parks I know.

Laughter for Peter

(Continued from page 41)

Red explained that he didn't carry pictures with him—"but if you think he would like a menu—" he offered.

The boy's father came over to thank Red personally. "My boy is a great fan of yours," he said.

"Why don't you bring him over? I'd like to meet him," said Red.

The father hesitated, then said quietly, "I'd rather not. I'm afraid it would embarrass him too much. My son stutters very badly. He always has—ever since he started to speak." Red protested that everything would be all right and the father finally agreed to see if he could persuade the child to come.

Red and Georgia watched him. In their own minds was the keen memory of another who had been thus afflicted not too many years ago. A G.I. who was assigned to a troopship, the U.S.S. West Point, as an entertainer. He'd put on ten

one-and-a-half hour shows every day for the troops going over, and the same amount for the wounded coming back. Until finally he'd collapsed, with shattered nerves and a serious speech impediment. But another G.I., named Smitty, in the adjoining room in the Army hospital in Virginia, was suffering from far more serious injuries. He wasn't expected to make it. And in concentrating on helping him laugh—and live—the G.I. had completely recovered. . . . Yes, stuttering was no stranger to Red, the former G.I.

The frail child, returning with his father, approached them hesitantly. His father introduced Peter to Red and Red motioned for him to sit down, but the boy shook his head. As long as he kept his mouth closed, as long as he didn't say anything, his secret was safe. Maybe they wouldn't know.

"Sit down, Peter," Georgia smiled, "and have an ear of corn with Red." He still

hesitated. "Please," she urged. "Red wants you to. Sit down and talk to us."

Pressed, Peter said, "I c-c-c-an't. I s-s-s-t-t-t-er."

"W-w-w-e-ll, wh-wh-why d-d-d-on't you-you s-s-s-t-t-op?" stammered Red.

The boy's flushed embarrassment turned to frank incredulity, as though he disbelieved his own ears. His mouth fell open with shock—as did his father's when he heard him say, and with no hesitation—"Gee, Mr. Skelton, do you stutter too?"

This was no modern miracle, but it was a step in the right direction. "C-c-come on—let's all g-g-go outside and w-w-atch the f-i-r-e—f-f-all," grinned Red.

"Yes, let's," Peter answered and his laughter rang through the dining room.

But the blazing coals falling over the cliffs this night were no match for the happy light and the glad mist that came from an overflowing heart into a father's eyes at the sound of Peter's laughter.

Encore for Happiness

(Continued from page 53)

known whether it would ever open again. And all Hollywood had shared the sorrow of the red-headed girl from Butte, Montana, who had provided the public with so much laughter, and of her adoring, good-looking husband. Tragic, indeed, that sorrow should come to this couple whom they so proudly considered movie-land's ideally married pair. Theirs was the kind of love story that should end "happily ever after." Their friends grieved with them, even as months earlier they had been the first to rejoice.

Through nine years of marriage, Lucille and Desi had wanted a baby. They were probably the last to hear the happy news. Most of the world had heard it the night before them but they hadn't turned on their radio. . . .

To those who live their lives before the public, there's nothing particularly strange about discovering you're going to be a mother—while waiting for the first show at the Roxy. But to find it out from Walter Winchell, yet. . . .

They were reading his column in the dressing room before the show. "Lucy! Honey?" said her husband. A question and an exclamation at the same time.

His wife was equally and joyously stunned. "Call the doctor, quick—and find out," she said.

But, as it happened, the doctor didn't know either. He hadn't been informed yet by the laboratory. Lucille and Desi were just going on stage when they received confirmation from the doctor that the happy news one of Winchell's laboratory informants had scooped them on was true. . . .

It seemed fitting to them that they should receive the news there. For it had been eight years ago on that same stage that they'd announced their marriage. Desi was playing the Roxy and, with all the hurried arrangements and excitement, he'd missed the first show. By the time he returned, the news was out, and when he rushed out on the stage—it was "snowing" from the balcony to the floor of the stage. Desi had choked up, unable to speak. The "snow" was rice—and the entire audience to a man and woman—were throwing rice at him. Desi led Lucille out on the stage and proudly introduced her, his wife, his bride.

They'd signed for twelve weeks of bookings, and they played them. They returned home full of happy plans for the future. Then early one morning they were in an ambulance streaking along Ventura Boulevard, with sirens screaming.

The return trip wasn't hurried—no need for hurry then. And the quiet was funereal. . . .

Their doctor reassured them. They must not give up hope. They must believe. And Lucille and Desi did believe. And they prayed. And within three months another reservation had been made for the little gray and yellow kingdom, for a rosy little occupant who would be named Lucie Desiree.

Mother's Day—and in her hand Lucille Ball held a magical gift. The magic of faith. A gift Desi had designed and ordered many months before—and had never cancelled. The jewelled key to the nursery, a symbol of their ten-year dream come true . . . of their encore for happiness.



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The Miracle Did Happen

(Continued from page 39)

The duets came about quite naturally. There was that first love song they did together, "You and the Night and the Music." Then requests poured in, for others. People wanted to hear them sing "I Love You Truly," "Take Me In Your Arms," "They Didn't Believe Me," and many more. Someone suggested recordings but they were told that even a great team like Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald had not sold too many duets on records. Then distributors and record-store owners began to get inquiries, requests that snowballed into a demand for Parker-Marlowe recordings. "All due to the enormous impact of television and the huge audiences it reaches, added to radio," Frank explains.

Frank is a practical joker, and a tease. He likes to come to rehearsal in crazy shirts, he wears brilliantly patterned swimming trunks, but when he goes on the street he looks like an advertisement for the well-dressed, well-groomed man. He is a fine dancer, a superb tangoist. Has a witty tongue—and a sweet smile that makes every woman want to mother him. The people who work with him on the show will tell you that he is a real trouper, right there in any emergency, quick to help if anyone is unsure or forgets a line for a moment.

He teases Marion Marlowe about the pigtails she wears to rehearsals, those lovely braids she piles on top of her head when she gets dressed up. He threatens to cut off the braids with a scissor some

day, when he turns quickly during a rehearsal number and they slap him in the face! He teases her about the oversize, flat shoes she wears to rehearsals. "Those big shoes," he will say, "on such a graceful girl!" He teases Janette Davis about the way she hides a serious, intelligent mind under a devil-may-care manner. "Her whole personality seems to bloom in front of your eyes when you really get to talk to her," he tells you.

Like the other Godfrey troupers, he is an early riser, gets to the studio by 8:30 A.M. for rehearsals. He lives in a small bachelor apartment, which he has decorated stunningly, mostly in dark greens and reds, but the only time he can spend in it is weekends—unless he goes down to Godfrey's farm in Virginia or takes a quick flight with him for a Florida weekend. He isn't married, was once, is willing again if he meets the girl. He is in his late forties now, looks younger. Women write him love letters, but he is proud of the fact that whole families write, too, including Papa and the kids.

Frank was born in New York, on an April 29 . . . began singing in a church choir . . . studied here in America and in Italy, where one of his married sisters lived. He went into musical shows . . . even danced a little . . . first found radio fame as the "fresh guy" on the Jack Benny radio show, followed by featured roles with Burns and Allen, Ben Bernie, Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, Bob Hope . . . many more. He made two motion pictures in Hollywood, "Transatlantic Merry Go

Round" and "Sweet Surrender." It was while singing in opera in Washington—the role of Alfredo in "La Traviata"—that Arthur Godfrey gave him a wonderful review on his radio program and invited Frank to visit . . . this before Godfrey came to conquer New York radio audiences, too . . . and they have been good friends ever since.

Frank never ceases marveling at the weird things that happen to him as a result of the show. He was hurrying home after the Wednesday night television show, fighting off a cold and feeling quite ill, when a man stopped him near the studio and asked if he was Frank Parker. Unable to stand and talk, but also unwilling to offend, it seemed easier to Frank to deny it and get on home. "The man insisted he had just seen me on television, which of course was true, and I knew I couldn't admit I was Parker, after first denying it, without making him angry. So it seemed simpler to go on with the little game. I said I was sorry, I wasn't Frank Parker, and I started to hurry away. He looked after me unbelievably, then called, 'Forgive me for insulting you.' I will never lie to anyone again, no matter how inconvenient it is to tell the truth. Never!"

Most of the time he is happy to be recognized, proud that people remember him from the early days and that the youngsters know him now . . . never forgetful of the miracle that has happened to him, at a time when he thought he might be out of show business forever . . . nor of all the people who welcomed him back.

Born To Act

(Continued from page 56)

starring began last Labor Day, when Pat created the television role of Betty, in *The Egg and I*, a CBS daily dramatic program based on Betty MacDonald's book by the same name. John Craven, son of actor Frank Craven, plays Betty's husband, Jim, and there is a big cast of the Kettles, the family next door, and the other neighbors on the farm in North Central Pennsylvania.

To complete the theatrical circle to which she was born, Pat in private life is married to artist and playwright Donald Bevan, co-author of a Broadway hit play, "Stalag 17." How Pat and Don met is a complicated story, complicated that is by the practical joking of a girl they both knew. At this point, some five years ago, Pat was already well established as an actress. During her senior school year she had played Corliss Archer in the radio series, until the program moved to the West Coast. After graduation she went into the Chicago company of "Kiss and Tell," the stage version of the Corliss Archer story, and again played Corliss. She had experience in summer stock after that, and in radio and on the stage. Altogether, she has now been in seven Broadway shows.

This was the year 1946, however, and Pat was planning a vacation in Honolulu. She wanted to sublet her apartment, and a friend who worked for the New York office of a film company looked at it, decided it was too small. Pat gave up, locked up and went away. The girl, on an impulse, called a young artist who worked for the film company, impersonated Pat over the telephone and invited him to a party in the locked apartment. As it happened,

the artist and Pat had another mutual friend who had been trying to bring them together, so the invitation didn't sound implausible. He came and waited in the apartment house lobby. He waited for several hours, thinking he had made a mistake in the time. Finally he left, filled with dark thoughts about women in general and Pat Kirkland in particular.

When, months later, the two actually did meet, there was a bit of explaining to do. Pat had never heard of the party and Don never wanted to hear about it again!

"He wasn't much taken with me at first," Pat says now, "after what he had been through on my account. But in November, 1948, we were married!" At that time Pat was playing on Broadway in "The Young and Fair," and it obligingly closed a week later so they could have a honeymoon.

The Bevans have two children and there will be a third one in August. Mark, soon to be three, was nicknamed Rusty because of the red hair he had as an infant. Now his hair is pale yellow, and he's angelic-looking with his blue eyes, but the name has stuck. Nan, going on two, is the real redhead, with dark brown eyes like Pat's. Pat herself has dark hair, is five foot three, is serious and intense-looking except when she smiles and then her brown eyes dance.

In spite of scripts to be learned and rehearsals five days a week, Pat spends a great deal of time at home. Pat and Don live in a midtown New York apartment, not far from where Pat works, so she can have breakfast with the family and a romp with the children before she leaves. She is home before dinner.

On weekends there is a back-to-the-soil movement in the Kirkland-Bevan household. The family piles into the car and goes off to Jack Kirkland's farm, which they love—it's their second home. One result of living part-time on a farm showed up when Pat had to milk a cow on her television program. The script called for her to be overjoyed because Lady Hyacinth Buttercup Bertram had decided to give some milk, and Pat was trying to make the scene look as real as possible. She had learned only from watching others, but she did as she had seen them do, and out came a very respectable trickle of the wanted liquid. No viewer could doubt her farming interest after that.

Sport, the dog, was originally found in a dog haven, the Bide-A-Wee Home, where producer Montgomery Ford and director Jack Gage discovered him. He now is the property of the program and the pet of the cast. Being well-trained, he scratches on the door of the set that forms the kitchen, in the mistaken idea that when the door is opened he is being let outdoors, although outdoors is just another set made to represent a barnyard. This too is a tribute to realism!

To this day, Pat doesn't know whether the real Betty MacDonald has ever seen her performance as Betty MacDonald. The role isn't meant to be an impersonation; it is Pat Kirkland, actress, playing a young married girl like Betty, whose life on a farm is filled with a succession of problems and triumphs, work and happiness. Even Pat's mother on the show is her own mother, Nancy Carroll, who comes on to play the part whenever the script calls for her appearance.

Stay As Sweet As You Are

(Continued from page 51)

I have two girl friends living at the Bar-bizon Hotel for Women and they've arranged to get me a room."

"You couldn't do better," I assured her. "Just remember you've got three friends in New York now. Let me make a couple of phone calls—I've got an idea." My idea was the Wolf Associates office. They're the producers of Hilltop House and, in summertime, might be able to use extra help to replace vacationing employees. Herb was very nice about letting me send Jean around, and at the end of the week she called me to report ecstatically: "I'm starting on Monday. Jan, it's better than a movie—phones ringing, big story conferences, people walking up and down talking dialogue to themselves!"

With the satisfied feeling that I had helped launch at least a small, trim boat, I gave Jean my blessing and made a dinner date with her to meet my family.

But, late in the week, Jean phoned me to beg off. "If you wouldn't mind, Jan? I mean, I'm so grateful and all that—but I've got something to do." A date? A masculine date? "Oh, yes! As a matter of fact, you introduced us. Remember the day Mr. Wolf sent me over to CBS with those script changes, and the boy at the desk in the lobby was so nice to me?"

Of course. Young Bill Cronin, one of the nicest page-boys in the studio building. He'd stopped me, on my way to rehearsal one morning, to say: "You've always been nice to me, Miss Miner, so thanks again." Then, seeing my puzzled look, he'd added: "For the little redhead—that's a sweet kid, Miss Miner."

As the summer whirled along, I saw just enough of Jeanie to keep posted on her activities—which, happily, were many. She met a small assortment of other young men, but none of them were in the running with Bill. He was serious-minded and intent on getting ahead, and in August Jeanie told me that possibly, just possibly, there was going to be a job for him in the publicity department of one of the big agencies in town. But something was wrong with the way she said it.

"It's great about Bill, and I do have such a terrific time with him, Jan," she confided. "But—well, look at him. He's already on his way up. He—well, he knows everybody. And he never gets tired of talking about you." She sighed. "It's glamour, and that's what I haven't got. He must feel as if I'm a kid sister, tagging along. Me and my shiny face and clothes and flat heels."

"Jeanie! Nonsense! Why in the world do you think Bill dates you if he doesn't enjoy it?"

Try as I might, I couldn't convince Jeanie that she was off on the wrong track. A boy who'd been around as much as Bill was sharp enough to tell what was sheer window-dressing and what was real. But I sensed a stubborn certainty in Jeanie that made me decide to keep to a hands-off technique. So, biting my lip, I said nothing when she assured me, "Don't worry. When I come back to town in February, after my business course, you'll see. I've learned a lot. I'll be different."

Jeanie had done well at the Wolf office, and Herb Wolf told her that when she had her typing and shorthand well in hand, in February, he would find a place for her. Every time I saw Bill I hoped, for his sake, that Jeanie would just leave herself alone. Obviously she had his interest, just as she was.

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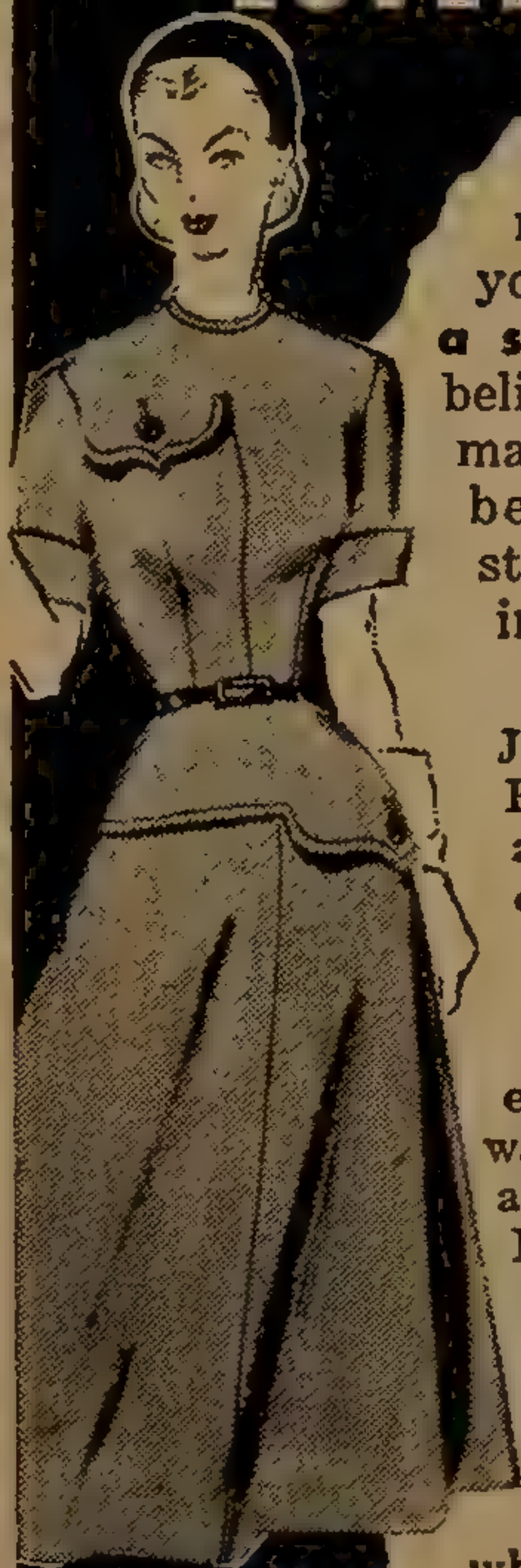
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Jeanie got back to town I was away for the weekend, at our farm in Meredith, New Hampshire. So Bill saw her before I did—and on the Monday, when I saw him, he looked so hurt and bewildered that my heart gave a premonitory twitch.

"Am I glad to see you!" he uttered. "Gosh, Miss Miner, have you seen Jeanie yet?"

I told him I'd been out of town. He said grimly, "Wait till you do. I'm—I don't know what's come over her. She looks like a combination of every model and showgirl and actress in New York—all their worst points, I mean. Jeanie," he said. "That wonderful thing she had, that kind of bounce and lift she gave you..." He waved his hand to indicate flight. "Gone. And I thought..."

I knew what he had thought. I'd thought it myself, that Jeanie and Bill were two kids lucky enough to have found each other before either of them had had the bloom worn off. When Jeanie called me later that day I made a luncheon date with her and went to it with an almost angry determination to let her know what I thought. But when I saw her, I couldn't. Oh, it was bad enough to get angry about... the too-lush, too-professional make-up, the hardening effect of her new hair-do and a highly sophisticated hat... but beneath the hat the warm brown eyes were the same. They still had that eager, questioning softness. A vulnerable softness. You couldn't hurt Jeanie. I couldn't anyway. Even when she told me, in obvious bewilderment, how cold Bill had seemed.

"He thinks you've changed," I offered, guardedly.

Jeanie flushed. "Of course I've changed. I wanted him to be proud of me, so I'd be an asset when he took me out..." She fidgeted nervously with the new hat. "If he takes me out any more. I don't know, Jan... he even seemed to resent my asking about his job—you know, the one he was hoping for. The way he barked at me, you'd have thought I was gold-digging, or something!"

I started to say a dozen things, having been through this experience myself, but stopped. Easy enough to understand that Bill, shocked to the core at the metamorphosis from the fresh, sweet, artless Jeanie of last summer into this—let's face it, I thought—almost brassy creature, had assumed that her inside personality must have changed as well.

I bided my time, hoping inspiration would come along with the right way to help these two kids. But a madly busy week went by, and I must admit that on Saturday morning, when Jeanie called me, my mind was only half on her tearful, desperate voice. The other half was on my brand-new, never-worn evening dress, which I'd bought—and had carefully fitted—several weeks before, expressly to wear to a big March of Dimes ball which was happening tonight. In the interval I'd managed to lose so much weight, I discovered, that I was just lost in the lovely thing. So I was understandably preoccupied when Jeanie said, "Jan, can't I come over and just sit around? I'm so miserable and lonesome, and Bill hasn't been near me all week, and—"

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry," I murmured. My mind raced. I might just be able to get my dressmaker in, or else try to do it myself. Half-absently, I outlined my problem to Jeanie, so she'd know that I wasn't being un-understanding.

"Jan, let me!" she almost shouted. "If there's one thing I can do, it's sew. I'd love to, and I can do it beautifully!"

Almost before I'd hung up, it seemed, she was there, and as she fell to work ripping seams I thought, with gratified

surprise, that there was a lot to be said for casting one's bread upon the waters. Not that I had helped Jeanie with any thought in mind except holding out a hand to steady a young person just getting started—as Gertrude Warner had for me—but as I studied the pale, dark-eyed face and the carelessly-lipsticked mouth I wondered, with a catch at my heart, if helping Jeanie in New York had really been doing her a favor. If she'd found Bill only to lose him... then I looked at her more closely. And slowly, but in dazzling perfection, my plan was born. There was absolutely nothing wrong; it couldn't miss. Sitting bent over that dress, absorbed and unself-conscious, was the girl who had come to New York last summer. In her haste to get downtown she had skinned back her hair and tied it with a brown velvet ribbon and she looked fresh and wonderful and Jeanie-like.

It was a simple plan, and depended only on one detail. I called CBS and took care of that... Bill Cronin was on the desk. It was the only thing that might have gone wrong, and it didn't. Then I called Lil Stewart and outlined my plan. Lil Stewart runs Personal Service, which is a sort of super-secretarial agency for busy people, and I knew she could be depended on to run over to CBS from her office and convince Bill Cronin that the script she was leaving with him simply *must* be delivered to Jan Miner's apartment on his lunch hour.

I'll never forget those two faces when, at about twelve-thirty, Bill came breathlessly in with the script. He waved away my thanks and was almost on his way out when suddenly I moved and, beyond me, he saw Jeanie, who had started to her feet and was simply, dumbfoundedly, staring. He just stood for a minute. Then he moistened his lips.

"Jeanie..." he whispered. "Oh, Jeanie!"

Her telltale hand flew to her hair. "Bill. How—how are you?" She was trying to be cool, but I could see the hand trembling and so could Bill, unless he was blind. He wasn't. In two steps he had taken it into his own, and was saying accusingly, "You look just like yourself, Jeanie. What's been the matter with you, anyway? Oh, darling, now I know you. Look—you haven't changed."

"I'm a mess," Jeanie whispered. Bill put his arms around her.

"You're not a mess! You're Jeanie! What was it with you and that—that fancy-dress costume you were going around in? You're an awful dope. You had me scared half to death, thinking you'd gone New York native!"

Jeanie's arms crept cautiously around his shoulders. She was still holding a paper of pins, and I reached up and gently took it from her. She never felt it. As I faded, shadow-like, from the room, I heard her murmur, "Oh, Bill. I don't know what was the matter. I still don't know, but if you're back..."

"I'm back, sweetie. Never worry about that," Bill said.

Yes, everything worked out perfectly, including the fact that I had a television rehearsal I had to get to. They never heard me leave the apartment. But I wasn't worried. I knew Bill would get back to CBS when his lunch hour was up. I knew my dress would fit perfectly when I put it on at night. I just knew, because it was one of those wonderful days when everything does work out right. And for Jeanie and Bill, I hoped, it would turn out to be one of those wonderful lifetimes. Why shouldn't it? After all, they were starting out with the one important thing... the real thing.

The First Hundred Years Are the Happiest

(Continued from page 57)

Harrington Park, New Jersey, not too far from Broadway's bright lights, and I grew up with six brothers and two sisters, being the middle child with four older and four younger. We all had to learn to be independent. Boys and girls alike were taught how to cook and sew on buttons and mend socks, and to wash and iron and scrub. It was really a wonderful way to grow up, in the heart of a big family, and I wouldn't change it for anything.

How, of all the children, I got to be the actor in the family is rather funny. I had a friend who must have been about six or seven. He was "in the theatre"—a child actor. His mother suggested to my mother that she put one of her kids in. "Take your pick," my mother told her, and she picked me. My first small role was in a play that lasted a week at the Hudson Theatre in New York. The second was in a show that also happened to play the Hudson and also lasted a week. Oddly enough, I have never played that theatre since. I don't think I want to!

Altogether, I worked on Broadway about five years, starting when I was eight. When I went to Hollywood I was under contract to RKO, but before I left I had worked for almost every major studio. By now I've been in some seventy-five pictures, including "Life with Father" and "The Magnificent Yankee." I did daytime dramas on radio, and for quite a while I had my own radio show, "Young Love," from the West Coast on Saturday nights for CBS.

A younger brother, now a sergeant in the paratroopers, was on the stage in a couple of plays with me and he worked for Paramount motion picture studios for a while in Hollywood. But he never got over his stage fright. Yet, he is the same fellow who doesn't think twice about parachuting from an airplane!

Right now I am working with the most wonderful gang I have ever met, on The First Hundred Years. There is no temperament. There are no stars. Our director, Bud Gammon, is tops. We work like crazy and so far, out of close to four hundred shows, I have been written out of only twenty, ten of them during my last year's vacation. I spent it in Hollywood making a picture, leaving New York by plane after the television program on Friday afternoon, being on the studio lot the following Monday morning, finishing up two weeks later on Saturday night and flying into New York for Monday's show.

If all this sounds as if I ought to be harassed and unhappy, just look at my grinning face and you will see that I'm not. It's a tough schedule we all follow, with rehearsals, scripts to study, early to bed five nights a week, not much time for fun, except in connection with our jobs. Boners happen on the set, like the time we tried photographing the reflection of a love scene in a mirror not anchored securely enough to the canvas flat that represented a wall, and while I was murmuring to my wife in the show, the block of wood holding the mirror fell with a crash. Only quick camera work saved us that day.

I particularly hope that some day we will film in Hollywood. There is a pretty house out there that still belongs to me, and already I can see Betty Lou standing in the doorway, welcoming me as the glowing California sun takes its evening dip into the far reaches of the Pacific.

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(page 81)

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Nightmare love

THE FIRST thing Ma Perkins did, when her daughter Fay got back from her trip to New York, was to make sure the diamond was still on Fay's left hand. Next she checked the expression on Fay's pretty face. Only then did Ma relax—relax from a tension she hadn't even admitted to herself. Fay was still engaged to Spencer Grayson, and even happier, more radiant than she'd been before she went to be introduced to his friends, his life.

Ma didn't voice her feelings, but Fay wasn't the girl to let the faintest flicker of her mother's eyes escape her. The night Fay got back things were too hectic, what with her sister Evey rushing over to demand all the details of the trip, for Fay to tackle Ma about the quiver of relief she had noted. As a matter of fact it wasn't only Evey who was bursting with curiosity. Evey's husband Willy came by, too, and later—as if by sheer accident—Ma's dearest, oldest friend, Shuffle, stopped in. Nobody can resist the excitement of a wedding, not even men who are wont to scoff at all the fuss. Fay realized with tender amusement, Willy and Shuffle were just as excited as any of the womenfolk, for didn't they have a stake in the show—Willy as best man, and Shuffle as the giver-away of the bride?

Fay had to describe the apartment Spencer was leasing, the way it looked down—twenty-eight stories down!—on Central Park, Spencer's ideas about the wedding trip. The big fuss his friends had made over her. . . .

"Even his boss?" Evey breathed. "The man with the initials?"

Fay's eyes danced. "Even the great J.C.B.. Oh, golly, Ma and everybody—you know, the night I met him I was so scared I was shaking. I couldn't help knowing how important it was for J.C.B. to like me. After all, being the president of the agency and all—he's got Spencer's future right in his hand."

Shuffle chuckled. "Hear that, Ma?"

R This girl worrying about making a
M good impression on a man the age of
Spencer's boss? Why, Fay, one look at

that pretty face and he likely felt twenty years disappear off him, however rich and big he may be!"

"Shuffle, quit interrupting! Trouble with Shuffle, he don't want to talk about anybody but *him*," Willy grumbled. "Hear him talk, you'd think it was the guy who hands the bride down the aisle is the important one at the wedding, not the bride herself."

"Well, and so he is," Fay said accommodatingly. "If Shuffle wants to talk about his wedding outfit instead of mine, I'm agreeable."

They all laughed as Shuffle blushed, muttering, "No such thing, Fay!" and gave Willy a baleful glare. The discussion went on happily. How nice it was, Fay thought, that her wedding was bringing such pleasure to everyone who was fond of her! Except—that question in Ma's blue eyes. That had to be answered. And the other question, the one Tom Wells had carefully *not* asked when she'd gone up to the bedroom to say hello. It was the same question, really . . . *Fay, are you sure?* Only Ma was Ma, and she had the right to ask it. Tom didn't. Tom was only their friend, brought into the house practically against his will to convalesce after a serious auto accident. He didn't really have a thing to say about who Fay married, or why. Fay sighed inwardly. If only Tom didn't have that restless, probing, sharp-sensed writer's mind; and if only he hadn't known Spencer years before, when both were in the Air Force . . . then she'd really be able to convince herself that Tom's unspoken question didn't have to be answered.

But Ma came first. Next morning Fay was downstairs, well before it was time for Ma to leave for the lumberyard. The table was set, a stack of pancakes steaming lusciously at Ma's place, when Ma came in. Surprised, Ma said, "Fay, child, I was thinking to get breakfast for you, your

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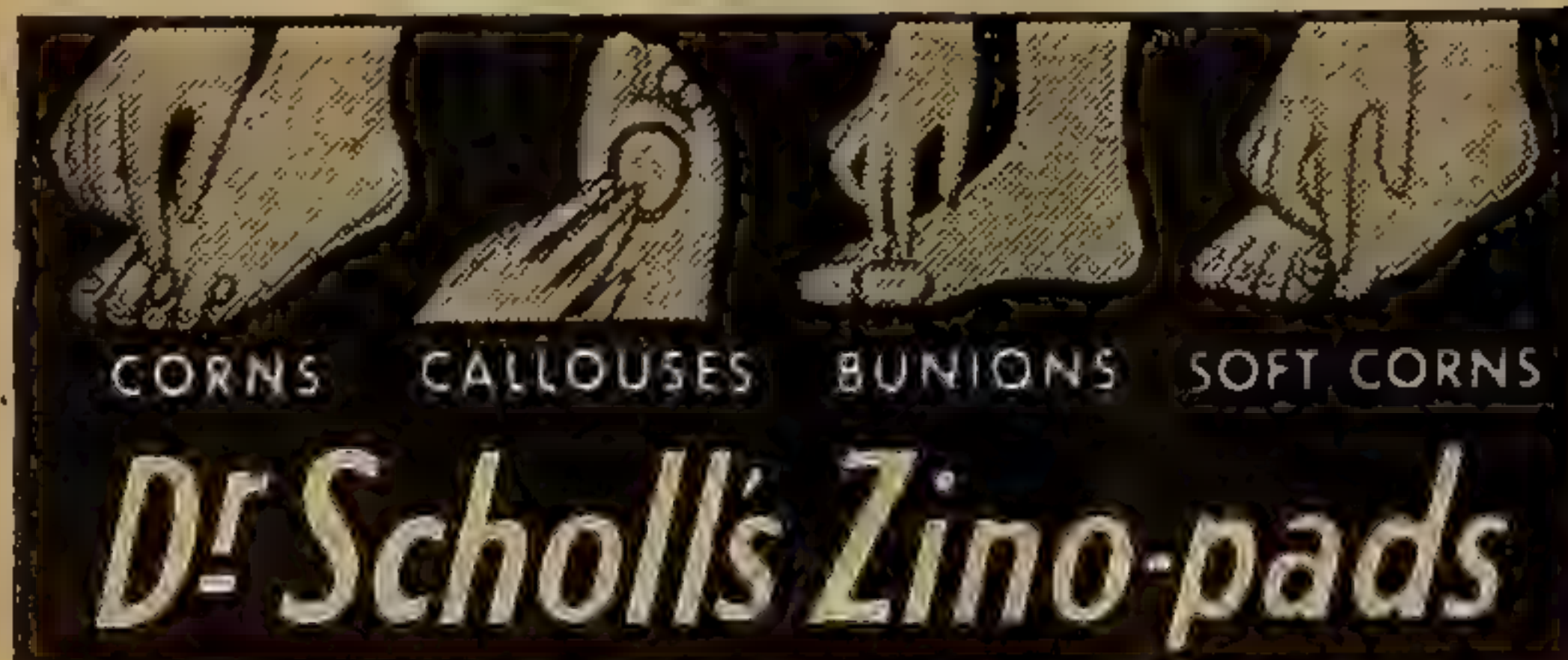
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first day home!" It was a gentle reproof. "If you knew how I'd been waiting for this, Ma, you wouldn't say I should have stayed in bed," Fay said. She looked contentedly around the sunny kitchen, with its old-fashioned plate rack and quaintly papered walls. "That hotel was dressy, all right, but I got to just longing to go out into our kitchen and fuss around with our own pots and pans. I like things personal, I guess." She faced Ma with the air of a chairman bringing a meeting to order. "And there's another thing, Ma—another reason I wanted to talk to you. Last night, in the midst of everybody being so gay—you still weren't satisfied, were you? About me and Spencer?"

Ma put down her fork. "Spencer's from another world, Fay. So grand and busy and so much glamour to it—Land o'goshen, I'd never even met anybody who was a big advertising man before! Yes . . . I've wondered some." She began eating again, placidly. "But not any more, Fay. If you come back from New York, from right in the midst of this other world Spencer lives in, and tell me you're sure you're going to be happy in it, then I've no more doubts."

"Not one?" Fay probed. "Tell me the truth, Ma dear. Haven't you often thought I might be marrying Spencer because—well, because I wanted little Paulette to have a father? Because it's been so long since Paul died, and you thought I'd been a widow so long that I'd gotten restless enough to talk myself into being in love with Spencer?"

"Yes," Ma said, her smile taking the bluntness out of her direct answer. "At the very first, when it looked as though Spencer might be real interested in you, coming out to Rushville Center where he really hadn't so much business as all that . . . I wondered some just why you were so drawn to him." She lifted the cup and smiled at her daughter over the rim. "Spencer's a mighty attractive man, child. Easy enough to see how he might command love from a woman entirely on his own, for no other reason than himself . . . I'm not worried about that any more."

Later, as Fay tidied the kitchen after Ma had gone, and after she herself had had a second breakfast with little Paulette, she reflected that she was just like the man who rushed against the door, prepared to use his whole strength to break it down, only to find that it had been unlocked all along. Ma had answered her own question almost before Fay knew she was asking it . . . did Ma know *everything*? Very likely. Since her doubts had been the same, all along, as Fay's own doubts, probably her understanding had grown even as Fay's had. "Spencer is a very attractive man," Ma had said. Fay's heart tripped and sent warmth up through her whole body. Yes, even while Ma was thinking, "Is Fay sure Spencer is right for her?" she must have known there were lots of reasons why he was . . . the way Fay's calm, sensible heart began to pound when he came near, the warm response of her lips to his. The whole shimmering glow that lit up his personality, made up of a brilliance that made him quicker, sharper, more stimulating than anyone she had ever known.

Only one thing had Fay been able to make clearer for Ma, during the breakfast conversation, Fay reflected. The single important thing she had learned about herself in New York . . . that it was the very difference between her own softness and Spencer's power that drew her to him. "He makes me more than I am, Ma," Fay had explained. "He's so single-minded, so sure about things. Sure of what he wants, or what has to be done, or whatever the problem is that he's facing. That's

what I need, Ma, somebody with force and power, to give my life direction."

Ma's words came strongly back to Fay as she finished getting Tom's lunch tray ready. By golly, she thought, if Ma's made up her mind for Spencer I'm darned if I'm going to worry about what Tom Wells thinks. . . . Absently she put the bud vase with a single early rose on Tom's tray, noticed it and removed it again. Ma had said, just as she went out: "Fay dear, don't give Tom a flower on his tray this noon. I stopped doing it, he says it keeps him feeling like an invalid."

"Crotchety, isn't he?" Fay had smiled, but now she remembered in time to remove the vase. She picked up the tray and started upstairs. Funny about Tom . . . how you could disagree with him and fight with him and never quite understand him, and yet how important he'd become to the little circle of friends he'd acquired in Rushville Center. So much so that his accident had become a rallying point for all of them to do what they could to help . . . and how surprised Tom had been, and how many objections he still had to being helped. Tom just couldn't believe he was lovable or important to anyone but himself. Fay frowned suddenly, and missed a step. Was that why he was so edgy about Spencer Grayson? Because Spencer seemed to have everything, all the equipment he needed to fight life and win . . . while Tom was just fighting, and getting nowhere in particular . . . ?

Fay knocked and went in. Tom's brown eyes welcomed her.

"It's about time," he said with relief. "Not only am I wasting away from starvation, but I'd have been stuck on this sentence forever if you hadn't come."

Fay smiled, deftly straightening the pillows and removing the board with the typewriter. "Delighted to be so stimulating to the creative mind, Mr. Wells," she said.

"You didn't stimulate me, girl, you gave me an excuse to quit work, that's all. What's here—chicken sandwiches? Oh, bless you. Bless Ma, I mean," he corrected himself. It was a pleasure to watch him eat. When I left for New York, Fay thought, he wasn't eating like that. Or looking so well, or working so hard. Working . . . a guilty thought made her flush, and as if the act had sound, Tom glanced up and caught her. She said quickly, "How's the well-known writer, T. Wells?"

"Author of one published story and writer of four pages of another," Tom said, a trifle bitterly. "One story doesn't make a writer, Fay."

"One story published by one of the biggest magazines in the country? Of course it makes a writer. At least it makes it legal." Fay knew her color was still high, but she tried to sound casual. "Anyway, I could tell a lot better if you'd let me read the story, Tom. Do I still have to wait till you get your advance copies of the magazine? Tom—won't you please let me see it now? Please."

Tom, absorbed in his sandwiches, didn't look up. "Why?"

"You know why! Because it's your story! Because—oh, you're exasperating." Fay straightened the dresser-scarf so abruptly that she barely caught a lamp before it tumbled off. "We went over this ten times before I went to New York. I'd have thought by now you'd have worn down enough to let me read it. I'll be reading it anyway when the magazines come, won't I?"

"Don't try to kid me, Fay. You still think that story's about Spencer, don't you? That's why you can't wait, isn't it?"

"You told me it wasn't, Tom. Don't you think I believe you?" She bit her lip and faced Tom suddenly. "Don't you think I

want to believe you? Only I keep remembering that, when you first started it, before I was engaged to Spencer, you told me it was about him. Can't you understand that now, besides its being important to me because you wrote it, I'm—very curious?"

Tom looked miserable. "I wish I'd cut my tongue out before I told you that." He looked into the coffee-pot and replaced the cover. "I'll save this second cup, I guess. Look, Fay . . . when I said I was writing about Spencer Grayson, I only mean that he started a train of thought. I've tried to explain it to you so many times. Writers don't just lift people right out of life. The man in my story is an Air Force captain. Spencer was, too; but so was I, so were a thousand others."

"And yet," Fay said stubbornly, "ever since that day you met Spencer with me in the diner, and the two of you tried to act like dear old war buddies . . . ever since then I've known that you really don't like him at all. You're our friend, Tom—Ma's and mine. You ought to be honest enough to tell me why."

"You're wearing his ring, aren't you? That means you've made up your mind about him. The last thing in the world Golden Boy needs is an okay from me."

"Don't call him Golden Boy—you know it makes me furious!" Fay's nails bit into her palms. "It's not fair, Tom! Everything he's got he worked for, worked hard, and found a way to get—"

"Did I say otherwise? You'll never hear me say Spencer waits around to be handed things. He wouldn't enjoy them so much if he couldn't go after them and grab them for himself, preferably out of someone else's hands—oh, let's skip it!"

As Fay reached resignedly for the tray, a beam of sunlight struck brilliance from her ring and all at once she felt deeply and disturbingly humiliated. What was she thinking of—to come badgering Tom with questions about the man she was going to marry! It was like asking if Tom didn't know something about Spencer that she hadn't found out yet . . . why, it was a kind of betrayal of Spencer! Hoping that her suddenly quivering lips escaped Tom's notice, she got herself out of the room. Going downstairs, she thought confusedly that both Tom and Ma had turned the tables on her. She had approached both of them prepared to meet their doubts with a triumphant statement: Yes, Ma, Yes, Tom . . . I am absolutely certain Spencer and I will be happy. And instead Ma had, in a way, denied having any doubts, so that Fay couldn't really make her proud statement . . . and Tom, in his way, had refused to talk about it, at all.

As though both of them were sidestepping her eagerness to convince them. . . .

The phone rang when she was half-way down. Afterwards, Fay found a certain bitter symbolism in the fact that the sun, having moved around to the side of the house, had left the front hall in such dimness that she stumbled on her way to the telephone table. Fumbling, irritated, she picked up the receiver, and there wasn't even time for joy to follow on the sound of Spencer's voice before his words plunged her the more deeply into confusion.

Spencer's voice came impatiently. "Fay—did you hear me?"

"Yes, I guess I did. I just can't believe it." There was an obscuring bumble on the wire; she took advantage of it to pull herself together, and went on in a more normal tone, "You said J.C.B. wants to give me away. At the wedding."

"Can you beat it? He's crazy about you, Fay. I told you that trip to New York would be worth while."

Fay managed a nervous laugh. "It's awfully flattering, Spencer, but I hope you told him we've already got someone to give me away. I mean, Shuffle's been—"

"Yes—thank goodness, it's only Shuffle. He'll understand. It's not as if he were really related—doesn't make any difference."

He went on with excited talk about how J.C.B. had said this and that about her. When he paused she said carefully, "But Spencer. Shuffle has been thinking of nothing else night or day since we asked him to stand in Pa's place. He's Ma's oldest friend. He was Pa's friend. Nobody else has the right to stand in Pa's place, Spencer. You must understand, surely. . . ."

This time it was Spencer who stopped to choose his words. "I gather you're not overjoyed at the news. I'm sorry, Fay—I thought you'd see it my way without a minute's doubt. Now that you've been around here a bit, seen the set-up—you must have some idea how vital it is that J.C.B.—well, that I'm on the right side of the boss. My word, Fay, if he thinks enough of me to want to make that trip to Rushville Center just for the honor of giving my bride away, I don't see how—well, I don't see how we can refuse."

"Spencer—"

"Darling, let's save it for the weekend, shall we? I'll be out then, and we can talk. I'm in the office now. You know, people in and out."

"Of course." Of course. The office. Fay took a deep breath. Remember what your ring means, she told herself fiercely. Remember you're part of Spencer's life now—you've got to see things from his

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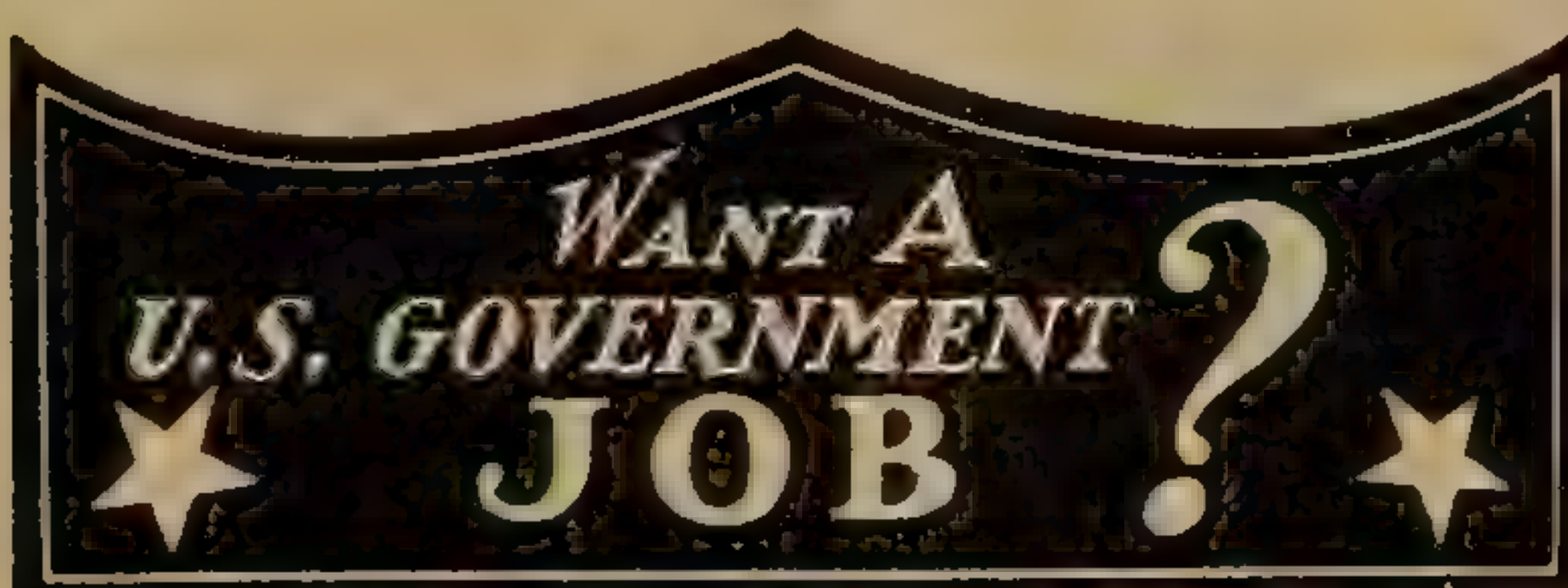
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point of view, not just from yours alone. He's in the office, everything's brisk, businesslike, dedicated to the greater glory of J.C.B. He can't possibly be expected to feel the emotional importance of Shuffle Shober's disappointment 'way up here in Rushville Center. She let out the breath and said calmly, "Right, darling, I understand. Don't worry. I'll be waiting till Friday."

About to hang up, she heard a throat-clearing noise. "Oh—and Fay."

"Yes?"

"The date—that is, the invitations haven't gone out, yet, have they?"

In spite of the talking-to she had just rehearsed, Fay's heart thudded dangerously. What now? What now?

"Because—believe me, honey, if I could do a thing about it, I would . . . but Mr. Harper's on vacation all through July, and in August there's that Chicago convention. We're going to have to put things off a few weeks. Just till September, darling."

"Put what off, Spencer?" Her grip on the phone was slippery.

"The wedding, darling, naturally. You know what an—" his voice lowered—"old woman Harper is, and being the biggest vice president I can't afford to antagonize him. Just a few weeks, darling, and then they can all be there and we'll do it up in style."

Somehow, Fay got off the line without exploding. Afterward she was rather sorry she had restrained herself . . . or perhaps she'd been too stunned. Was it possible that Spencer could so nonchalantly take all the plans they'd made and toss them out the window like—like last week's grocery list? They'd been going to have a summer wedding in Ma's garden, with Willy standing up for Spencer—at least nothing had been said about that, so far!—and Shuffle coming down the aisle of flowers beside her! What about all their plans, Ma's hot-weather refreshments and Evey's garden-party hat and all . . . she moaned inwardly. It didn't matter about that. She'd still be wearing her gray-blue dress and the little cap, and carrying Spencer's flowers, and saying "I will," whether it was July in the garden or September in the house . . . but Shuffle! Quick tears flooded her eyes. Shuffle would have to be told. He wouldn't be needing those swallowtails he had joked about . . . she couldn't, couldn't tell Shuffle and watch him turn away quickly so that the hurt in his eyes wouldn't upset her.

She was holding the receiver in her hand when Ma arrived. She couldn't turn around and let Ma see her anguished expression. Ma went to take off her things without a word.

Like a cautious ghost, Fay stole about the house keeping out of everyone's way. She prepared dinner and a tray for Tom, and asked Ma to take it up herself, saying that she had a headache and wanted an early night, and she remembered to take up a tray for herself to avoid questions. Through an incredibly long, sleepless night she fought a battle that, by morning, she wasn't certain if she'd won or lost. But at any rate it was settled: She would try hard to see Spencer's point of view. Marriage was a basic thing—as long as you were certain of the fundamental rightness of your partner, you didn't go making a fuss because circumstances caused a flurry in the superficial arrangements.

Armored in calmness, she was finally able to tell Ma about Spencer's call. She didn't get the words out until Ma was practically on her way to the lumberyard, but at the last moment, briefly, Fay told her. Ma was so startled that not even to save Fay's feelings could she disguise her own. She didn't say much—not a word of criticism of Spencer—but her searching,

sympathetic eyes were so bright that to avoid them Fay leaned forward and put her lips against her mother's forehead.

"It's only Shuffle I'm concerned about, Ma," she said. "About the wedding—that doesn't matter. But Shuffle has to be told. . . ."

Ma sighed. "As to that, child, don't worry yourself. We know how to talk to one another, Shuffle and I. I'll—I'll make it understandable to him how it could be that Spencer's boss would want to—" She paused, cleared her throat, and took up her big, shabby black purse with business-like finality. "Don't worry about Shuffle. And . . . you know, Fay, a man can't be successful to the degree which Spencer is, without having to give up things here and there along the way which he might want. The wedding will be the same, even if you have to wait a few more weeks."

Nine more, Fay thought, but she only thanked Ma for taking the unpleasantness from her shoulders.

She was in the middle of calling Evey to give her news when Tom's magazines arrived. The click of the mailbox door warned her, and somehow she knew it wasn't just ordinary letters she was going out to pick out. Hands trembling a little, she collected two fat, brown-wrapped tubes and took them upstairs to Tom.

"Good heavens!" He jerked upright, eyes brilliant, as he saw what she was carrying. "Are those my babies?"

"Must be." Together they pulled off the wrappers and there it was, right on the cover: "A Wreath for Millie," by Thomas Wells. "My, it looks official, doesn't it," Fay said. "Now by your leave, sir, I'm going to take one of these copies and read it all by myself, and if you try to stop me I'll forget you're an invalid."

"No, no—take it away by all means! Suppose it's terrible? I couldn't bear to see your face while you were trying to make believe it was good . . . Oh, Fay." Tom caught her hand as she stood up, and gave it a feverish squeeze. "Remember what I said, about Spencer. Only . . . maybe I ought to say that if you read it right, it might help you to understand him better. Even though it's not about him."

Fay averted her face. "I'll remember," she said, and went out, closing the door safely between them. Here it was—clutched in her hand, the thing she had so longed for and impatiently waited to see—and instead of eagerness, all she felt was reluctance. Fear. Yesterday, because the story had some connection with Spencer, she'd pleaded with Tom and even lost her temper. Yesterday, before Spencer called. Today . . . She put the magazine away in her room, telling herself that there was too much to be done around the house for her to stop now. With one excuse and another she managed to put off coming back to it until late that night.

A short time later she put it aside, feeling strangely numb and detached from it. Not from the story itself—there was only one verdict you could give on a story that made you laugh with the heroine, and weep and love with her, that took complete charge of your emotions. Fay's eyes were still damp as she studied the illustration, the girl's coroneted dark head planes in the background. No, as a story it was wonderful; it made her proud and even somewhat awed by Tom's power. But she had looked for some relationship with herself, with Spencer. . . . She shook her head, pondering. A Polish girl named Ludmilla, displaced and orphaned by the war, her whole being shriveled with hopelessness and the desperate effort just to get along day by day. An American airman named Reynolds, who comes into her

life briefly—just enough to remind her that there are such things as youth and hope and laughter. And love, of a sort. It was a very simple story. When the flier's orders called him away, he went without looking back, or wanting to. And Ludmilla, Milly for short, killed herself. A wave of embarrassment swept over Fay. If only she had kept her big mouth shut! Spencer was waiting to see the story, too—because, a long time ago, when Tom first said he was writing about Spencer, she had reported it to him with high expectancy. And later, after they were engaged and Tom took back his words, it didn't seem necessary to tell Spencer about that. . . . Oh, dear. Suppose Spencer had mentioned to anyone else, J.C.B. for instance, that one of his friends had put him into a story—no, he wouldn't do that. Or would he?

There was an ice-cream and cake celebration that night, when Ma found out about the story, and Tom's room was so full of congratulating friends that Fay—much to her relief—had only time to tell him how wonderful and moving she had thought it. Nor was there time for intensive discussion the next day, for Fay was out of the house most of the time, shopping with Evey for the new dress pattern that the changed wedding date, Evey insisted, made necessary. Deliberately Fay censored all brooding, worrying thoughts, holding them back until Spencer was finally there in the little parlor and they could talk face to face. She was deeply grateful to Shuffle, who somehow, without making a song and dance about it, managed to let her know that he understood about J.C.B. and wasn't eternally crushed. It helped lighten her spirits, and when Spencer finally taxied up, late Friday afternoon, her smile and kiss were almost—not entirely, but almost—as loving as they had been when she left him in New York.

It was Spencer who looked like a thunder cloud. At first, Fay was too glad to see him to notice. But when they got inside, and Ma disappeared kitchenwards, she saw with dismay that some violent emotion had washed all the blue out of his eyes, so that they were an odd, bleak gray. His wide, good-humored mouth was thin, the muscles tight around it. She said uncertainly, "Darling, you needn't look like that. There isn't going to be a fight!"

"Oh, isn't there," Spencer said. "We'll see about that."

"I'm sorry if I sounded miffed on the phone." Compunction seized Fay. Had he been brooding about her stiff, cold goodbye the other day? She took his hand—had to catch at it, for he was striding about the room. "I understand about

J.C.B. Everyone here does. Shuffle's—" "Oh, that." Spencer ran his free hand over his cropped blond hair. "I'm sorry, Fay, my mind was on something else. I mean—that's all settled, isn't it? We have no choice. I'll make it up to you, honey."

Chilled, Fay moved away. "I see. I thought—I suppose it is all settled, but it's our wedding, after all. I kind of thought we'd talk a little bit about it."

"I don't see what there is to talk about," Spencer returned. He took a few more turns around the room and burst out, "I might as well tell you, Fay, between you and Tom you've made the world's prize fool out of me. And I'm going up there right now and have it out with him, I don't care how sick he is!"

Staring at him, Fay thought wildly, "What is he talking about?"

Spencer strode out, and was almost at Tom's door when Fay caught up to him. "Wait, don't—" she whispered, but Spencer knocked and went in. Nor did he waste time on polite preliminaries.

"Some sneaking trick, Wells," he said grimly. "I'm sorry if this is going to set back your recovery, but I'm not going to let you get away with maligning my—"

"Captain Grayson! Unexpected pleasure, I'm sure." Tom's eyes were bright with anger, but his voice was smooth.

"Cut the kidding. What right have you got to drag me through a thing like this—this Ludmilla story! What do you get out of making a fool out of me?"

Tom looked at Fay. "I'm sorry," he said.

"Oh—what for?" Fay turned to Spencer pleadingly. "Spencer, darling, what does it matter to me if you did know a girl like that? It was during the war—we didn't even know each other. It's all behind you. Tom gave it a sad ending, but that's for the story—if there was such a girl she's probably living perfectly happy somewhere and—"

"Unfortunately," Tom broke in, "your pretty picture's a lie, Fay. Since Golden Boy here is asking for it, hasn't sense enough to keep his mouth shut, I'll tell you both the truth: not only was there such a girl as Ludmilla, but she killed herself, just as it says there in print."

Spencer turned white. "I never told her . . . I never promised her . . . Wells, you know how it was! She was a nice kid, that's all."

"That's all as far as you're concerned. You never knew or cared what was going on inside her, did you? You never do. You're too busy following out your own golden destiny to be much aware of the rest of us poor mortals. You never knew that to Milly you meant—meant life itself, love, hope, dreams . . . you never bothered to find out. You figured it was enough

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to use her company and her time because there wasn't anyone better around, and when you left, boy, you left. Never figured you might be taking Milly's last excuse for keeping alive right out of the picture, did you?"

Tom said more, but Fay's mind had gone spinning off on a tangent of its own. If Spencer had cared about Milly—oh, not loved her, just cared the way a human being *should* care about another human being—he might at least have tried to explain himself, soften the blow, make it clear that he hadn't been in love. He could have *helped!* He *should* have helped. "I'm sorry," Spencer said. "I never knew."

"You never answered her letters," Tom said inexorably. "When I bumped into her in that station hospital in England, the next year, she told me . . . she cried, Spencer. And then, a couple of days later, they told me she had . . ." He shrugged, and lit a forbidden cigarette.

Spencer was getting angry again. "What about me? I'm not responsible for the girl, she was neurotic as—she'd have done it for one reason or another sooner or later. And in the meantime half of New York is pointing the finger at me for something I couldn't have helped."

Fay blushed. "Spencer—you did tell everyone the story was about you, then? I hoped you wouldn't." She turned miserably to Tom. "That was my fault. You know, when you first told me, I told Spencer. . . ."

"Serves him right for blowing his own horn," Tom said almost maliciously. "He can just go back and unblow it now. That ought to be easy, just a reverse twist, as they say!" Seeing Fay's misery, he said in an altered tone, "I'm sorry, Fay. Golden Boy will just ride right through this after he's exhausted the dramatic possibilities, but you're the one—"

"Don't be sorry about me," Fay said. She took one last, measuring look at Spen-

cer, at the handsome face, the beautifully suited, clean-cut body, and then went out and closed the door. Behind her, the quarrel went on, but she didn't have to hear any more. Nothing could make things clearer than they were.

In the dimness of the hall, the diamond had a small, cold, remote glitter as she started to twist it from her finger. "We never did belong together," she whispered to it. "You're too beautiful and cold and sufficient unto yourself. I need something warmer, more in need of my particular hand to set it off. . . ." It was heartbreaking how easy it was going to be to give Spencer back his ring. How easy to face the truth. He didn't need her. Or anyone. Spencer was enough . . . for Spencer. But not for me, Fay thought. I have to be needed. . . . I'd be nothing without that. Why, the only reason he needed me for the wedding was because you can't have one without a bride! He couldn't even understand why they had to talk about it, because now that the arrangements worked out in the best way for him, what was there to talk about? Why should he have bothered to find out about the thoughts of a girl named Ludmilla, when their relationship existed solely as a convenience to him? Spencer didn't care . . . Spencer couldn't care, about anyone but Spencer.

But I'm different, Fay thought, leaning against the wall, waiting for Spencer to stop giving himself away to Tom, who already knew him too well, and come out to her. I'm different. I care about everybody, about the whole world. For the first time in days she felt calm, not manufactured calm, but true peace of mind. For the first time there were no questions stirring below the surface. She and Spencer didn't belong together. She held the ring in her palm, and her finger felt free and light, as though she had taken a burden from it. She smiled faintly. Yes, it was going to be very easy to give Spencer back his ring.

Fibber McGee's Workshop

(Continued from page 63)

"Workshop" then, and Marian's, too. The boys were of all racial descents and backgrounds. And they had to be more than good athletes to make the McGees' team. Every boy had to prove himself able to get along with the rest. Had to be able to work in harmony for a common goal. Each had to be honest and God-fearing, and one keen look from Jim's blue eyes could tell.

At every game you'd hear Jim's loud applause and hear Marian's disguised whistle—cheering them on. The team's jerseys were changed to read "Fibber and Molly," in the McGee colors—white and green. And in four years they'd grown into champions. Now they were playing in the A.A.U. Tournament in Denver. This was the pay-off, their proudest moment, and Jim and Marian Jordan had made the trip from Los Angeles to pull for them.

Jim hadn't been feeling well when they left Hollywood. He'd worn himself out the day and night before, putting on a show for every ward in the veterans' hospitals. Today, he'd come down with a high fever and pneumonia. By night he'd finally persuaded Marian to leave him and go to the game. "One of us should be there."

The team came straight from the shower to his room and nobody had to tell him the score. It was all in the sag of their shoulders and in their eyes. Every one of them looked as though he'd like to break down and cry. They just stood

there. Not saying a word. No future promises, no excuses, no alibis. They looked the way Fibber remembered looking whenever he'd lost and had to store his song and time-step and go back to Peoria and resume selling those washing machines. Jim smiled and the leader stepped forward and shook hands with him. Then Marian handed him a piece of parchment. When Jim unrolled it, the squire of Wistful Vista—famed as a teller of tall tales—was for a moment without words.

They'd taken a beating. But in their moment of defeat, they had room in their hearts for someone else—they had thought how Jim must feel, sick, in a hotel room, unable to even root for his team, now faced with the realization that his team had lost. They'd gotten parchment and made a giant card—and then they'd taken it to the members of the A.A.U. teams there that night to sign. The parchment was covered with scrawling signatures, saying, "Get well, Fibber." This to them had meant much more than a basketball game. In their hour of defeat they'd been more concerned with the man who helped them on their road to success than the honors they could win.

His boys were all-American all right. And somebody else had already said it better than he ever could: "For when that one great scorer comes to write against your name—it matters not whether you've won or lost—but how you've played the game."

Like Molly, they were good kids, too.

Jack Benny—Mr. Showbusiness Himself

(Continued from page 61)

shocked. Most of them have known Jack for almost all of the 43 years he has been in show business (he's been entertaining people, you know, for four years more than the 39 he grudgingly admits to—*Who's Who* says he's 58). Friends have seen him do some crazy things. Crazy like a fox. Like quitting vaudeville, when nobody could top his earnings or his audiences, to take a flyer in the new "talkies"—then as immature and brassy a medium as a lot of people think television is today. Like quitting films in turn, when he had an iron-clad, gold-lined contract for something approximating life, to go back to the stage because he couldn't stand being cut off from direct contact with the audience, with the people out there in front.

And, of course, everybody knows by now the legend of Jack's third big walk-out—when he left the stage where he commanded a weekly salary in four figures and the biggest, brightest lights on the marquee, to "go into radio."

Legend by now, too, his first broadcast back in 1932—a guest shot, for free, with Commentator Ed Sullivan. Jack walked up to the terrifying mike, his jitters concealed by dint of heroic effort, and said, "Hello, folks. This is Jack Benny talking. . . . There will now be a brief pause while you all say 'Who cares?'"

Twenty-five million of you cared, it turned out. . . . Jack Benny floated, with apparent ease, to the top of the heap again. Radio was his. His mother, had she lived to see it, would have been pleased. It was she who had dinned into her young son's head the maxim he has lived by: "It is not enough, Benny, to be good enough. It has to be as good as you can make it."

The last words she said to him, as he sat beside her deathbed, were: "You'll keep on studying."

A new medium, new techniques, a whole field of younger, fresh competitors. . . of course he would have to accept the challenge, and never stop "studying" until he had licked it—not just when it was good enough, but when it was as good as he could make it.

Mrs. Kubelsky would have understood. So, for the record, does the other woman who has molded Jack Benny's life. . . his wife for twenty-five years, Mary Livingston.

It was for Mary, really, that Jack in the early thirties took his first flyer in films. They lived a normal life for a while. They had a house—rented, but it stayed in one place—and they actually went to bed at night for a change, and got up in the morning! Mary was in seventh heaven, until she began to feel that Jack was not.

"You'd better go and see Mr. Mayer," she said, "and tell him 'thanks so much but I quit.'"

He did.

Mary's place in the radio show came about even more accidentally than her bit in the vaudeville act. An actress failed to show up for a broadcast, and Mary was on.

That was twenty years ago, and Mary has been a fixture on the show ever since. It could have been twenty minutes ago to Mary's stomach. She has never gotten over her stage fright, her show-time jitters—original source of her now famous giggle.

Mary would have begged off radio years ago if Jack—and their audiences—had permitted it. Now, especially, that their daughter Joan is a Stanford freshman, all pal and no problem, Mary would like to be free to enjoy their new comradeship.

Mary could see Jack go into television—

and without her—without a pang. And the rumors that he might don't shock her one bit.

And, let it be said without further ado, they don't shock Jack.

They couldn't, inasmuch as he started them!

From the day he made his first TV appearance—those first shows, incidentally, may have delighted the audience, but they didn't satisfy Jack; they weren't "as good as he could make it"—Jack has hammered at everybody who would listen to him that he is fascinated with television.

"It's like going back to the theatre. . . you know you make contact. . . the audience is *there*," he says.

It's the old, intimate show business again, and Jack Benny feels thirty-nine again, experiencing it. But there are a few problems. A sponsor, a contract. . . to say nothing of his high-powered and high-priced staff. Some of them have been with him for eighteen years. And TV doesn't pay their kind of prices.

It wouldn't surprise anybody who really knows Benny if Jack made the leap, anyway, and shelled out the money himself to keep his co-workers in the style to which they have grown accustomed.

People who buy the picture of Jack Benny—which he has created himself, of course—of the nickel-pinching skinflint, who exacts a lawn-mowing as well as a solo for Dennis Day's weekly twenty-five dollars, would simply never believe that Jack Benny is unmindful of the importance of the dollar. They would never believe he could exchange radio's lush profits for television's comparative peanuts cheerfully once he was convinced that, in the new medium, he could entertain more people more effectively. But it's true.

Some of his greatest shows he has done for considerably less than nothing—in Iran, for instance, and Egypt, and Sicily, Italy, New Guinea, Australia, the Marianas, the Marshalls, the Gilberts, the Solomons and Kwajalein, where he took his troupe during World War II. Ask any G.I. if Jack Benny was funny under front-line pressure? And even they, probably, wouldn't believe the actual fact that Jack spent \$100,000 of his own money in telephone line charges in order to be able to get the show to them.

But he did; entertainment is *giving*.

Last summer, he took a troupe to Korea—when many a younger, hardier man was begging off—traveled 30,000 miles in everything from a jeep to a helicopter, slept—no more than four hours a night—in a dirt-floored tent, and *gave*.

He came home, a friend says, "Looking like hell. . . broken physically and mentally."

But he caught up on his sleep, told the world that it was the greatest experience of his life and he would go again at the drop of a hat.

He talked of nothing but "those wonderful guys" slugging it up and down Korean mountains.

And *their* wonderful jokes.

Their jokes—just as on the air it's always Rochester, or Phil Harris, or Mary, or Dennis Day who grabs off the big laugh, while the boss brings down the house with "We. . . ll."

A great entertainer, Jack Benny.

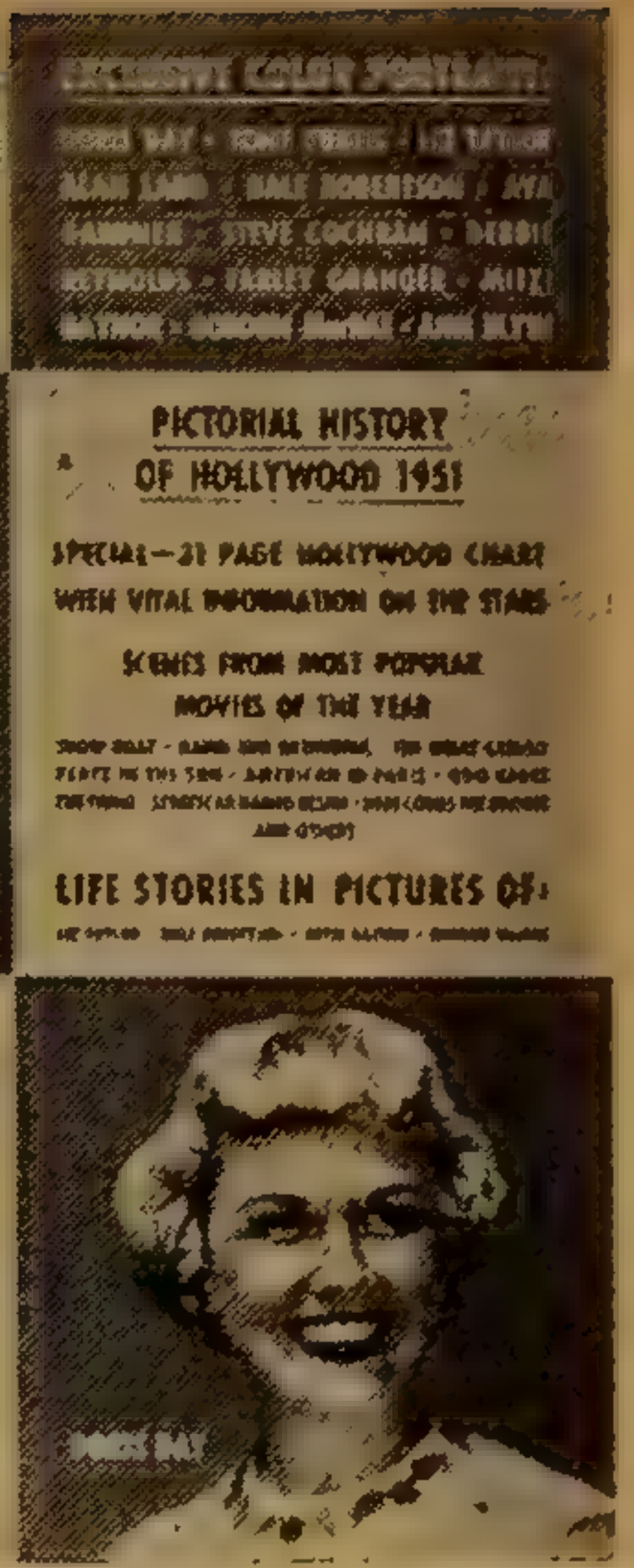
A giver.

And once he decides, if he does, that he can give you more on television than on radio—which has called him the Greatest and made him rich—you'll be seeing him regularly in your living rooms:

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Exotic Plain Jane

(Continued from page 38)

and grandmother who on April 30 celebrate their Golden Anniversary. Bringing them back with her to New York, after spending Thanksgiving in the old home in St. Louis, is a dream come true for the girl who had been away much of the time since her high-school days... to Hollywood, to the musical comedy stage in London, to Florida... where she was discovered for radio and television by Arthur Godfrey... to New York to be a featured singer on the Godfrey programs.

Typical of the contrasts in Marion's life is her story about the first morning her grandfather was in New York. She had set her alarm for 5 A.M. to meet an early rehearsal schedule. Grandpa heard it from across the hall, waited to see if Babe (the family's name for Marion) was getting up. She had turned off the clock, turned over for forty winks. "I heard a little sound, and amidst the poetic setting made by a shaft of early morning sunlight sifting through the gold drapes and falling on a Buddha lamp... there stood my darling Grandpa in his long, old-fashioned nightshirt, saying 'Better get up, Babe. It's getting late.' It was so homey and so wonderful that I laughed myself awake. Now he whistles to me from his room when he hears my alarm. If I whistle back, he knows I'm up."

Marion's mother, of French descent with some Egyptian ancestry 'way back, had been a dancer. Widowed when her little girl was a baby, they had lived with Pinky and Charlie in the big house in St. Louis. Here Marion began to sing and learn ballet and tap when she was three. At four, she sang on radio, did imitations of Mae West and Bette Davis. In her teens, she went into dramatic work with little theatre groups... sang with the St. Louis Light Opera Company... modeled to help pay for more and more lessons. At seventeen she was invited to Hollywood and a film contract. She stayed with an aunt and uncle, but already her voice was too rich and mature for the childish role that had been planned for her. So she sang at the famous night clubs, like Ciro's... and the late Atwater Kent recognized and encouraged her talent. Later she went to London to sing in a gay musical called "Sauce Tartar"... came back to Florida to relax... where Arthur Godfrey heard her one night more than a year ago and invited her to sing on his next week's radio and television programs. Next week stretched into the next, and on and on. And now she is a permanent "little Godfrey"... "the luckiest break a girl ever got, from broadcasting's finest showman," Marion says... then adds, "and from a man who has been a wonderful friend to all of us on his shows."

The little Godfreys are a hard-working gang. "But there is just as good a show in the backroom as there is out front before the cameras," according to Marion. "Arthur is always exciting and stimulating to work with. Frank Parker is always a big tease. He never stops talking about the ballet slippers I wear to rehearsals, four sizes too big, completely unglamorous... and, even then, I'm always kicking them off and going around in my stocking feet. On the air, Frank never teases or throws me off. He is too fine a performer for that... and much too considerate. But sometimes things throw us both."

"When we did the big ice show last winter, I was still not much of a skater, even though Arthur had got the best instruction for us. When Frank and I teetered off in front of the cameras for our duet, he whispered encouragingly, 'Now

relax and smile, Luigi'—one of his names for me, when we're not calling each other Sam and Max. We sang 'They Didn't Believe Me' and when we got into the second chorus, still trying bravely to keep our balance, the first three rows of the studio audience were suppressing their laughter. Frank began to giggle and had to lower his head, and then I followed suit. We almost had to play it for comedy after that."

Marion's usual routine is about like this: Up at 5 or 5:30... breakfast, half grapefruit, yellows of two poached eggs (doesn't like the whites), whole wheat toast and coffee. Walks to work, about fifteen minutes... vocalizes before rehearsal... then a voice lesson and the morning show, if she is on that day. Visits with the gang afterward and swipes peanut butter or jelly sandwiches if they're around (and there usually are a few). Goes over numbers with Archie Bleyer... has lunch, costume fittings or has to shop for clothes for the TV programs. There are all-afternoon rehearsals through Wednesday, sometimes Thursday and Friday. Whenever possible, dinner with the family at home or in one of her favorite restaurants for steak or lobster diavolo with spaghetti... an occasional movie (she loves them)... or watching television, mostly Westerns and dramatic shows.

She dashes off well-drawn sketches, mostly of strange, imaginative animals... dreams of starring in a Broadway musical or a Technicolor musical film with jungle background, where she can run around in exotically patterned clothes, her hair hanging free, her feet unhampered by shoes, of course! She writes short stories and poetry... has had some of both published.

The duets with Frank Parker which are now so popular started on her birthday, March 7, a year ago, when they did "You and the Night and the Music." That and "Take Me In Your Arms" are probably her favorites. Now that no program is complete without a Parker-Marlowe song, they are making Columbia recordings of the most requested duets. "Frank has one of the most beautiful pianissimo tones I have ever heard," she says. "My favorites, of his songs, are 'Little White Cloud that Cried,' 'September Song,' 'Isle of Capri' and 'Domino'... and all the lovely new ones that keep coming along."

Marion is still waiting to taste some of Parker's lasagna, the tasty Italian dish that is one of Frank's culinary specialties... "I hear he cooks his cheese too long, and when I taunt him about it he refuses to fix it for me. The day he proves to me he can make a super lasagna, I will admit I'm wrong." The running gag rests there. He hasn't had time to prove he's a lasagna artist, being too busy singing for his lasagna!

As for Marion, she too is busy, being the lovely, exotic-looking girl who sings on the Godfrey program and the Plain Jane who likes to stay home with the folks, let down her hair and kick off her shoes.

MY FRIEND IRMA

You've heard how "dumb" she is on the radio—now you can see how beautiful she is on TV—and next month you can read about the real Marie Wilson in JUNE RADIO-TV MIRROR on sale May 9

I Woke Up Dreaming

(Continued from page 68)

most part, are inexplicable. Gloria, however, can explain it all. No penny in the shoe. No wishing on a star. No rabbit's foot, horseshoe or four-leaf clover. Just something that she calls "Formula WW." That's right, WW—like in Walter Winchell.

It was amazingly sudden and ridiculously simple. Winchell merely told his millions of disciples that this girl was a singer, a good singer—a gal who could really "belt out a song." That did it. The genie who went with Aladdin's Lamp couldn't have done a swifter job in making a wish come true.

When Winchell speaks, be it through the ABC microphone each Sunday night or in the black and white of his widely-syndicated newspaper column, a fairly large portion of the American population pays attention. Therefore, to win the WW blessing—something that cannot be purchased, by the way—is to win a free ticket to fame and/or fortune.

Winchell doesn't pass out his famous "orchids" with reckless abandon. But, when he isn't harassing crooks or flushing out Communists or snooping through a famous keyhole, he pauses to tell the world about some of the better things that have crossed his path. In this role, he has inadvertently become America's number one huckster—a salesman without a peer.

In publishing circles, it is an established fact that all a book needs is a plug from Winchell to be assured of hitting the best seller ranks. *Under Cover*, for instance, sold over 600,000 copies, the publishers say, strictly as a result of Walter's four-gun salute. In other fields his influence is equally amazing. He embraced the Broadway musical, "Hellzapoppin," after it was generally tabbed a colossal flop and ready to shut down, and by his endorsement turned it into one of the biggest financial hits in show business history. And the late Ben Bernie was just a journeyman musician until WW ignited the fuse that skyrocketed Ben and his "Yow-za" to national prominence. Over the past two decades there have been countless others.

As in all Winchell's "discoveries," there were no prearrangements for Gloria Warner's rendezvous with a dream. No high-powered press agency. No payoffs. No favors. It was almost accidental.

It happened in an intimate night spot called "Sparkey's" in Miami Beach, last April. There is no organized entertainment at "Sparkey's," the customers merely entertain themselves—professionals and non-professionals doing a turn upon invitation.

Gloria, who was visiting the club with some friends, was prodded into taking a whirl at the mike.

Totally unaware that the famous reporter was relaxing at a nearby table, Gloria started her song. Her selection for that occasion was most appropriate, too—the ballad entitled, "There'll Be Some Changes Made." And before the applause had subsided, the prophetic lyrics of the song started to come to life.

Winchell was enchanted by the girl's voice and personality. He made inquiries about her and learned nothing. Finally, out of curiosity, he invited her to his table, learned her story and decided such talent should not remain buried.

It didn't, to be sure. A couple of days later, WW announced his "discovery" to the world: "Wonderland—Her name is Gloria Warner . . . Hails from the Bronx. . . . Twenty-four. . . . Five foot seven inches. . . . Brown eyes and hair. . . . Attractive figger . . . Never been on a stage. . . . Not even for a benefit . . . But she can belt out a song . . . Like a pro. . . ."

The response was tremendous. Talent searchers everywhere know, just as Winchell admits, "Walter doesn't remember ever picking a flop yet." With the silver-thatched phenomenon for her guardian angel, Gloria Warner just couldn't miss.

"I woke up dreaming. All doors were open to me and it was because of him," Gloria recalls, most modestly. "I know it was because of him—not me."

Winchell tossed a coming-out party for her at New York's Stork Club, where she met the biggest names in show business and the music world. And he even arranged for a trial recording of one of her tunes, which he introduced personally with: "Hello, fellows, up there. Here's that schoolteacher I've been telling you about."

After all the bids were in, Gloria signed an amazing contract with Agent Lester Lewis—that must have made the whole show business world seem unbelievable to Gloria. The pact was for five years, no less, and put her on the payroll even before she made her first appearance.

Last December, Gloria debuted on ABC's Saturday Night Dancing Party and stayed on for seven weeks. And after doing several club dates in New York in March she was launched on a cross-country tour of the Sheraton hotel chain.

Thanks to Winchell the Star-Maker, William Shakespeare's famous line has taken on a more personal meaning for Gloria: "We are such stuff as dreams are made on. . . ."

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Seven Linkletters

(Continued from page 65)

Joel Pressmans (Claudette Colbert). The only trouble with the house is that it has only four bedrooms. Of course, with imagination. . . ."

It was love at first sight.

Nowadays, visitors to the Linkletter home climb the terraced brick walk between banks of giant-leafed shining ivy and pause upon a porch before a dark green door with a huge brass knocker. On either side there is a great potted monstera plant, its foliage repeating the green of the door. The house itself is white brick, two stories high and of Georgian architecture.

Imagination is what the agent said Lois Linkletter would need. She had it in abundance, and her resourceful touch is apparent everywhere. Her major problems were to contrive two extra bedrooms out of the available space—plus quarters for the baby's nurse—and to decide upon a decorating style which would make use of the valuable furniture and pleasant keepsakes the family already owned.

Taking inventory of her children—Art, Jr. (known in the family as Jack), who is now fourteen; Dawn, twelve; Robert, seven; Sharon, five; Diane, three—Lois decided that Jack was old enough for bachelor quarters downstairs. Then she set to work to perfect the first floor.

The living room was a large, airy space with only one handicap: it lacked a dramatic center of interest. Meanwhile, a solid wall blocked any view of the patio and the swimming pool which stretched away for sixty-five feet of sea-green invitation. "Knock out the wall," Lois ordered the carpenters, and out it went, to be replaced by a picture window.

Grass and swimming pool gave Lois her color key for living-room charm. She had the walls painted a soft, mossy green and chose light gray carpeting. For emphasis, she installed red metallic drapes and two floral-upholstered sofas. Other sofas are covered in green metallic fabric.

Remarkably enough, the room looks like a photograph from a decorator's textbook—because of its "rightness"—but also gives the impression of being thoroughly lived in. The small grand piano suggests that it is usually surrounded by Linkletters, trying out a new tune or swinging an old. The lounges are the right size for sprawling with a book.

Adjoining the living room is the TV-radio retreat, for listening to CBS's Houseparty and People Are Funny and watching ABC's Life with Linkletter. This also has a picture window looking out upon the patio but, since it is a smaller room and inclined to be darker, Lois chose beige for its wall tone. Again the sofas are dark green, except for a pair of love seats upholstered in a red floral pattern.

This is also the trophy room. Above the built-in bar hangs a lauhala hat, souvenir of a trip to Honolulu. Along the back is a shelf displaying four pewter-topped German steins the Linkletters brought back from last summer's trip to Europe. On top of the TV set are Art's basketball and swimming trophies, won during his college days.

The large family dining room is entered to the right off the foyer, just as the living room is entered to the left, and it also boasts an entrance from the TV den. The family can flock in from any direction—and does, because dinner is their general assembly.

As Lois tells her friends, "Breakfast is served in shifts in our house, so we use the small breakfast room off the kitchen.

The youngsters start as early as seven—Jack has to be at school at eight, the younger children at nine—and Art and I accommodate our hours to Art's plans for the day. Sometimes he makes a morning business appointment, sometimes he schedules a rehearsal, but usually he plans to get up, have breakfast and then read the paper before going to the studio in time for the Houseparty show."

But dinner is the clan meal, and it couldn't be served in more appetizing surroundings. Lois decided on French Provincial style for this room, because of its intimacy and also because it suited some of the Linkletter treasures. The carpeting is soft and dewy green, the walls dusty rose, the table, buffet and sideboard gleaming walnut.

On the buffet is the magnificent antique tea set imported by Tiffany's . . . on the oval dining table, silver candelabra, hand-crafted in Copenhagen . . . on the sideboard, nine antique goblets. (These are Art's special treasures. He bought them in Italy and carried them back and forth across Europe in a TWA canvas zipper bag, inflicting not so much as a crack.)

The breakfast room not only looks out upon the patio, but its white wall paper with twining bright-green ivy design also adds an airy outdoorsiness.

Back to the center foyer, to investigate the innovations which converted a one-time library into both "bachelor quarters" for Jack and an office for Art.

To begin with, the library was every boy's idea of the perfect retreat. Its great bay window looks out upon the street, so the coming and going of friends may be observed. Its walls are knotty-pine paneling, and there is a real wood-burning fireplace.

First essential was heavy draperies for the bay, to insure privacy; Lois decided upon a deep burgundy red, made into drapes on a transverse. Second essential, a bed that didn't look like a bed; Lois installed a studio couch, with spread and daytime bolsters made of the drapery fabric. Third, two desks, one for Jack so he could do his homework undisturbed, and one for Art. Fourth, two telephones.

Jack's private phone became necessary when his endless conversations blocked the line for hours against all callers—and sent monthly bills into the stratosphere. A household rule was made: Jack could have his own line, but he must pay for overtime charges out of his allowance. "The minute that happened, I became known as Jack the Brief," as Jack sums up his sudden reformation. "It was that or bankruptcy."

Because Lois wanted the room to be Jack's castle, she agreed that he might decorate it—beyond the arrangements already described—exactly as he wished. Promptly, he began collecting felt college pennants from everywhere in the world and tacking them above the studio-couch corner.

On the mantel, he established his keepsakes: A plaster cast of his teeth, before he had them straightened; a bottle of oil ("a memento of Dad's venture into oil—that was all we got out of it"); a collection of horses, hotel signs from all over the globe, and finally, a two-foot-high plaster figure of a portly gentleman obviously bursting with pride. (This object was originally part of a window display, but Art's sponsor had presented it to the elated Mr. Linkletter when Jack was born. Naturally, Jack has treasured it through the years.)

Art's side of this room is distinguished

by his script-cluttered desk and by the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves which cover the entire wall behind his desk. Jack thinks his dad has mulled through most of this reference material: "He's very sharp, you know."

The second floor is reached by way of a graceful, curving stairway, carpeted in the same subdued gray as the entrance hall. "My daughters," predicts Lois, "will come down this stairway on the arm of their father when they are married."

Young Robert has his mother's ingenuity to thank for his private quarters. There is a porch along the entire south elevation of the house, and she had a portion of it closed in with knotty-pine paneling on three sides—the fourth, opening onto the upstairs corridor, is glass, which can be hidden by gray transverse drapes on the corridor side. This keeps the lines of the hall harmonious, but gives Master Robert complete privacy.

Five-year-old Sharon owns a room overlooking the street. It is large, bright, and serves as a council room for the rest of the sprouts because the walls are lined with cabinets and bookshelves, a built-in record player, a radio, and all the toys a child's heart could desire. She has her own bathroom, with junior-size fixtures, and keeps it in perfect order.

Adjoining her room is little Diane's. Originally, this was a huge clothes closet, but Lois converted it into the nursery, with ample footage for a small bed, chests and wardrobe. When she outgrows it, Diane will move into the quarters of big sister Dawn, who will be away at college in six more years.

Dawn's room was specially planned for a teenager. It has twin beds so that she may have overnight guests, and there is a great deal of closet space, some of it featuring high poles to keep formal gowns from touching the floor—a problem solved in advance. The bathroom, incidentally, adjoins a family utility room in which there is an ironing corner, a basin for rinsing out nylons, a hair-drying unit.

The master bedroom is at the front of the house, overlooking the street. It is exceptionally large—almost as spacious as the living room directly below—and its windows welcome the sunlight. Its carpet is gray-blue, its draperies pink-and-brown print, the valance chocolate brown. The king-size bed has an impressive headboard upholstered in pale blue metallic fabric, matching the tailored spread.

Art and Lois have separate bathrooms, dressing rooms, and wardrobes. Art's quarters are strictly masculine, since Lois picked up the brown shade used in the bedroom and made it dominant. Her own area carries out the pink motif in curtains, carpets and fixtures; it is utterly feminine.

Perhaps the strongest impression gained from a visit with the Linkletters is that they make up a closely-knit group. Everyone, from baby Diane to headman Art, is interested in everyone else and seems to know a good deal about the others' concerns. Dawn has a friend whose brother has a new college pennant, and she passes the word on to Jack. Jack speaks his mind about the women in his family having poodle cuts. Their family life is what people have in mind when they speak of the parent-children relationship in "the good old days."

No wonder people respond so eagerly, when they are invited to "come and visit the Art Linkletters!"

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